THE SATURDAY EVEN[illegible] POST

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HAPPY LANDINGS

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

EVE had finished changing from the dark little frock she wore in the first act to the flaming handful of chiffon she would wear in the second. . . . Miss Adams' costumes by Dickson. . . . She had changed her dark sandals and stockings for slim gold slippers and webs of flesh-colored silk over slimmer legs. . . . Shoes by Hiller. . . . She had done her hair and retouched her make-up.

Now she said to the anxiously hovering maid: "That's all. Thanks a lot. Get out, will you?" And the maid got out. First nights, the maid knew, were apt to be like that. Compared to some, Miss Adams was a lady.

As for Eve, alone before the mirror, she stared at herself long and curiously—stared and sighed, and eventually groaned. It was getting on to time for the second act. She wished it were getting on to time for bed. She wished the first night of What Luck . . . Arthur Rupert Presents . . . . by Nelson Fielding . . . were over and done with; with the audience, which hadn't laughed in the right places and which had laughed cruelly in a good many of the wrong ones, scattered to its East Side, its West Side, its Park Avenue, its Brooklyn—well scattered—with the critics gone about their scavenging, their grave-digging and their body-snatching—in short, the first night over!

Bed was what Eve coveted—two cool sheets and a woolly blanket; a pillow to shut her eyes against. The first act had gone as badly as that. And the first act, it had been hoped, it had been actually expected—by Arthur Rupert, by Nelson Fielding, by numerous others, including Eve Adams—would go over big.

With the first act gone to pot, there was no reason to hope—nor to expect—that the second would fare any better. The third had never been an asset. Even the author had known that the third act was weak. But he hadn't been able—none of them had been able—to do anything about it.

"No third act is ever good," the author had defended himself and others. "Even the Garden of Eden had an anticlimax."

"If What Luck is a flop, you can lay it to your third act," Jimmy Sutherland had said, directing the show. But here was What Luck, clearly and incontrovertibly a flop at the end of the first. Funny, none of them had seen what a dead, stale, clammy thing that first act was. How impossible to lift and to carry it.

"You're Swell! You're Simply Swell, Eve!"

Someone knocked, just there, sharply. Someone outside the door said, "Eve, I want to speak to you a minute!"

A knock, thought Eve, in life was such a simple noise, so clear and rounded. Funny; in the talkies it was like a stick on a rain barrel!

She said, "Come in"—on the tail of her thought, coolly enough. She didn't mind seeing Jimmy Sutherland. He'd been very decent to her, personally. And he was a fair enough director. She felt a little sorry for him.

"Well, Jimmy," she said, when he had come in and dropped down in a chair and run his hand through his hair and snorted; "what's the matter? Everything's going pretty well, isn't it?"

No good admitting she knew the play hadn't a chance. He'd been working himself ragged over it for weeks. Of course, tonight he was wild.

"Everything's fine!" said Jimmy Sutherland, lying to Eve to keep her on her toes. "Everything's swell! I just wanted to tell you. Don't forget, in your scene with Noel, just before the curtain—don't forget to let go everything you've got. That's your big chance."

"I know it," said Eve. "I won't forget." She powdered her face carefully. She brushed the powder off her brows and lashes.

"You look immense," said Sutherland.

"Thanks, Jimmy!"

He was so agonizingly tired. Even the ends of his smart mustache drooped. His eyes were bloodshot with weariness.

"You're a good kid," said Sutherland. "And you're doing your stuff tonight. I couldn't ask for better."

"Jimmy, really?" begged Eve—a half-frightened gasp.

"Sure you are," said Sutherland, surprised. "If the rest were only as good as you!"

"I thought I was rotten," said Eve in utter honesty.

"Rotten like Bee Lillie," said Sutherland, "and with a hold on your sob stuff that Pauline Lord might copy."

"Why, Jimmy!" said Eve. She removed a tear from each eye with the rolled corner of a handkerchief. Her hands shook. She hadn't known she cared so much that it wasn't she that was a flop—only the play. She hadn't known how terribly she wanted to put the girl in the play over—the little London singing girl, saying good-by to her

lover on his way back to the war. Going back to her singing when her lover had gone—not only to the war but beyond it. With a spray of machine-gun bullets in him. With the wreckage of his plane strewing the war-sick earth.

"Jimmy, I've got a whole lot of stuff I haven't let go yet," said Eve, smiling her lovely smile, shakily, through a mist. Speaking in her lovely Atlanta-Georgian voice—husked just enough for heartbreak.

"I know you have. That's why I'm telling you," said Sutherland. "If we don't get 'em by the end of the second ——" He stood up abruptly. "Are you all set to go on?"

"All set," said Eve.

"You look immense," said Sutherland again.

Eve did look well. The singing girl had said good-by to Lieutenant Noel in the clothes she sang in. Eve's wide dark eyes, her full sweet mouth, her willow-slim body, her cloud of bronze hair—the flame-colored chiffons made of it all something infinitely gracious and desirable. A kind of dryad graciousness, ready to share a tree, or an amber-clear brook, or a sunset, or a moon rising.

"Yeah, you're absolutely O. K.!" said Sutherland. He said it absently. He turned at the door, with his hand on the knob:

"I was out in front for a while," he said. "It's a great house. If we'd only had the goods —— More babies in ermine and orchids than I've seen any première this winter, more henna waves and prominent noses—but cold! Not one heartbeat under all those spotless shirt fronts. I was talking to Len Thomas, publicity man for National Players, and he said he'd never seen —— By the way," said Sutherland, abruptly remembering, "ever hear of a man named Timberlake—Mike Timberlake?"

"No," said Eve, "I never did, Jimmy."

Sutherland said, "He's a National Players director. With Thomas tonight. Said he'd like to meet you after the show."

"What's left of me," said Eve, faintly smiling. She drew her comb through a wave that seemed a trifle too regular for beauty. "All right; bring him back."

"Used to be a newspaperman," said Sutherland. "Went Hollywood and haywire about five years ago."

"Hollywood and haywire is good!" said Eve.

"Well, the spoken drayma isn't having it so soft tonight," said Sutherland. He went away, scowling.

Five minutes or so after that, a buzzer spoke in the silence of the dressing room, and even more briefly later, tall velvet curtains parted upon another dressing-room scene, which was, according to the program, In the Adelphi Theater, London, on the night of August 5, 1918.

In her flame-colored chiffons, with ice at her finger tips, but fire at her heart, Eve walked out upon the stage. A faint rustle from beyond the footlights reassured her. Her voice came strange to her when she spoke, but the rustle answered again—at which, as always, the second woman that was in her lifted her head.

She was loving, she was losing, she was the London singing girl, but over and beyond that she was still Eve. Deliberately giving herself to the thing that stirred and rustled—taking her. She was conscious of warmth, of disquietude, of beauty flowing between her and the thing out there in the dark. When someone else came between, the current slowed. It cooled. It very nearly ceased to flow. When Eve spoke again, when she laughed, when she cried—most of all, when she cried—the stir and the rustle became applause, heady and hearty.

Once, when she went offstage, Sutherland threw a nervous arm about her shoulders.

"You're swell!" he groaned in the argot of his street. "You're simply swell, Eve! Now, the next time, let 'em have it right between the eyes!"

Eve did. All that there was of her, body and brain and soul, she flung into what had so far been considered the big scene, just before the end of the second act. The curtain closed, and from the babies in ermine and orchids, from the henna waves and the unspotted shirt fronts of whom Sutherland had so slightingly spoken, there arose a polite semblance of enthusiasm—no more.

Eve knew, in the moment when that furry shushing signaled the end of the second act, that the show wouldn't last a month. She knew what the shirt fronts and the orchids were saying while they spatted their hands together lightly—so horribly lightly.

"It's a flop, of course! . . . Hasn't this been a terrible year for the theater? Really, nothing but gunmen and hot mammas." Eve had not been a hot mamma, but a *cliché* does not depend for its effectiveness upon its accuracy—on Broadway, as in other places.

The third act was quite frightful. Worse than anyone had suspected it to be. Unmotivated as a jellyfish. Fuller of loose ends than a centipede. It had to be gone through with, and was. Not, however, by the majority of the critics. Even before the third act, certain of the critics had leaped to a conclusion and departed with it.

At 11:15 the company of What Luck took a bow; knowing they were lucky to get it. Some sturdy friend lifted a call for Author; it was doggedly if singly repeated; and Nelson Fielding took that—a small, greenish-pale young man, palpitating pitiably between the hope of success, the all-too-obvious certainty of failure. Briefly the producer appeared, tall and blond and bald, unsmiling; he knew. Briefly again, the company, the second lead, the juvenile—a harrowing mimicry of an ovation, doggedly staged.

Sutherland would have sent Eve out alone, but she laughed in his face with her eyes full of scalding tears. "It's all right, Jimmy. Don't kid me!"

"You were great!" said Sutherland fiercely, with unmistakable sincerity. "You gave a great performance, darling"—the easy "darling" of the theater, but his voice shook with earnestness. "I tell you, you rocked 'em, all the way through."

"Jimmy, you're a gentleman!" said Eve.

On the way back to her dressing room, she considered a trifle dazedly: "Now what? One's got to live, I suppose!"

II

LEAVING art, ermine and terrible years in the theater, however far to one side, there was, after all, the question of a livelihood to be considered. Supposing What Luck ran a month or less—what, in the month following

He Sat So That, Looking at Him, She Might Have Been Turning to Look at Her Inconstant Lover

"Say, What is This—a Frame-Up? Are You Two Trying to Get My Leading Woman Away From Me?"

and any number of months after that, was to pay Eve's board bill—keep her in food, even?

A dark figure, full of loud acclaim, waited just inside the dressing-room door.

"Oh, Miss Adams, that sho was a swell performance you give tonight. I sho does wish you all the luck in this worl'."

"Thank you, Evangeline," said Eve, smiling a little wryly.

"Ah reckon you's all wore out, ain't you, Miss Adams?"

"I reckon I am," said Eve. "Run along, Evangeline. I can change myself."

She sent the maid away in spite of ardent protests. She took her make-up off, she got out of the flame-colored chiffons and into her own tan tweeds, tireder than she had ever been in her life before. Because she had staked so much on this play. Because she had so absurdly believed in it. She felt like a bow unstrung. Sitting once more before the mirror with her chin in her hands, with her elbows on the dressing table, she regarded herself with unendurable bitterness.

"You never did have any luck, Eve." But that she knew for an alibi, and retracted it as soon as inwardly uttered. "You had Eddie once, for a little while. That's luck enough for any woman!"

Of course, having Eddie hadn't lasted very long. A line on the front page of the morning paper. A flicker in the news reel. Eddie Mackenzie's obituary had been written as abruptly, had faded out as suddenly, as the smoke writing he used to do, driving his plane through windy skies, high above city streets. He came like water, and like wind he went—that was Eddie. Sometimes, now, not three months after his crash, it was hard to be sure he had ever existed.

One year—one little year—he and Eve had loved and laughed. Laughter, in him, became the ultimate gallantry. He had taught her courage, with a laugh. Because he was not free, he had not been able to teach her peace. Their love had been all a quest in the fog, with blazing, blinding glimpses of where heaven might have been. Gone now, a dream that could never again come true, but by the very splendor of its unreality a flaming sword, barring any other dream from the Garden.

Eve rouged her lips as a fencer ties on his mask. She thought: "I wanted to die when Eddie did. Then, in spite of myself, I wanted to live. I thought this part was the way out of my blind alley. I reckon there isn't any way out; you just go round and round like a donkey on a treadmill. Nothing has any real beginning nor ending. You just go on being a fool, forever and forever and forever." She thought: "O Lord, am I going to cry? Shan't I ever get past being sorry for myself?"

But a knock came at that moment, and swiftly she exchanged the relief of tears for a bright shallow smile, a laughing voice: "Come in!"—inflected upward, like a singing fountain!

Jimmy Sutherland stood in the doorway, two other men behind him.

"Eve, I've brought you your public!"

"Do you want it disillusioned?" asked Eve sweetly. "Come in, Jimmy. . . . I'm afraid we haven't many chairs."

The tall gray man with a wide thin mouth was Len Thomas—"the publicity king," said Jimmy, introducing him. The other, a trifle shorter, with heavy shoulders and the rough reddish hair of an Irishman, was Timberlake. He had a slow, curious smile and deep-set, reddish-brown eyes; his handclasp sent a tremor of warmth through Eve unexpectedly.

He said, "You did beautiful work tonight, Miss Adams."

"In a terrible show," said Sutherland. "We know it."

Thomas took out his cigarette case, offering it to each in turn. "What's the old ditty," he inquired amiably, "about the fowl that fouls its own nest?"

"Yeah?" said Sutherland, grinning. "You being the big lily-and-gilt man!"

"Of course," said Eve to Timberlake, "the show was pretty terrible, wasn't it?"

He agreed, and said, "I'd like to see you in something worth your while."

She assured him, "But this is the biggest part I've ever had."

"It's a rotten shame," said Sutherland morosely. "You saw how she had the house with her, didn't you, Timberlake? Right from the start?"

"Miss Adams has something unusual," said Timberlake slowly.

Len Thomas chuckled: "Going Elinor Glyn on us, Timmy?"

"Not at all!" said Timberlake, curtly annoyed by the interruption. He seemed to Eve, even in those first casual moments, to be keyed somehow higher than the usual run of humans—to have a secret reserve of fire. He said: "There are not so many good voices in the theater today that when you hear one, it doesn't stand out like a harp."

"What'd I tell you, darling?" cried Sutherland, boyishly pleased. He leaned over to pat Eve's shoulder.

"It's a fact, Miss Adams," conceded Thomas, smoothing his shining gray head with a careful palm. "Your speaking voice is better than ——" He named the pet star of a rival studio.

"That's a big-hearted boy!" said Sutherland.

"Like most publicity, it's less than half the truth," said Timberlake.

"Gentlemen," said Eve, "you embarrass me!" She looked from one to the other of them, mocking, but with a glimmer of wistfulness.

Of course, Jimmy Sutherland was fond of her; so might merely be easing her over the night's debacle. Len Thomas, like any other press agent, was at heart a skeptic; knowing no voice truly sirenic except his own. But Timberlake—he was saying no more than he meant. She had even an incredulous impression of something yet stronger underlying his words.

After all that she had given without achieving in her big scene; after the sickening humiliation of that final curtain, with its thin applause and feeble stringing out of undemanded bows and curtsies, any honest applause was wine to Eve. It was warmth and it was stimulus. It brought the imperceptible and intangible glamour of theater rising once more about her.

"You really liked my voice so much?" she said to him, merely to hear it again.

"Your voice is not your only asset," said Timberlake.

"Told you you looked immense, Eve!" said Sutherland eagerly.

"That red thing you wore in the second act," said Thomas—"that was great stuff."

"Pink, you poor sap!" said Sutherland.

"You're both color-blind," said Timberlake, arrogantly amused. He jeered abruptly. "Have you ever taken a screen test, Miss Adams?"

"Why, no," said Eve, surprised.

"Don't let these fellows talk movies to you, Eve!" snapped Sutherland, at once on the defensive. "Suppose this show is a flop; there'll be a lot of new ones coming on. You'll get something good, you mark my words! Wait and

(Continued on Page 92)

THE DOLE—By WINSTON CHURCHILL

PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW

FEW spectacles have been more remarkable, even in these late eventful years, than that of Great Britain tormenting herself with the problem of unemployment. This grievous but at the same time limited evil has been artificially raised and emphasized out of all proportion to its real part in our national life and economy. Unemployment exists in all industrial countries; it has always existed in Great Britain, it often exists in other countries at a higher level than in Great Britain. It has first of all been fictitiously inflated by processes which I shall presently describe, and thereafter has been used by party politicians as a means of discrediting the government of the day, or even the foundations of our present civilization. The weekly figures are eagerly scanned by interested partisans throughout the country, and blatantly proclaimed to the world as proof that Britain is going to the dogs, that she is a down-and-out nation, and that the capitalist system of society has failed.

Everyone who has some wonderful plan for enabling countries to get rich quickly, every advocate of the art of doing business at a loss—all point to these weekly totals exclaiming, "There! Up again this week. What did I tell you? We shall never be right till we adopt ——" The frequent general elections which so greatly hamper British trade revival are nearly all fought upon the numbers of the unemployed.

A Newer Hypochondriac

GOVERNMENTS are condemned because they have failed to cure the evil. Oppositions easily succumb to the temptation to gain votes by declaring that they can cure it. Good, worthy people of the soft-hearted, soft-headed type turn indignantly from any party or any public man who is not glibly ready to recite his list of positive and infallible proposals. Foes mock and friends frown at any speech which does not center round some Popkin's plan. And if anyone were to say—as I now do—that the only remedy is hard work, thrift, faithful coöperation and good will among all classes and in all relationships, strict social discipline for slackness or inefficiency, persevering application of science and intelligence to industry, he would be universally condemned, as I shall now be.

Unemployment is a modern disease, in the sense that the doctors have only recently begun collecting statistics about it and trying to collect fees for curing it. It is not the only modern disease, nor even, perhaps, the most violent, about which statistics are being collected. For instance, since the beginning of the century a disease called "motor cars" has reached a point where it kills 10,000 and mutilates 250,000 of our fellow countrymen every year. However, nobody worries about that. We adopt what was called in the war the philosophy of the optimist: "He did not mind what happened so long as it did not happen to him." But unemployment is a political theme; it is a disease which has become an obsession to the average Briton. Every week he feels his unemployment pulse. Watch in hand, feverishly he counts the beats.

"Ah! faster this week. I'm getting worse. There—I dropped a beat. I'm breaking up. At any moment my heart may stop. How can I go down to the office today, or concentrate on my work at the factory? I may die at any moment. I must go back to the doctor. But which doctor? I sacked my old family physician last week, but this new man who promised me a certain cure has only made me worse. My pulse is up five beats since I went to him. I will go to another man. I'll go to Lloyd George. What do I care if they call him a quack! He says work on the roads will cure me. There are his words quite clear: 'Lay aside every other form of activity and work at road making; all will be well, you will feel a new man.' No more of these palpitations. You say I tried him before? Well, where am I to go? I must find somebody who will tell me something. I must go somewhere! There is my heart beating so oddly and irregularly that I cannot think of anything else. I must find some prophet with a message, some charlatan with a patent pill. . . . There it is again! Up another 200,000 after the Christmas holidays.

"This cannot go on! Abandon every well-tried principle, repudiate the slowly gathered teachings of experience. Get a move on. Squander the public treasure, never mind about Egypt, India or the navy. Overturn the mighty structure of trade and commerce, mash up your social system. What do I care about those who have got work? Show me how to cure this unemployment. Don't talk to me about 300,000 more employed than there were last year. Don't talk to me about the country getting richer every year, and every class of people enjoying more solid benefits. 'England,' say the newspapers, 'will tolerate no statesman, no party that has not got a cure for unemployment.'"

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Verifying Cards of the Unemployed Above—A Mass Meeting of Those Who Have Been Obtaining Poor Relief

At the last election the Socialists and the Liberals vied with each other in lashing the government for not having cured unemployment. "Socialism," said the former—"that will put it all right. Nationalize all the means of production, distribution and exchange, and you will see everyone fully employed, at good wages and short hours, as they are in Russia."

"No," cried the Liberals, "borrow money on a gigantic scale, use the credit of the state to the full. What is it for, but to be used? What are any savings for, but to be spent? Spend your money, exercise your credit on making work, and save the nation at the public expense."

The Unemployment Barometer

AT THE next election the rôles may well be reversed. I remember with what sorrow I watched the weekly totals of unemployment when I was Chancellor of the Exchequer, knowing well the vile advantage that would be taken of every increase or stubborn maintenance of the level. Now, at any rate, I see another set of poor wretches tortured in the same way. "Serve them right!" may well be said when one remembers their promises and their boasts; when one remembers how distorted facts and figures were used. It may well be that the next election will be a repetition of the last. Unfair excuses, wild promises, crazy remedies, but with one great difference. The positions will be reversed. Like the duel between Hamlet and Laertes, in scuffling they change weapons—and the poisoned rapier passes into another hand.

Thus we see what we thought was John Bull, prototype of phlegm throughout the world, yielding himself to a mood of insane hysteria, groveling in the poverty complex, while all the time the general economic well-being of every class of the population advances steadily; while we still sustain the heaviest burdens in the world; while we still raise a revenue of £800,000,000 and pay £355,000,000 to the amortization of debt; while we still have the highest standard of real wages of any country in Europe; while we still export twice the volume per head of manufactured articles of any nation, and built last year half the ships of the whole world.

While the attention of Britain is riveted upon the weekly totals of unemployment, foreign observation is concentrated on the moral and sociological aspects of what is called the dole. All through my journey across Canada

and back by the United States, quiet, serious men accosted me upon this subject. These men were the friends of England, many were her sons, but everywhere they asked the same question: "What about the dole? Is the old country really finished? Has her stamina gone?" These were the days when the new Labor Government, by their vigorous demeanor at The Hague and their broad acceptance of responsibility for the general business of the state, had excited great hopes in the hearts of Britons or friends of Britain all over the New World. So I was asked continually: "Do you think this new government will have the courage to abolish the dole and save the old country?" And then I had to explain a lot about the dole and how that word only applied to a minority of those who drew the benefits of unemployment insurance. But I did not then have to say what I should have to say now—that the new government, specially cognizant as it ought to be of the real conditions of manual labor, and all the weaknesses of human nature in the trade-union sphere, so far from purging unemployment insurance from the odious taint of being a dole, had only taken every step to confirm and in part justify the world-wide prejudice.

Let us look more closely at this Live Register of unemployment according to which, we are told, the life and fortunes of Britain are to be measured.

Going on the Burroo

TWENTY years ago there was set on foot a system of unemployment insurance for a certain number of selected trades which were specially subject to seasonal and cyclical variations. This scheme involved contributions from the workmen, contributions from the employer—which orthodox economists would probably argue were also deductions from real wages—encouraged by more or less equal contributions from the state, in order to build up in these variable trades a system of wage spreading throughout the year. By this system it was hoped to prevent disaster to an industrious workman by having the home and furniture which he had laboriously acquired pulled down about his ears because of some temporary gap produced by world economics in the regularity of his employment.

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Hoping for a Heavy Snow

Upon this modest foundation a national system of universal unemployment insurance has been established by law. The premiums are paid by the workman, either directly or, as these orthodox economists would judge, through his employer, and are stimulated by a state subvention which, until a few months ago, was scarcely a fifth of the total. Undoubtedly this system of unemployment insurance constitutes the finest example of wage spreading, both as regards the individual and for industries, that has ever been brought into existence. Unquestionably it affords a bulwark to the solid, trustworthy workman—outnumbering as he does the others by more than ten to one—against the inevitable fluctuations in modern industrial employment. Secondly, more than half the balance who draw the dole at any time have paid for every penny they receive, and are as much entitled to their benefits as any man who, having insured his house against fire and punctually paid the premiums to a company, recovers his ascertained loss.

So far everything is sound, but now we come in contact with a new factor—namely, the punctilious use by an ever-increasing number of insured persons of the actuarial rights which they enjoy under the system. All the workpeople in England pay their weekly contribution of seven pence to the unemployment-insurance fund. But secondly, half of these 14,000,000 never need or never care to touch a penny of the benefits. Even if they are out of work for a few weeks now and again, it is their pride not to "go on the burroo." But the habit of using an undoubted legal right acquired by previous payments, whenever occasion arises, has become yearly much more general. "I am out this month; I shall be in the next. I have never drawn my benefit before, but I have paid for it three or four times over. My mates are doing it, all the loafers are doing it; it is my own, I have saved it up. Why should I not go and draw it, even if I'm only out a fortnight?" No one can gainsay this. But the tendency for substantially efficient persons to utilize to the full their legal rights, devised for the rescue and mitigation of genuine and grave misfortune, is a new factor in the finance and statistics of unemployment insurance.

The minor vicissitudes of laboring men, such as an occasional month out of work between satisfactory jobs, are borne in almost every other country in the world in silence. They may cause some embarrassment to the individual, but they do not emerge as a problem of state. It is my belief that there were many years before the war which were deemed prosperous years, and yet in which there was as much distress as there is today, without any remedial measures. But now every case of unemployment, even for short periods, is recorded in the national register, and the benefit is increasingly applied for, even by those not in actual want, as a matter of course and as an addition to the income of not unprosperous families, and as a contribution toward what may be little more than a needed holiday after years of continuous work.

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PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS.

Unemployed Outside the Labor Exchange at Newington Causeway. At Left—A Parade of the Unemployed

Many British employers have lent themselves to an abuse of the system of unemployment insurance. Suffering from trade depression and working short time, they systematically arrange to give their workers just that amount of employment as will enable them to qualify for the benefit. Masters and men are found habitually and deliberately coöperating on the basis of say two weeks of work, then two on the dole.

A Little Longer Holiday

IT IS significant that after every public holiday—Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide—there is a very large addition to the unemployment total, which falls off again a few weeks later. Obviously thousands of employers, when their business is inactive, say to their workmen, "You had better prolong your holiday for a fortnight and draw the benefit to which you are entitled." Thus both parties are equally convenienced. In these cases the unemployment benefit has really become a subvention in aid of wages,

(Continued on Page 173)

GENTLEMAN'S GAME

By Frank Mitchell Dazey

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IRELAND against the English! On how many fields has this ancient battle been fought! But perhaps never with more spirit than on a certain leveled meadow on the Long Island estate of Sonny Vanderhoef. Like so many of the ancient forays, this contest has been entirely unsung. For how is the general public to know what goes on behind the miles and miles of French-lattice fence that incloses the Vanderhoef domain? Why, even if one chartered an aeroplane from the near-by flying fields of Mineola or Westbury, the pilot would refuse to drop low enough for his passengers to distinguish men from horses on Sonny's smooth green polo field.

The whole thing started when Lord Winbourne, the twenty-seventh of his line, fell into a drinking bout with Murtough O'Melvaney, the rather blatant first of his. But perhaps one should go back even further than that.

For three centuries the Winbournes had owned Slane Castle and a sizable surrounding estate in the County of Galway, Ireland, and for three centuries the Denmans had been their tenants on Half Furlong Farm and sold their overlords horses. That such a relationship had continued for three hundred years implied a certain tenacity of existence, and also a certain adaptability on the part of both families.

There were many in County Galway who whispered that it was only through the influence of the Winbournes that the Denmans were unmolested by the military through recurrent revolutions. And with even more authenticity, it is related that Castle Slane would certainly have been burned one spring night during the emergence of the Irish Free State, had not the Denmans diverted the attention of the English-baiting insurgents by staging an impromptu steeplechase over five-barred fences in the light of the moon.

But after the close of the revolution affairs resumed their normal course. True, there was a new Lord Winbourne; the old Lord, Major General Winbourne, having died in India of apoplexy and disgust at a Labor Government's prohibition of his shooting recalcitrant Hindus when he so desired.

The new master was a ruddy-cheeked, clean-limbed young major of thirty-five, who, at the close of the World War, had taken up polo. Thus, instead of the large-molded hunters with sloping shoulders, the Denmans now stocked their paddock with polo prospects, stocky little devils with big barrels, strong, straight legs and the best blood lines the English market could afford.

Alicia

But except for the change from hunting to polo, all the ancient usages remained. Each year Lord Winbourne would come over from his English estates for three months, and each year, a day or two after his arrival, old Tom Denman would lead the pick of his stable up to the castle for His Lordship's inspection. Ensued at least three hours of running hands over silky withers, searching with knowing fingers the sensitive joints of shoulder and postern, prying into the bony recesses of hoofs, peering deep into slathery mouths.

Then, still reserving decision, Lord Winbourne would lead old Tom into the smoking room of the castle, open a dusty time-dimmed bottle, and say:

"This is Irish whisky of the year 1889, and made by the Ballynegal Distillery, County Antrim, which you rebels burned in the late unpleasantness. I wouldn't give it to Viscount of Sutherland when he visited me, or to the Earl of Kinmock, but I'm giving it to you, old Tom, because a man that knows good horses knows good whisky. Now, what would you say to accepting five hundred pounds for the lot?"

"I'd say good day to you, sorr," old Tom would answer, draining his glass and reaching for his rusty hat.

This was the signal for an hour or two of chaffering, and at last old Tom would go home, slightly reeling, to tell his good wife how he had made His Lordship pay through the nose. And Winbourne, his face ruddy with drink and triumph, would call the head groom, show him the newly acquired beauties, and boast how once again he had got the better of old Tom.

So things went on for a couple of years, and seemed destined to go on forever, with the changes in cast that nature requires, until one year old Tom had young Tom lead up the horses with him. A fine-looking Irish lad was young Tom. Slender but sinewy, his black hair slicked and glossy, his blue eyes at once gay and grave, as becomes the eyes of one who from earliest youth has had the benefit of association with fine horses.

Polite, attentive, but silent, he watched his father and Lord Winbourne go through the rites of barter, occasionally quieting some refractory animal himself, or forcing open a tightly closed mouth for His Lordship's inspection.

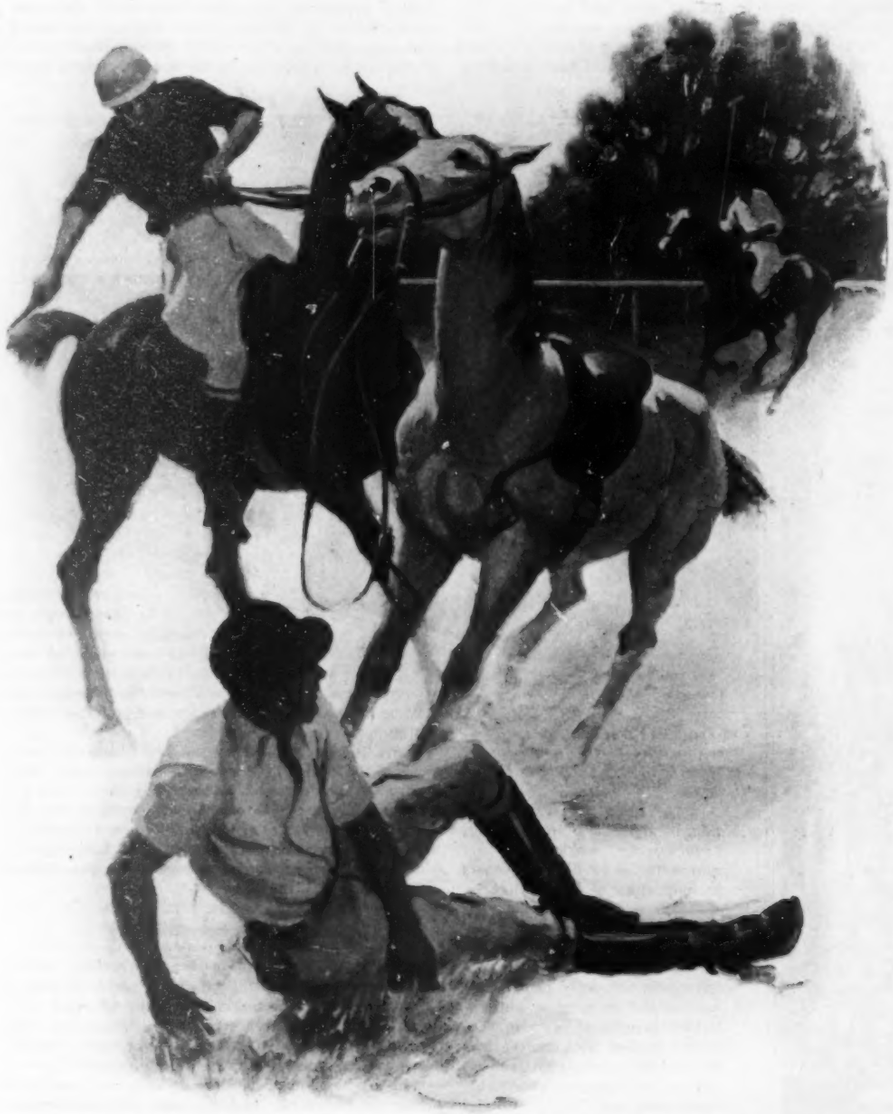
When the two older men retired to the smoking room, the boy remained with the horses in the courtyard. And it was there that the Honorable Alicia, aged twelve, ran into him. Or at least her Welsh pony did. Celebrating a long period of much oats and little work, the stubborn brute had first refused to leave the stables; then, seeking refuge from Alicia's relentless spurs and tiny crop, he plunged right into the midst of Tom's horses. Alicia was still plying crop and spurs when Tom lifted her from the saddle and, holding her high above the welter of striking hoofs, carried her to a stone bench that had been old when Cromwell sat upon it.

Alicia had just returned from her alternate year's sojourn in New York, where her American mother lived quite happily and quite permanently separated from Lord Winbourne. So what happened should probably be blamed on the United States—if what happens when a boy first looks into a girl's eyes can be blamed on any particular country.

At any rate, after a blinking moment or two, Alicia straightened herself up and smiled at Tom—a smile such as no Denman had ever received before from a Winbourne. An American smile, implying cordiality, liking and the desire for a free and equal friendship. That was all—just the smile and a few words—Alicia's insistence that she remount her pony; Tom's insistence that she had better go to the castle and tell His Lordship of the mishap. A long look between them, followed by Alicia's obeying Tom's orders and docilely trotting off to her father.

That was all, but the very next day young Tom told old Tom that it would be necessary for him to go to the United States. When pressed for reasons, he did not answer.

"Won't you tell me," persisted old Tom, "if it's something that's troublin' you? Because if it is, there's no use running away, for trouble travels faster than a fleet mare running long, and sometime, some place, she'll catch up to you, Tom, whatever you do, wherever you go."



Young Tom, Who Had Been at the Bottom of the Spill, After a Motionless Moment or Two Forced Himself to His Feet

Still young Tom remained silent, so old Tom became silent also, and when it came time for his son's departure, he presented him with two fine horses—Billy Boy, by Prestissimo out of Mavourneen, and Sister Ann, by Avington out of Lady May.

"These are your birthright, Tom," he said, "the pick of my stables, if it's myself that says so. Do well by them and they'll do well by you. Take them and God's blessing on you, boy!"

Because young Tom was a wise and steady lad, with an Irish gift for barter and three hundred years of horse wisdom inbred, he had not been in America seven years before his original stock of two horses had been increased to sixteen. Beauties all, bought for blood lines and conformation, and with the comfortable dispositions the Denmans always seemed able to impart to their livestock.

He lived alone, in a decent white farmhouse near the center of Long Island. Before the house was a stretch of green, boarded on all sides, and large enough to permit a full stroke when young Tom was training his polo ponies. Behind the house was a great red barn, older than the house itself and built of ax-hewn beams tempered by time. Here were the horses and also the two men young Tom kept for grooming and the rough work of the stables. The exercising and training of the ponies he invariably attended to himself.

In the bank, for contingencies and to give himself confidence when demanding some particularly stiff price for a pony, he kept an account, larger, probably, than the amount of cash that passed through his father's hands in a decade.

But that wasn't all, nor the tenth part of all that happened to young Tom during his time in America.

One afternoon during the second year he had led his string of ponies, at that time five in number, to the country estate of Sonny Vanderhoef. This estate, the most exclusive on Long Island, to which money or family gave no access, was always open to anyone bringing good horses. So young Tom was permitted to lead his stock to Sonny's polo field, where a practice game was in progress.

Between chukkers Sonny, dismounting, caught a glimpse of the clean legs and glowing coat of one of Tom's string, and during the rest interval at the end of the fourth period he strolled over and asked Tom to put the pony through his paces. Young Tom gladly consented, mounted the nag and asked for the lend of a stick. It took only a few practice strokes up and down the field for the experienced horsemen present to realize that not only was the pony perfectly mannered, and handy as a pocket in a shirt, but the rider himself a consummate horseman, with lissom waist, and hands as gentle as a mother's, stroking her first-born.

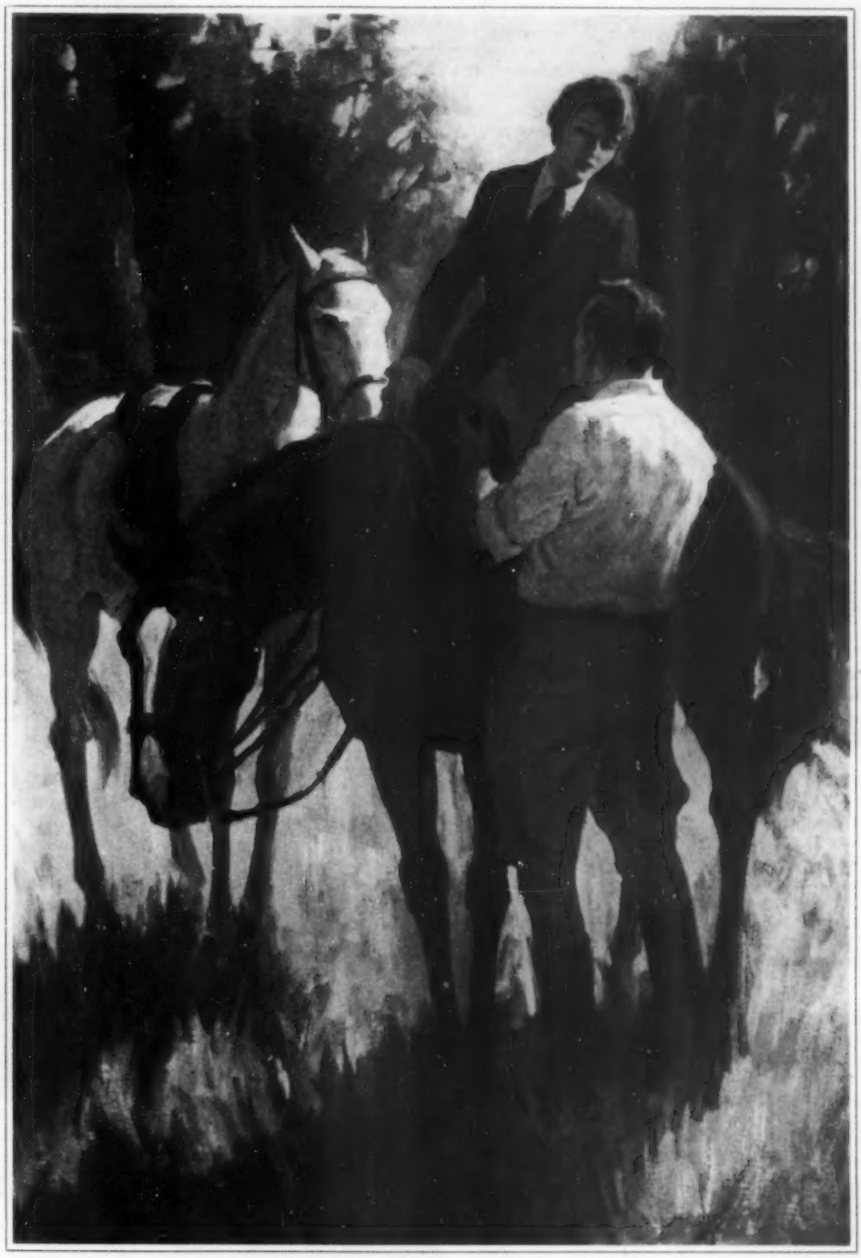
Scarcely had the game got under way again when a hard-driven ball struck the forearm of one of the players, fracturing it cleanly, so that his mallet flopped uselessly and he had to swing himself off his pony with one hand.

After the injured player had been rushed to the Vanderhoef mansion in search of medical attention and whisky, the others gathered around to discuss the catastrophe—not of their friend's injury, but the fact that they would have uneven sides for the remainder of the game.

Then Sonny remembered Tom and asked him to fill in. Although Tom had never played in a regular game, as a boy he had engaged in many a scrimmage with enlisted men training officers' mounts in Dublin. And each year, when his father took him to England to buy yearlings, he had managed to work in three days at Hurlingham, the center of British polo—three days of passionate study of what really constituted form. He might have had difficulty in putting what he had learned into words, but for many years, while accustoming first his father's, then his own ponies, to the mallet, he had had an average of four hours a day in the saddle, putting his theories into practice.

So, without hesitation, he joined the sport, hitting easy, unhurried shots; legs well braced, and getting the full power of shoulder and body into every stroke. And more than that, he played with perfect temper and perfect manners, accepting with a grateful smile the words of advice that were shouted at him from time to time by the other players.

At the close of the game Sonny thanked him and bought the pony Tom had shown, paying two thousand dollars so readily that Tom regretted he had not asked five.



Tom Noticed That Alicia's Saddle Was Slipping, and He Dismounted to Adjust the Girth. As He Was Doing So She Touched His Shoulder Lightly

Two weeks later young Tom was surprised to receive a telephone call from the secretary of J. Knowlton Harmsworth. Harmsworth was a man of middle age whose bluster and arrogance, combined with a certain naïve perspicacity, had carried him to the enjoyment of an immense fortune and polo. Unfortunately, at polo the very dominance which had brought him business success made his entrée impossible into the polo circles where he desired to play. There were times when his closely cropped field, seeded with imported Bermuda and maintained at an expense of forty thousand a year, was idle solely because he could not gather sufficient players together for two teams.

Harmsworth had somehow bulldozed himself into that game at Sonny Vanderhoef's field, and later, when he was having some difficulty arranging a match on his own field, he chanced to think of the pleasant-mannered, correctly playing young Irishman.

So Tom played with Harmsworth, conducting himself just as he had with Vanderhoef—cheerful, courteous, correct. When Harmsworth or the other crusty codgers he had gathered around him would roar or blame, his only answer would be a cheerful smile or a "Better luck next time, sir." At the close of the game Harmsworth asked him if he would play again the following Friday, and bought two ponies at five thousand dollars apiece.

There are not a few estate owners on Long Island situated as was Harmsworth—richer in money than in friends—and in time Tom became a recognized figure in the polo world, filling in at practice matches here and there, occasionally getting into tournaments, and selling his ponies for prices that old Tom, in Ireland, was sure he must be lying about.

One season Sonny Vanderhoef engaged Tom to make a winter tour of the California tournaments, play on his team and exercise a general supervision over the string of ponies they were taking along on the trip.

When Sonny Vanderhoef went to California to play polo, it resembled in some, but not all, respects the migration of an ancient Biblical tribe. Not only did he take with him his livestock—some forty or fifty high-bred ponies—and their inevitable attendants but also in his private car, The Enchantress, his particular friends, the boon companions who were to make the days a succession of one polo triumph after another, the nights a gay farrago of revelry and song.

In each city where his team played, Sonny Vanderhoef leased the entire wing of a hotel. And almost every night he gave a party. Gay affairs they were; the men working off the high spirits of days spent in the saddle; the girls, a strange *mélange* of excited debutantes, motion-picture stars imported for the evening, common entertainers even, who had attracted Sonny by some sally of wit or show of beauty.

Yet diverse as their antecedents and probable futures, the pretty dears were all thrilled for the moment by an identical emotion—the consciousness that the handsome polo players they were dancing with were the most eligible bachelors in the world.

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THE SHEPPER-NEWFOUNDER

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"Don't You Know Who That Is? That's Miss Herrick"

JIMMY MILLIGAN was the youngest caddy at the Fairlawn Country Club. In fact, he was really too young to caddy, but Mel, the caddy master, was soft-hearted, and Jimmy was big for his age, so he got by. Early in the game he learned the professional taciturn solemnity; a solemnity that is ageless, so that otherwise thoughtful decent people forget they are dealing with and talking before children. As a matter of cold fact, Jimmy was between nine and ten years old. He had one object of his heart's adoration. Later, chance made it two. Let us take them up in the order of their appearance. The first was Mr. Vincent Murdock, the well-known sportsman of the Fairlawn Country Club. That was how Jimmy saw him. Whether Mr. Murdock dwelt anywhere or did anything outside the club, Jimmy considered unimportant—if the thought presented itself to his consciousness at all, which is doubtful. To him, Mr. Murdock was the embodiment of all that a man should be. He watched his every action, and listened for his every word, and gloried in his mannerisms, and desired, with all the ardor of his very youthful heart, to be just like him when he grew up.

This was, in a way, remarkable. If it had been Johnny Spence, one might have understood the infatuation. Johnny was tall and powerfully built and good-looking. He dressed in almost Oriental magnificence as to sweaters and stockings and plus-fours. He drove a low and dashing foreign car. He was club champion, and last summer had been runner-up in the Western Open. Though Mel had an iron system of rotation, there was considerable hidden politics and shuffling and shenanigan to get to caddy for Johnny Spence. There is a sort of vicarious though somewhat smug glory in carrying the clubs of a fellow who smacks the pill, and a corresponding vicarious despondency in even temporary alliance with a dub. I do not know why this should be, but it is an observable fact in nature that the imponderable glories and disgraces of golf are visited not alone upon the responsible player but sweep also the soul of his caddy into the depths or the heights, as the case may be. Even the most hard-boiled of the pimply age is unable to keep himself wholly aloof. He may disapprove, he may even sneer, but suffer perforce he must.

But Jimmy Milligan honestly preferred to caddy for Mr. Murdock, and generally did so. As for Murdock, he hit 'em in the high eighties when he was good; in the low nineties when he was a little off; and heaven knows where—up to a hundred or so—when he got a bum streak. You never knew which it was to be. One of his charms in Jimmy's eyes was the fact that he shared the humor of his vexation with Jimmy. Johnny Spence went through a round scowlingly intent on his game, and his caddy was a mere robot set to perform to such vibrations as a growled "Number 1," "spoon," "mashie niblick"; following him, dumb as a lamp-post, unobtrusive as a wisp of fog, deft as an orange picker, observant as a blackbird and as inhuman as an adding machine. The only words he would receive from Johnny Spence, aside from the curt commands, would be snapped at him in reproof for not taking the flag quickly enough or stepping in the line of putt or making some slight movement that rattled the clubs in the bag. But Mr. Murdock had a way of gazing a rueful moment as a skied ball dropped plunk onto the soft earth a scant eighty yards out, and then turning a twinkling eye of heartening companionship on Jimmy.

"Not one of our best," he would observe, "but it was straight."

Nor was he above talking the situation over.

"What d'je think?" he would inquire indecisively. "A Number 4?"

"Number 3, Mr. Murdock," replied Jimmy—"the way you're hittin' 'em today"—with duly tactful emphasis on the last word.

"The way I'm hittin' 'em today—yeh, the Number 3," agreed Mr. Murdock.

And then, when, as it sometimes did, the Number 3 laid her dead, what a glow of satisfaction! After all, the idea was to get the ball in the hole.

II

"WHAT do you do with all the money you make caddying?" Mr. Murdock asked Jimmy idly one day as they waited on the pleasure of a particularly slow foursome.

"Give it to my mudder," said Jimmy—"all but ten cents."

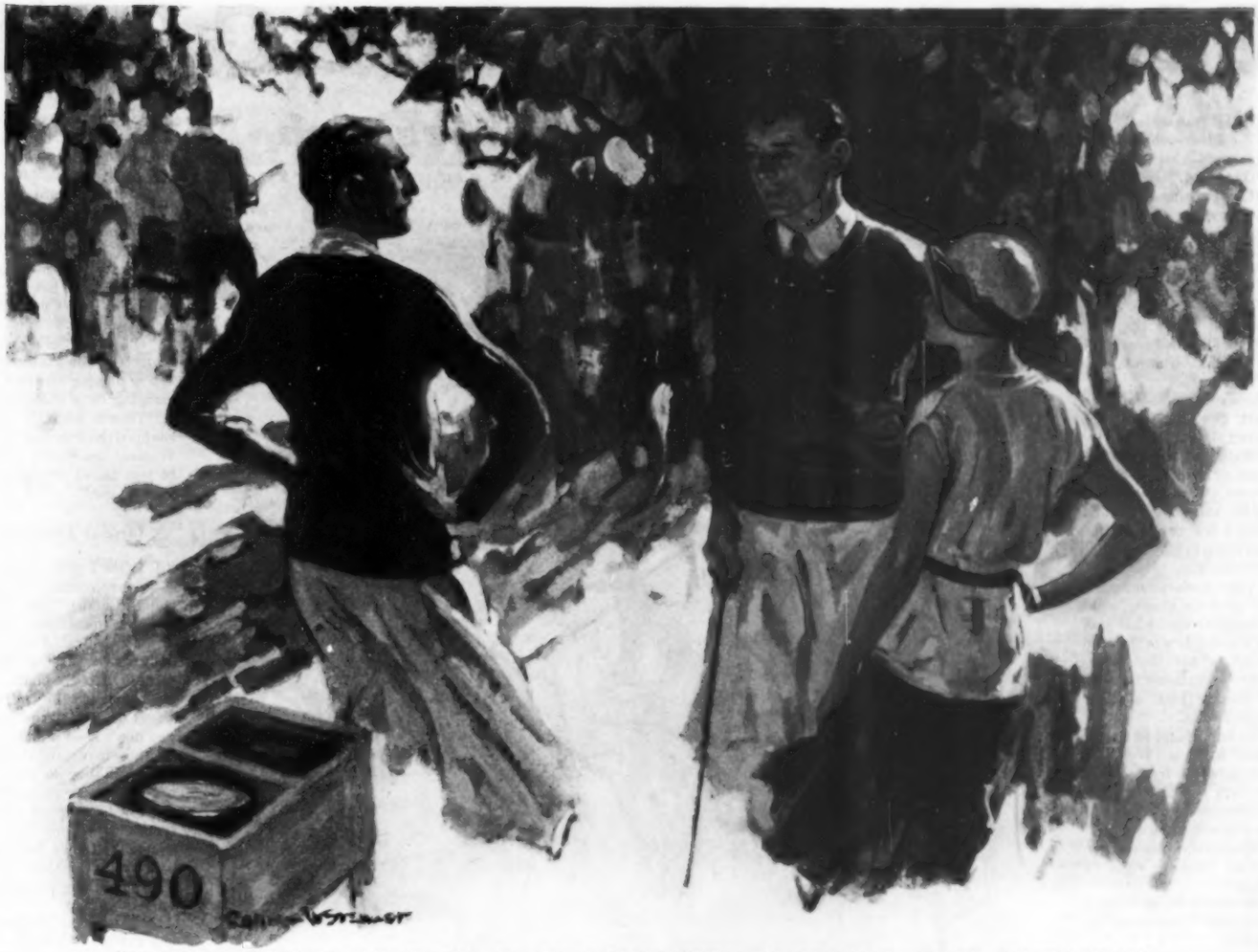
"And what do you do with the ten cents—soda?"

"No, sir, I'm savin' it. When I get enough I'm going to buy me a dog."

"That so?" said Mr. Murdock, interested. "I've got a lot of dogs. I raise them, you know. I like dogs too. Every boy ought to have a dog. I say—sometimes I have a puppy or so that"—Mr. Murdock checked himself with a cough—"that is to say, I might have an extra puppy. How'd you like to have one?"

"What kind of dogs is they?" inquired Jimmy.

"Don't You Think He Has Noble Proportions?" Jimmy Asked



"Oh, That's All Right," Replied the Champion, Almost Too Soothingly. "It'll be a Good Practice Game for Me. Just What I Need"

"Pinscher-Schnauzers. Do you know them?"

"Those the sort of square, gray, fuzzy dogs?" asked Jimmy.

Mr. Murdock laughed. "That's the kind. How would you like one of those?"

"No, sir," said Jimmy.

Mr. Murdock was apparently a little astounded.

"Why not?" he asked. "They are a very fine breed, very valuable."

"Yes, sir, they's probably good dogs," agreed Jimmy politely, "but when I get a dog at all, I want to have the best dog they is."

Mr. Murdock choked a little from the smoke of his pipe.

"I can see your point of view," he said at last. "What kind of a dog are you going to get?"

"A Shepper-Newfounder, sir," replied Jimmy.

"A Shepper-Newfounder!" repeated Mr. Murdock, apparently a trifle dazed.

"The best dog they is in the world," stated Jimmy positively. "Joe Gavido says so, and he ought to know, because he had one once."

Mr. Murdock examined, interestedly, the small, animated face.

"How old are you, Jimmy?" he inquired.

"I'm ten," Jimmy stretched it stoutly.

Mr. Murdock continued to examine him as though for the first time he saw him clearly. At length he arose from the mound on which he had been sitting.

"I think," said he, "that Mr. Squires has found his ball and the festivities can go on. Spoon, Jimmy, please."

The afternoon of this talk proved to be a great day for Jimmy. For, on his way home with his one dollar and twenty-five cents—Class B caddy fee, plus tip—he encountered the dog. They were walking in opposite directions. They stopped and looked at each other.

The grand passions are like that. The little passions are affairs of propinquity, of slowly growing understandings and appreciations. The grand passions are recognitions: This is my woman. I know her among all the millions, because she is mine and I am hers, and that is true not merely from now on, but has been a fact in the universe from all time past, whether we knew it or not. So with Jimmy and the dog. Jimmy recognized his dog when he saw him; the dog his master. Jimmy even knew the dog's name, and called it without an instant's hesitation.

"Come on, Sport," he commanded gruffly; and the dog followed him home.

There proved to be, however, no instant affinity with Mrs. Milligan. Indeed, she was inclined at first to look on Sport with disfavor.

"Where'd that dog come from?" she demanded instantly. "I'll have no stray dogs hanging around here."

"He's not a stray dog," said Jimmy, "he's mine."

"And where would you be getting a dog, I'd like to know?"

"He was give to me."

"And who'd be after giving you a dog? And who told you you could keep a dog, anyway?"

"Mr. Murdock give him to me, I tell you!" lied Jimmy valiantly.

"Mr. Murdock, eh?" repeated Jimmy's mother, eying Sport with more attention. Even Across the Tracks knew of the Murdock Kennels and of the ten-thousand-dollar Count Otto von Bismarck III. "And what kind of a dog did you say he was?"

Jimmy was not quite prepared to answer this—in which he would not have been alone among dog fanciers.

"I'll ask him," he muttered.

"Well, mind you, he can't come in the house!" warned Mrs. Milligan.

Jimmy and Sport retired to the woodshed. Gazing into each other's eyes, they exchanged the pent-back polarities that had been drawing them together since the beginning of time. They emerged from this long, silent communion another indissoluble boy-and-dog unit in cosmos; they belonged to each other wholly, blindly, tolerantly, clear-eyed; forgiving, adoring—in spite of, as well as because of—until death, and perhaps—maybe—yes, probably, beyond. Governed by merely an intellectual appraisement, each might have chosen otherwise. We have heard Jimmy's considered ideal. Perhaps Sport himself, as lately as this very morning, might, if interrogated, have spoken of great houses and snug kennels and warm cushions and especial Hamburgers. But before the imperatives of affinity these things went by the board. Were Sport the veriest mongrel of creation, which certain evil-minded neighbors more than hinted—and to which, it must be confessed, Sport's physical appearance offered no strong rebuttal—were even the wood shed, too, barred in favor of the open doorstep, it would have made no difference.

III

NEVERTHELESS, the derisive taunts of other small boys did have a certain effect, in that they aroused in Jimmy's small breast a desire for a more effective weapon of defense than his own two rather inadequate fists. He himself had grave doubts that such a weapon existed, but he made up his mind to find out. So, one Saturday afternoon between shots, he broke his well-trained silence.

"I got a dog, Mr. Murdock," he stated briefly.

"That's fine, Jimmy. Is he a ——"

"He's probably the best dog in town," interposed Jimmy with great firmness. "'Course, you've got a lot of fine dogs yourself, Mr. Murdock," he amended, "but they're a different kind."

"What kind is he, Jimmy?"

"That's what I wanted to ask you about, Mr. Murdock, if you don't mind. You see, I don't know all about kinds of dogs. I looked in a book down at the liberry, but they don't none of them quite fit; but I don't believe they got all the kinds of dogs in it."

"What does he look like?" asked Mr. Murdock.

"Well, he's medium size, and sort of fuzzy all over, and he has a fine long tail and brown eyes."

"What color?"

"He's three or four kinds of color—sort of black and brown mostly, but some white. But you ought to see his eyes. They're brown, and they sort of look at you like—like—well, you'd think he knew just what you was thinking

(Continued on Page 157)

CLUBS AND DAGGERS

By Maude Weatherly Beamish

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

THE man with the thin face and cold eyes looked the thirteen cards in his hand over carefully.

"One club," he bid, shooting a swift, appraising glance at his partner, a severe, white-haired woman, whose lips had worn thin from playing contract with many kinds of players.

"Pass," declared a sleek blonde.

"One no trump," the words cut through the narrow lips of the elderly woman.

The fourth player, a fat, cheerful man—far too fat to be a good bridge player, far too cheerful to be playing contract for a half cent a point—smiled genially and passed.

"Three no trump," the words came aggressively from the thin man.

Passes were general until again the fat man was reached.

"Well, now, let us see," he mused. "Let us see."

Three stern faces turned to him and in each mind sprang a firm determination never again to play at a table with a fat man.

"Your declaration, partner," said the blonde, looking suggestively at her jeweled watch. It was the kind of look a not too warm-hearted executioner turns on the fleeting hour of some criminal's life.

"So it is," laughed the fat man—"so it is. Well, I'll crack three no trump, each and every one of them."

"I presume by that remark that you mean you double," the thin man's voice was icy.

"You presume right. I double."

The thin man galvanized into action. "Redouble," he snapped.

"Pass," murmured the blonde with an air of resignation such as one uses with a hopeless, recalcitrant child.

"Pass," declared the older woman, turning to the fat man with the vaguest suggestion of a smile on her lips.

"Redoubled, eh? Well, well, well!" cried the fat man. "Redoubled."

Three highly sensitized bodies moved restlessly.

"Your lead, partner," advised the blonde sharply.

"Right-o!" her partner exclaimed, and slapped down the ace of clubs.

The thin man laid down his cards swiftly. They showed the ace of spades, the ace and king of hearts, intermittent small cards and two very small clubs.

Then, in a Frigid Voice, She Asked, "Your Bid Was a Club, Was it Not, Partner?"

Just Another Bridge Convention

THE white-haired lady, reaching for a card in his dummy hand, saw the outlay, observed the two little clubs, which was the suit he had bid, and became suddenly rigid. Her hand stood out stiffly in the middle of the bridge table. Then, in a frigid voice, she asked, "Your bid was a club, was it not, partner?"

"Yes," replied the thin man, "my bid was most certainly a club."

"And you make an original club bid in contract on two to the four spot? May I ask where you get your authority for such an outrageous bid?"

"I get it from the best authority in the world. A one club is the Vanderbilt convention, showing three quick tricks. A perfectly sound bid, provided one is playing with an intelligent person."

"Yes? And have you ever played with an intelligent person, may I ask?"

"Oh, come on, play ball!" cried the fat man, taking a small club, which the irate partner of the thin man seemed unable to touch, from the dummy, and scooping up the trick. "And now, here comes the king"—he swept in that trick—"and the queen, and the jack!" He slapped down his cards with great gusto, and rounded up three more tricks with three small clubs, totaling for himself and his partner twelve hundred in the honor score. "Ha-ha-ha," he roared; "down four! Doubled and redoubled. Not so bad, eh, partner?"

The blonde threw him a brilliant smile over the white rage of the two who glared at each other across the table.

"The answer to the Vanderbilt convention," thundered the thin man, "is one diamond if you haven't two quick tricks. If you have the tricks you make a bid in your best suit!"

"I don't know anything about the Vanderbilt convention," she returned. "I know how to bid my hand perfectly well, which is something you evidently know nothing about. I am accustomed to partners who are accurate in their bids, and who do not show their ignorance with obsolete conventions."

"Obsolete conventions!" roared the man. "What do you mean?"

"I mean a Vanderbilt convention of some kind was played years ago and abandoned at the time you should have been learning the principles of bridge."

"You don't know what you are talking about, madam. Everyone who knows anything is playing the one-club Vanderbilt convention. You've got some other fool thing in your head which was played in the Dark Ages. My authority is Goosengees ——"

"I don't know Goosengees. Never heard of him. You called for a no trump, and as I had everything but clubs, I gave you it. It's not my fault if you are stupid."

"It's every person's fault not to know what people are playing. If one is not willing to keep up with the progress of bidding, she has no right to play. Better go back to tiddledywinks."

"Oh, cut it," cried the fat man. "Get down to business! We're playing contract, not carrying on a convention."

"That is woefully clear," snapped the thin man. "Conventions are utterly foreign to you all. I presume you play by ear."

Serious Pleasure

"I DON'T give a hang for conventions," laughed the fat man; "so, if you mean to insult me, you're all out of luck. I say, if a body has card sense, listens carefully to the bids, and isn't a card hound who wants to play all the hands, you don't need a lot of conventions to mess up the play. That's all they do—mess up the game and confuse everyone. A lot of good conventions did you, my boy," he chuckled, "down four, doubled and redoubled. It's a darn good thing you weren't vulnerable."

A tall woman stopped at the table. "Nearly finished?" she asked. "I'm cutting in here, you know."

"Finished the game?" cried the elderly lady. "No, we most certainly have not. We've only played one hand."

"One hand? Good heavens, what on earth have you been doing?"

"Arguing—just arguing a little," smiled the fat man, and winked.

Conflicting conventions have changed what was once the basis for a nice friendly evening into an inferno of disagreement. No two people, it seems, bid contract alike.

In the old days of auction, husband and wife were the ones who fought openly after each play. Today they are more or less ineffective before the barrage of insults which sweeps over the table. For one reason, husbands and wives are about the only players who agree on the matter of conventions. Family unity is upheld in this respect, if in no other. A wife may go off on the sly to lunch with a man, but when her husband bids his hand she generally supports him gallantly, if maternally. If he becomes whimsical over her bid and canters off on his high horse, she may look daggers and sustain a potent silence which bodes ill for him when he gets home, but the good old ten rounds, as in auction, are not so much encountered. Of course, he may bribe her to silence. Perhaps he has said at dinner: "If you will let me play all the hands, and don't raise a row, I'll buy you an electric orange squeezer," or something like that. Of course, now and then a wife does throw the cards in her husband's face, and one did shoot and kill her life partner one night, but that was after the game and during the final moments before they stepped into bed.

Unpleasantness is now general, for every player has developed a genius for argumentative protectiveness toward his or her pet convention. Insults are no longer kept for the intimate friend or relation. Strangers who are really

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The Education of the Million-Dollar Child

By James Noble Gifford

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

NOT so long ago no one could have had anything to say about the education of the future millionaire. To begin with, no one knew who he was. He might be anyone of the million tousle-headed youngsters, especially if he came from the country. One of the few beliefs on the subject was that the supersuccessful man simply had to be raised in the country and had to be a "barefoot boy" for at least a few years. More than a few months' irregular schooling during the winter when the snow wasn't too deep was almost detrimental. Prayers were learned at the mother's knee, and mother had to die young. Fathers were most inconsequential—almost unnecessary. In any case, there was always the slogan to fall back on: "Three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves."

But the war, modern business methods and the trust companies have changed all that. Now when little million-dollar baby waves his gold rattle, he never need fear the shirt sleeves unless he learns to play polo, where they represent correct attire. Before twenty he will have a racing car—or is it an aeroplane now?—before thirty, a wife dripping pearls; before forty, be a director of some organization, with a yacht and a box at the opera. It is all set for him, and he only needs to keep alive with the help of expensive doctors and have his teeth straightened by some still more expensive orthodontist.

Final Advice

BUT teeth straightening cannot take up all the time, and so, when the governess leaves the child at the age of seven or eight, a tutor is brought into the house to live with the family, or perhaps the governess is kept on two or three more years in conjunction with a tutor. In the case of girls, this tutor may be a woman, but men seem to be preferred for boys. Though I have tutored girls, my main work has been with boys. It is the belief that the education of the boys is of chief importance. As one lady said to me, "It doesn't matter so much about my daughter. She'll marry in any case. I want her to be sweet and charming, but my boys must have the best."

Now the word "best" has a definite meaning. A few preparatory schools have impressed themselves sufficiently on the mind of the ultra-rich Americans to be made the object of struggle and envy. In most of them the child is registered at birth, so that also can safely be put among the expectations mentioned before. There are entrance examinations, to be sure, but as the distinguished headmaster of one of them said, "The examinations count 60 per cent. The other 40 per cent is made up of character, qualifications and reasons for attending the school." The cynical minded might question the "reasons," but then, in these hectic days, most schools need endowments. When giving final instructions to a boy with one of America's best-known names, who was about to take the examination for one of the schools, his mother asked:

"Mr. Gifford, have you any final advice?"

"Yes," I answered. "James, be sure to write your name on the paper as large as possible and as many times as possible."

The mother was angry, needless to say. It was crude of me, but I meant what I said. A few days before, I had had a long talk with the headmaster and had begged him to take the boy into the school. Make no mistake about one thing—these are good schools. Considering the material they get, they accomplish wonders. I knew the hope for the boy lay in his getting real systematic training. And I also knew what his chances of passing any examinations were. Yes, he got in, and is there now; I hope, doing well. I really can't say, however, as his mother, I believe, has never quite forgiven me.

Altogether that position was one of the most difficult I have ever had. I first went with the family in a Florida resort where the boy was staying with his mother during the season. He was about fourteen, possibly a few months under that age. It was at the end of the season that I took him, as he had had another tutor, who had left. The boy—let us call him John for convenience—seemed utterly untrained, in spite of a succession of tutors and some irregular attendance at a school in New York City, which is really a splendid school altogether, and cannot for an instant be blamed.

He Never Even Noticed Me, But Suddenly Set Up a Howl. "Oh, Oh, the Goldfish Have Been Killed!"

I spoke to his mother about him.

"What am I to do, Mr. Gifford?" She raised her lovely violet eyes to me as she lay on the sand. She was and is a very beautiful woman. "His stepfather won't do anything and I can't make him obey. He has just had awfully bad training. I would appreciate anything you can do."

She was right about one thing: He obeyed nothing but the whim of the moment. I stopped many things, but it was never easy. In New York he told his mother to shut up when she spoke to him at the luncheon table. I ordered him out of the room. As he hesitated, I arose and said that either he or I must go. Then he went.

Watching the Pennies

FINALLY, after the examinations, I left with shattered nerves and a deep feeling of defeat. That boy is growing up to prominence. He will control millions in money and, alas, probably many destinies also. That is the hard part to think about.

But the annoyances of tutoring are not always so deep. They are usually trivial and very often amusing. The strangest part is the wave of petty economy that is forever dashing against one. One learns to take paper napkins and short rations of food as a matter of course, and festoons of cobwebs, delightfully named "Irish curtains," swinging over the bed in lieu of canopy. But it goes to far madder extremes.

I dare say the extreme of economy came under my eyes in one of the beauty spots near New York; walled round and guarded and cherished, it might well be expected to produce some rare product. In my presence, a charming lady called the grocery store outside the park gates. Only a few feet outside physically, but otherwise—well, very outside. The telephoning was done in the room with me, possibly to carry out former statements of extreme domesticity. That morning the lady assured me she always cleaned her own room. "I couldn't bear the thought of a servant in my private room." Just at that moment a maid came out of her room in full view of both of us, with an armful of brooms, mops, sweepers and dust cloths. But the lady was not disturbed. She simply telephoned: "Oh, and two pounds of kitchen coffee. . . . You don't know what kitchen coffee is? Well, I mean some poor kind. If I have good coffee, my servants drink so much I can't afford it."

That evening the lady had a champagne fountain on her dinner table. It fell into a big bowl where fruit lay soaking in the wine to absorb its delicate flavor.

A few years ago a certain Florida resort was one of the best places for tutoring. People stayed for only a short time, and as they rented houses, took their children with them. Recently beautiful mansions have been built—indeed,

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MADAME THE CAT

There Remained a Hindu, a Wandering Swami in Spotless Turban and Inky Beard, to Whom Two Fashionable Young Ladies Listened Devoutly

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

AT BALETTE'S, in Twenty-second Street, Madame the Cat, who, from her regularity, had established herself as the subtitle of the establishment, lay curled in a sewing basket on the cigar counter, occupying the circle in so elegant a manner that no one could pass, apparently, without pausing to admire. Madame, the wife of the restaurateur, the new wife, was a creature of curves herself, and quite sleek and shining in spite of the occasional ravel in her glove-silk elbow, on which she eternally perched herself while regarding the scene; nevertheless, Madame the Cat collected most of the attention. Or so it seemed to the casual eye. So much too much, indeed, that now and again, bored with the "Ohs" and "Ahs" of rapture and the ceaseless stroking of gloved hands, she, the cat, rose, yawning and tail stretching, and departed in a none too complimentary manner; not to return again till the disturbance had abated. One saw then that what she nested on so elegantly in the basket were not eggs, nor yet blind kittens, but paper matches in little paper folders with somebody's advertisement printed thereon—wear So-and-So's hats, or eat Somebody's yeast cakes. No one ever called for these matches; no one would dream of incommoding Madame the Cat.

On Friday evening in mid-Lent, about a half hour before ten, when only the more intimate of the table-d'hôte custom still lingered over their *oignon* soup and *bouillabaisse*, Antoine, the Basque waiter, who pronounced Rostand without the *s* and wore a fandango whisker in front of each ear, bent over Oliver Armiston, an old habitué, where he sat alone poring over a chess book in the corner by the street window. He addressed Oliver as doctor. For twenty years this had been going on, and Oliver, pleased with the brevet and its anonymity, had never corrected it. Would *m'sieu le docteur* object to taking his *mazagran*—Antoine's rotable eyes reconnoitered the immediate neighborhood cautiously as he spoke in a low voice—to take his coffee in company with old Ferrand, opposite?

"You desire this table?"

Oliver was mildly surprised. This had never happened, in twenty years.

Antoine bent lower. First he shot a look at the clock; then he regarded Oliver, held his look for a lingering moment.

"If you please," begged Antoine. His face brightened. "It would please old Ferrand."

Old Ferrand was a bookseller from the Avenue, who dined here with an almost voluptuous leisure every evening.

Oliver shook his head. He was waiting for someone. But he would have his *mazagran* at the table next to old Ferrand. He picked up his napkin and chess book, moved across the aisle and sat down, nodding to the ancient bibliophile.

It was the dozing hour, between those periods which were almost eras at Balette's. Dinner was going, supper was coming, with its new worlds to conquer. Tables were being softly caparisoned anew; waiters leaned against the wall in little clusters like sleeping cab horses. Antoine brought Oliver's coffee in a tall hot glass, and Oliver, dropping a square of sugar into it, lifted the sugar gently with his spoon and let it fall again. He was aware, without actually looking up, that the good-looking young policeman had come in from his post, as policemen will, and had paused at the desk; he had no eyes for Madame the Cat, so peacefully curled, this handsome young officer, but for madame, the black-silk chatelaine. But madame did not return his gaze; instead, her lowered eyes caressed the beautiful cat in the basket. The officer passed on back to the kitchen, as innocent as a lamb in a speak-easy; madame's eyes followed him, a bemused smile on her well-done face. She bowed her head in her cupped palms for a moment, and suddenly recalling herself, resumed her adding and multiplying. Sullivan, the sculptor, with the great beard, wearing the tiniest of red ribbons in a buttonhole, made his way out, and she pumped up her full-toothed smile of adieu for him—a smile which vanished the instant the door closed. Now, in this room there remained, besides Oliver and old Ferrand, only a Hindu, some wandering swami in spotless turban and inky beard, to whom two fashionable young ladies listened devoutly—one wondered what he could find to eat here—and, in the far corner, as comedy relief, a pair from the Village, male and female, in low-heeled shoes and flowing collars; they had a wine cooler on the floor, and their heads were locked together in some courageous discussion of nude facts. Otherwise the tables here were waiting. From the next room voices occasionally floated in. Someone said quite audibly: "That is a world's record for yearlings." Oliver looked at his watch. It was getting toward ten. Antoine had refurnished that table in the window corner. Balette came moving down the room with the lightness of a captive balloon. His outlandish figure was beautifully tailored. He muttered to madame, and she, without looking up, merely curled her lip.

Balette came to rest before Antoine's table and studied it critically. Antoine stepped back, and Balette transferred his critical study to Antoine; and after some seconds of this close scrutiny, he looked up at the lighting, he rejected one chair and Antoine fetched another. While he was doing this, the street door opened and all the waiters woke up, but immediately subsided. It was a young woman, rather overdone in manner and material. She paused meekly in front of Balette and he examined her from heel to helmet. With a nod he summoned his wife, and sharply and together they pulled the poor creature to pieces—she seemed to wither palpably under their unfriendly eyes. Madame then took the girl in back, where she evidently rearranged her in some manner which met with her husband's churlish assent, for the newcomer was brought back to the table and carefully seated. Balette instructed the girl painstakingly in the peculiar uses of the cutlery, of which there was an unusual and confusing variety. She studied the snail tongs with awe and suspicion.

The hour struck ten. Everybody started violently. The old *maître*, with a last hasty word to Antoine, trotted off. All eyes engaged the door. Nothing happened. After a time the tension relaxed and Antoine moved over to Oliver and bent low over the chess book; he said secretly:

"You would like the Camembert tonight, m'sieu'."

"Who comes to the feast?" inquired the privileged Armiston.

Antoine lifted his heavy-lidded gaze, let it fall again.

"The senator," he said, in a still lower tone, putting the accent under the *a*, where it was in the first place.

Oliver carefully avoided looking up.

"What senator?" he inquired of his chessmen.

Antoine swept the room, listening apprehensively with his eternal smuggler's forebodings. He shrugged, looked vacant. He bent down again.

"He is good frien'," he explained, offering this as some measure of extenuation. He propped himself against the wall, waiting. In a second or so, without moving his lips, he muttered:

"He is a wet."

That elliptical utterance really was complete. It explained everything. A wet senator. No wonder they were so particular about the cutlery, napery, cookery, and so forth. A wet senator might be able to do something, anything—or at least so it would be hoped—in this age of neo-prohibitionism. Something amiss at the table took Antoine over there, and he came back with a thought worth while.

"'Eek!" he said, bending to Oliver's ear. He spoke it as a name. "'Eek! You onnerstan'. I do not. They call him 'eek!"

"Senator 'Eek?"

Antoine shook his head. No. He was puzzled himself.

"Non," he said. "It is 'eek senator, I think."

'Eek? Oliver quite shamelessly pondered the piquant mystery. Not Senator 'Eek. 'Eek senator! He was in the act of discovering check by taking a pawn *en passant*, when he suddenly paused. Hick! A hick senator! A statesman from the tall timber was coming to town on —— He paused abruptly, staring as if some actual material thing hung suspended in the air before his eye. It wasn't a thing; it was a thought. Just then the street door opened. Camera. Action.

Another false alarm. A slender, handsome young man came in—such a one as any ambitious hostess would gladly

subsidize as a table decoration. But he was not of that sort. It was Morel, prize possession of the police deputy, Parr. He was a police detective, but no one was supposed to know it. Oliver saluted, and Morel advanced, smiling, drawing off a glove. So obviously some personage was he that several waiters and a bus boy or two clustered about him to take his things. Morel briskly chafed his hands as if he were about to play the piano, and shivered slightly to improve the fit of his coat, which was already perfect. Madame the Chatelaine was not wholly unconscious of his presence.

Morel and Christophe—a tall waiter to whom this table really belonged—put their heads together over the carte to so good a purpose that they were instantly in full accord, and Christophe hurried off, smiling. Morel moved over to the counter, before which he paused and bowed gravely to Madame the Chatelaine and felicitously to Madame the Cat; he pointed out his special brand of cigarettes and watched her long black-silk arm glide down like a snake for the box. He accepted it with a gesture of apology and went back to his table, breaking it open. He pushed his coattails out of the way and slid along the leather divan to Oliver Armiston's side.

"Two on the aisle!" he remarked softly, his eye measuring the scene. "You couldn't have done better if we had sent you a diagram."

"What is the diagram?" asked Oliver.

"You are not to be told, sir."

This was not like Parr.

"His idea," Morel hastened to explain, "is that you, in your benighted ignorance, will detect trifles which I, in my highly sensitized informed state, will overlook."

That afternoon Parr, the deputy, had telephoned Oliver by private wire, saying:

"This is your *bouillabaisse* night."

It was. There was only one place in town, and only one night in the week, and that for a limited season. During Lent he attended here Fridays with a pious regularity.

"Could you stall till about ten o'clock in your usual corner?" asked Parr.

"And then what?" demanded Oliver.

"Morel will join you," explained Parr. "Sit through supper with him, like a good fellow."

"Let me tell you something! You are not going to pull any rough stuff up there. I am fond of Madame the Cat, and I will not have her annoyed."

"You wouldn't catch the act unless you watched closely," replied Parr with a laugh, and hung up.

Oliver said to Morel, "The senator is delayed."

Morel lifted his supercilious gaze. "What senator?" he asked crisply.

Oliver smiled.

"Maybe you can name him before he arrives," said Morel.

"I can do that too," said Oliver. He bent toward the young dandy and whispered. "'Eek!" he said in Morel's ear. Morel looked startled, annoyed. "'Eek, yes!" insisted Oliver. "Hick!" he whispered hoarsely. "Use your sense of concordance, my dear fellow. Must I specify further? The hick senator from the pine barrens—the notorious ——"

"Hush!" breathed Morel through his teeth. He showed his annoyance. He hated to be told things that only he knew.

"I can give you his menu, if you wish," continued Oliver. "Show me a man's cutlery, and I will tell you what hobbies his indigestion rides. First, caviar! The Romanoff pearls will be spread, by the swine, like butter, on a stalk of celery. Then oysters, *bourguignonne*, followed by green-turtle soup à la Birch. And then, believe it or not, snails. Honestly, could you imagine that child of a cranberry bog ever lifting himself so high by his own boot straps? I am curious to see how she wrangles them. She still thinks the tongs to be a nutcracker of some exotic type. For the joint, we have chosen

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"'Twas Ever Thus!" Intoned the Senator Tragically. "From Childhood's Happy Hour, I Never Loved the Sweet Wild Flower But What it Poisoned Me!"

THE CALL OF THE WILD ROSE

By Agnes Burke Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE Francis Devlins' country place, in that hilly, delightful country north of Mendham, New Jersey, was known among their friends as the Madhouse. Why not, since the six Devlin children infested it? Mrs. Devlin had started out ten years ago calling it Phœnix Farm on her letter paper; Mr. Devlin, in moments of irritable humor, called it Hell Let Loose, or Little Sing-Sing, but when Father McCarthy, of St. Asperina's, remarked, "I have baptized a sixth child out at Madhouse," Mrs. Devlin gave up and began to write to her girl friends: "Darling, do come out to Madhouse for a week-end. I need protection from these awful children."

She would have slain anyone else who had even hinted that her six were not perfect, until the summer of 1929, when Rose, the eldest, the twenty-year-old prize, reached her high-water mark of hatefulness. Already high-hat, she became alpine—to meet her eye was to wilt; to listen to her speech, to shrivel. She regretted her father, who had made his own money; she spoke slightingly of Irish blood, her ancestral relatives, her parents' friends and their middle-aged hilarity. She wished her father would stop swearing; she said that no one had negro servants any more; and besides, the Devlins acted like a minstrel troupe resting in a boarding house. The boys, and the terrible girls they brought trooping into the house, gave her heart attacks. She went back completely on the Devlins, and they resented it.

Toward the end of June, 1929, life in their sector became a shambles. Mrs. Devlin said that Rose was a disgusting little snob; the boys planned to kill her; Mr. Devlin said it would be a good thing, but that she was too quick and would get the jump on them. He blamed the whole thing on Johnny Glover. For all sorts of reasons, Mr. and Mrs. Devlin didn't want Rose to marry Johnny Glover, but they were too astute to say so; they only counseled together night after night, wondering what they could do to stop their child from falling in love.

"He is Harvard, out of Bond Street, by Meadowbrook," admitted Mrs. Devlin. "He treats her as if she were thirty. She's simply unbearable."

The marvelous Glover took Rose everywhere—to polo matches and parties—with an older married crowd; she became the darling of snippy women who had never bothered with her exuberant, unimpressed mother. Mrs. Devlin did not fear the worldliness which Glover offered; it was the flaw in her own handiwork, in her daughter. He was poor stuff, and she didn't see it.

"She can't be like this, Francis," she said, over and over, "with our wild blood in her veins."

"No," She Insisted, "I Adore You. I'll Live Wherever You Want, on Whatever You Make"

He was impressive, to the average eye, for he was thirty, marvelous looking, and a demon at polo. Women adored him and lost him. His family had been Class A in the county for several generations, although his great grandfather on one side had sold junk, and on another, West Indian rum. But his mother, Mrs. Blaine Glover, the dowager, suggested Burke's Peerage, King Arthur's Court, Queen Mary, and what not. From her manor, Gloverton, she sailed forth in an old wreck of a limousine—the Glovers were not so rich as they once were—with the air of one conferring a favor on combustion engines, whereas Rose's mother shot down the pike at sixty miles an hour in an imported Gotti-Lotti, making Rose a little ashamed. Why act as if riding on four wheels were a novelty? Why not leave the record breaking to the professionals? Indeed, Rose was unpleasant to have around the house.

One late June day she and her mother were sitting in the sun, outside the library. Rose, brown haired, amber skinned, long legged, looked lovely but displeased.

"Honestly, mother," she said, "it's too foul. It isn't safe to come into the house at night now, without a constable. First we tried the drawing-room, but your Hugh was in there with that Chellis girl. Then we went into the living room, and they were all dancing with their heads on one another's shoulders, and Johnny said, 'Who's the bottle of glue?' and I wish you could have seen him."

"Who? Johnny?"

"No, Francis. Your son. He doesn't dance, he melts. Then we started for the library, but gosh, we heard the most awful noises, and the door was closed ——"

"Those were the papas and mammas at play," said Alice, over her sewing.

"Mother, please be serious. Do you realize that there were kids on the terrace, jumping over the hydrangeas?"

"It was a mad moonstruck night. Tonight, darling, I'll lock them in their rooms, and I'll send your father a telegram: F. C. Devlin, meet me Chicago immediately with one million dollars cash, or will publish all. Signed, Daisy Shady. That will get him out of the living room."

Rose gave up. This was the one time in her life when she would like things to be perfect, yet everything was worse than ever. She had nothing against her home as a house; it was the apes in it. If Johnny could see her mother now, her bronze head bent over such an incongruously ladylike piece of needlework, he might forget the noisy racket in the library last night.

"I like Johnny," insisted Alice Devlin. "He has a way of bucking an old woman up. Have him here for Sunday luncheon and we'll all act refined."

Rose shook her head. Her dark mutinous eyes lit with anticipation. "I'm going to his house," she said. "His mother asked me."

Mrs. Glover had never hidden her suspicion that the Devlins were outlanders, fresh from the bog. If Rose were to begin running in and out of the old manor house, something was up. Alice resolved to act as if Rose were merely getting the freedom of the five-and-ten-cent stores.

"But, darling," she remonstrated, "remember the two Brinleys. And Charlie Avery. He'll be here."

Rose got up, and she was even better when she stood; her legs were so deerlike. But her liquid brown eyes had frozen; she had gone Mrs. Glover again.

"Honestly, mother, doesn't he know some other people? And this week-end!" She spoke as if the other fifty-one week-ends were on the red side.

Alice hated to hear the débris falling upon Charlie, but she could not extricate him. "But you asked the Brinleys yourself," she argued.

"Lousy kids," said Miss Devlin. "They can amuse themselves."

"It's rude," decided her mother. "Very rude. But if you really think they're lousy, they probably would prefer you to go. People feel those subtle undercurrents. I thought you liked them."

"I did, but not any more. I'd rather go to Johnny's. I'm going to swim. Don't let the kids knock you unconscious."

Her mother made a face as Rose went through the door. "A club well applied might cure you," she said aloud, and went on sewing.

Saturday night, however, everything was lovely. Alice Devlin, at the end of her long table, was in a mellow mood; everything was delicious, to be treasured—the food on her plate, these noisy, laughing children, the tall candles flickering in the soft night air. Tonight's cup of life was too sweet to drink. She looked over at Rose, all flame and shadow, in orange tulle. Her brown hair was pulled back from her intractable face and lay in a coil on her long neck. Her narrow eyes were turned on Charles Avery almost kindly; they moved and met her mother's. Rose smiled at her, through her, as if for her, too, the tempest was over.

Charles Avery was a prodigious young man, quarterback size, with energy enough to light New York City. He had noticed Rose at a dance in New York the previous winter, and ever since could have kept a diary of her time. He was brilliant, impudent and engaging. His father, who had no chic and never rode to hounds, built skyscrapers in New York and was largely responsible for the discomfort of an age and the magnificence of a sky line. Charles, just out of the Columbia School of Architecture, was going abroad in the fall for a glance at the classics, and the following spring planned to drag Rose, screaming, to the altar. He had even told Gerard that. And Rose listened blandly, smiling her scorn; a customer who might yet be sold the convertible, high-yielding bond.

Tonight she was less his desired woman than a mere co-eater. But when they reached the salad, he learned that she was lunching tomorrow at Mange Moat, as he called the Glover estate.

"Rosie Devlin," he protested, "so you're being taken to meet mamma. You, of all girls. The spirit of North Jersey!"

She cut him short, "Don't call me Rosie. How do you know I'm not looking her over?"

"Because you're too impressed." He speared a tomato viciously. "Honestly, Rose, or Rosette, or Rose Marie, I can't see you in that line of business."

"Who asked you to?"

"You're not their speed," he insisted. "You have different blood counts. It's all a waste of time to throw away a perfectly good Sunday on those stuffed prunes."

She turned on him then. "You shut up," she said. "How do you know I'm not perfectly crazy about him?"

He hid his terror. "You may be. Have your grand passion. Nevertheless, it's poor stuff. It won't wash."

Even though she was through with Charlie, it pleased her to hear him berate her. She had read novels in which young men harangued women whom they loved. It was at this moment that she smiled through her mother, at a vision of herself, pursued and triumphant.

"I dare say it will be different from this boiler factory," she said. "Can you blame me for craving a change? There won't be boys around putting snakes in my bed."

"There are all sorts of snakes," said Charles darkly. "And some of the dirtiest work has the niftiest look. Believe me, you were never made by our Creator to marry a horse fancier."

He rose in his seat, laid his hand on the back of her neck and gave her a little shake.

"Come on and dance," he ordered between his teeth. At 8:15 Bernie Beck's Sweet Paprikas came over the air, and always the Devlins left the table to make the most of science.

"Thank God for Marconi," said Charlie, holding her tight. "I bet Mrs. Glover has never heard of Bernie Beck." Rose had to agree to that.

But she rode off in Glover's car the next day, escaping the farewell gibes of her family, who were swimming. She was entranced; in her dressing-table drawer she had a pile of Glover's pictures, cut from the Times rotogravure, alone and with Surpock Four; now that she suspected that he was about to belong to her, her heart plunged into bottomless darkness. His clipped monosyllables, his proprietary, deft love-making, meant more to her than a million sky-rocketing talks with the crazy Charlie about life and art and what it is all about.

His house thrilled her with its elms and its outspread lawns and its impressive door; she liked the butler, who was not Eddie Cantorish at the door like the Devlins' Charles; she even accepted his mother, a bulky monster who sat rigged out in lace-trimmed lavender muslin, cluttered with ancestral jewels, and with no clear perception other than that of her own singular importance. Across the table sat Johnny's only sister Gracie, a thinnish girl of almost thirty, in a handmade French frock which had seen too many washings. Rose dismissed her, early in the meal, as one of those colorless, negligible girls who visit married friends and take a great many books out of lending libraries. By the time dessert came in she was not so sure. Gracie had great dark eyes, more noticeable than her face; a smooth, merciless tongue, which was trained on Johnny. Despite the guest, he and Gracie had one knock-down fight about a tractor during luncheon, and several rounds of insinuation, all very brotherly and sisterly. Under their spell Rose lost her shyness and told Mrs. Glover all about the Devlin fights, and what beasts her brothers were, and

(Continued on Page 104)

"I Wish Mother Would Come. Aren't You Starved?"

THE FIGHT PROMOTER

By Charley Murray, With Wesley Stout

ONCE there was a fight promoter, and I was he. For twenty-seven years I have been that and only that; which makes me some kind of champion, for the average business life of a fight promoter is six months, with luck.

It is a job which may never have suggested itself to you, but to which a surprisingly large number of ambitious young men aspire, attracted by reports of big and easy money. As usual, the report is exaggerated. The money is seldom big and never easy. As my friend, George M. Cohan, expressed it one evening: "Kid, the toughest money in the world to make is easy money."

The proof of this is in the pudding itself. No one can name six fight promoters who ever paid an income tax for two successive years. The greatest of all, Tex Rickard, left his widow impoverished, according to newspaper reports of the probating of his will.

Most promoters expire from an excess of optimism, though optimism is the first necessity of promotion. It is no business for a conservative. Rickard could not find "impossible" in the dictionary. At golf he would attempt hopeless putts and bet that he would make them. If you told him that Walter Hagen himself could not drop such a putt, he would answer that he did not know about Hagen, "but I ought to be able to do it."

There are two issues of Optimism, common and preferred. The common is 100 per cent hope, and pays dividends every seventh year if it doesn't rain. The preferred is hope tempered with experience, imagination and hustling. It is not a security allowed to savings banks and insurance companies, but it has been known to cut melons.

The common optimist goes on the theory that if he hires a hall and announces a fight, the public, being fight foolish, will do the rest. He has a way of setting his expectations at the largest house ever drawn locally, telling himself that he will make money if he draws only half as many, and drawing actually one-fourth or one-fifth.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO.

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A Contrast in Fight Crowds—the 1889 75-Round Sullivan-Kilrain Bout in the Woods Near New Orleans and (Above) the Jesqui Stadium Beginning to Fill for the First Dempsey-Tunney Meeting

The Boys Who Want Their Dollar's Worth

YET it is a demonstrated fact that the club that can make three out of five shows pay a profit is an exception. The old Madison Square Garden could not do it, with something like ten millions of population to draw from. Others had given the Garden a whirl before Rickard, promoters of no little experience, and all had more experience and less money when they quit. Tex did not quit, but he was not bowed under the weight of wealth when the Garden came down to make room for a life-insurance skyscraper.

The backbone of the business in any city is the dollar boys—the fans who sit in the cheapest seats. They make up at least seventy per cent of the average house, they know fights and fighters and they have no dollars to toss away. A dollar spent for a fight ticket is a dollar denied something else, usually a necessity. Give them a contest and they will come. No contest, and they will stay away by the tens of thousands. The promoter who tries to fool them, fools himself.

I am a chance taker—I have to be—but early in life experts told me that the time to gamble was when you might win a lot and stood to lose little. Except on such occasions, my method is to worry about making expenses. Take care of expenses and profits often have a way of taking care of themselves. There are windfalls in every business, but the time to count them is when they are inside the box-office window.

Given the instinct of a fight promoter, a man needs little capital. What he does require first of all is a better idea than the next man's of what will interest the most fans, and, after that, the courage to back his judgment. This judgment, I suppose, is compounded of intuition, experience and enthusiasm.

You have the intuition or you don't have it. I can walk into a gymnasium, see two raw youngsters boxing, and tell instantly whether either is going anywhere. It is as plain as the difference between middling upland and top cotton to a grader in a Texas sample room. If either is a natural fighter, he will be doing instinctively with his hands and feet things which he is not even conscious of doing.

Loyal to Home Talent

EXPERIENCE can be had for the asking. I always have been a fan myself, and if I ever should lose my enthusiasm I shall quit promoting. As a fan of long standing, I am a tough audience, and I first ask myself about any fight I propose: "Would I pay to see it?"

A promoter builds his boxing card from the ceiling down, beginning with the main bout. An ideal main bout is one between a good local boy and a good out-of-towner in their first meeting. Promoters make fighters, so do fighters make promoters, and a good promoter fosters a continuous stream of home talent—boxers who were born, reared and learned their trade on the spot. These boys fill the preliminaries and the semifinals. The best of them emerge into the main bouts, and the winners are matched against the prides of other cities.

It takes virtually a championship fight to draw a crowd where both contestants are strangers to the fans. The Pittsburgh baseball fan cares little about seeing either the Boston Braves or the Phillies play, unless in a World's Series. They are not his team. He knows his own Pirates, their strengths and weaknesses, has his favorites among them, and asks only to see them swinging against the enemy.

Even more so with the fight fan. There probably is not a native son on the ball team, and the best graduate of the local sand lots may be playing for St. Louis, but fighters aren't traded that way. In the ring are men the fan has followed up from four-round preliminaries. He identifies himself with them and demands that they do or die for the honor, first of the Horseshoe A. C., next the glorious First

Ward, and finally their native Buffalo. Local pride is the steam in the boilers.

If you have matched two sluggers in the main bout, it is a smart move to put the same type in the semifinal, for the very good reason that if the customers see a slashing fast semi-windup, the main attraction will look slow and dull to them by comparison. The styles of fighters are a concern of the matchmaker. Two flashy boxers, for example, invariably make a poor fight. They are too fast and shifty. For every spectator who can appreciate their greater skill, nine others will squawk because no solid blows are landed. Instead, a bout that will pull them in is a smart boxer against a slugger who, as the saying goes, can take it.

The novice promoter travels from show to show. His programs are short stories, completed in one issue. His experienced competitor keeps the wheel revolving endlessly. His cards are serials, continued in our next. A sound principle is always to keep the winner going. Get him back into the ring before the public forgets his latest win. Fights do not keep well in cold storage. While you delay, the logical opponent you had in mind may be whipped or the fans find new interests. The memory of the sport public is short.

The novice has a failing for going after a high-priced star; then, having guaranteed him more than he can afford, hiring a $200 or $300 set-up to oppose him. A few will come

Dempsey and the Author Comparing Notes at White Sulphur Springs After a Day's Workout for the Firpo Fight

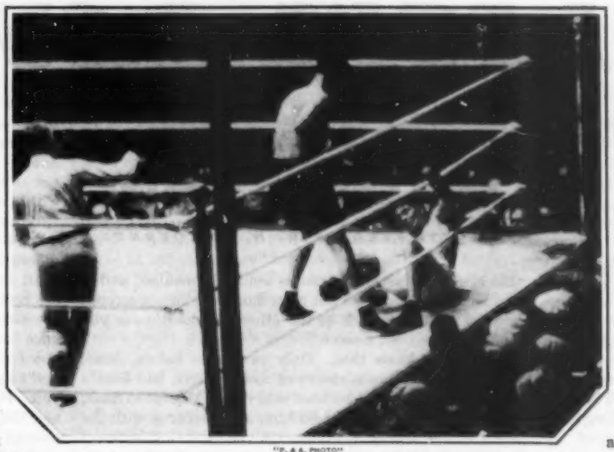
to see the star, but the element of contest is what fills your arena. There is no contest here; the bulk of your trade knows it better than you do, and they go to the movies.

Every likely young boxer must be nursed along skillfully, his opposition stepped up as his skill and self-confidence increase; but in their anxiety not to kill the golden goose, managers and promoters have been known to coddle them to death. Set-ups are dangerous to rising stars. They learn nothing from them, and after five or six in a row are apt to grow careless and cocksure, and come down like Humpty Dumpty when they finally meet the real thing.

The Christening of Willie Fewclothes

IT DOES not take champions, even first-rate fighters, to draw a crowd always. A freak attraction or a highly colorful dub sometimes will do it as well. A good name is better, if not than great riches, then better than considerable skill in the ring. There used to be a boxer named Barney Williams. He changed managers and his new boss changed his name to Battling Levinsky. With no increase in prowess, Battling Levinsky was half again as good a draw as Barney Williams.

Every city has its ring freaks, eccentric or spectacular in the ring or out, or both, and traveling much farther on their



"P. & A. PHOTO"

Start of the Famous "Long Count" at Chicago; Tunney on the Floor

showmanship than ever their ability could carry them. We used to have Willie Fewclothes in Buffalo. He first appeared, a ragged negro not long from Georgia, as a last-minute substitute in a preliminary.

"What's your name?" demanded the announcer.

"Jesse Buggs, suh!"

"Buggs? That's no name," scoffed the announcer. Running his eyes over Jesse, he bellowed that Willie Fewclothes would substitute for Dangerous Dan McGrew. As Willie Fewclothes, Jesse became a fixture on Buffalo fight cards. A born comic, his footwork antics and droll gestures used to overcome not only the audience but his opponents. When he had his man laughing heartily, Willie would carry his joke to the point of knocking him out.

Even those of us who dealt with him outside of the ring were never quite sure but that it was Willie who was kidding us, rather than we him. When he was called up by the draft board, the doctors rejected him for flat feet. Willie seemed much depressed, and his manager, Dan Rogers, aimed to cheer him up: "You don't know your luck, Willie," he argued. "Now you don't have to go to war."

Willie would not be comforted. "I know, Mistuh Dan, but they'll get me sure in the next war." Dan told this as a juicy sample of Willie's mentality until he got to thinking it over.

Once I staged a comedy wrestling bout. Many wrestling bouts are comic, but this was intentionally so. One of the contestants was a big German clad in a leopard skin. In his mouth he secreted a capsule of red fluid and, at the proper time, in the supposed agonies of a headlock, he bit the capsule and appeared to bleed dangerously from the mouth. Though he had been warned, the referee was carried away by the crowd's excitement, and the joke was taking a serious turn, when I shouted to the announcer, John Perkins, to say something funny.

One Road to a Promoter's Failure

PERKINS raised his hand and bellowed: "Ladies and gentlemen, the Mysterious Waffle wins!" That stopped the panic, the name stuck, and the Waffle became the official clown of wrestling and a standard attraction.

Any successful promoter is offered shares in fighters by their managers. He will not be successful long if he accepts. It is no matter of ethics, but of horse sense. The natural interests of a manager and a promoter conflict, and the man who tries to be both soon is neither. A magazine editor might as well run an authors' agency on the side.

A manager is looking for a spot for his boy, the promoter should be seeking the best contest to be had. Cut him in on a boxer and his judgment is unseated. He now has a direct interest in the boxer winning. Probably he begins to make matches in order to win bets. To be sure of winning the bets, the matches must be one-sided, and his customers walk out on him.

I have bet on a fight only three times in my life, and never on one of my own promotion. I lost two of the three bets. The first was on the bout at Fort Erie, in 1902, in which Frank Erne dropped the lightweight championship to Joe Gans. I had saved $105, two dollars at a time, out of a cub reporter's wages. Erne was a Buffalo boy, my friend and idol, and he had beaten Gans so badly in New York two years earlier that the fight had been stopped in the twelfth. All my $105 went down on Erne, and when the black ghost hit Frank the knock-out punch in the first round, he hit me in the same spot.

This fight illustrates a phase of crowd psychology. Someone, in describing the unexpected brevity of it, said that he had got up to take off his overcoat and had missed the fight. This epigram soon was accepted literally. There are a thousand men in Buffalo who will tell you circumstantially today how they rose to remove their overcoats and found Erne on the floor when they sat down. Each believes it implicitly. I do not argue with them, but the facts are that the fight had gone half a round and had been unexciting, when Gans drove a short right uppercut to Erne's

(Continued on Page 190)

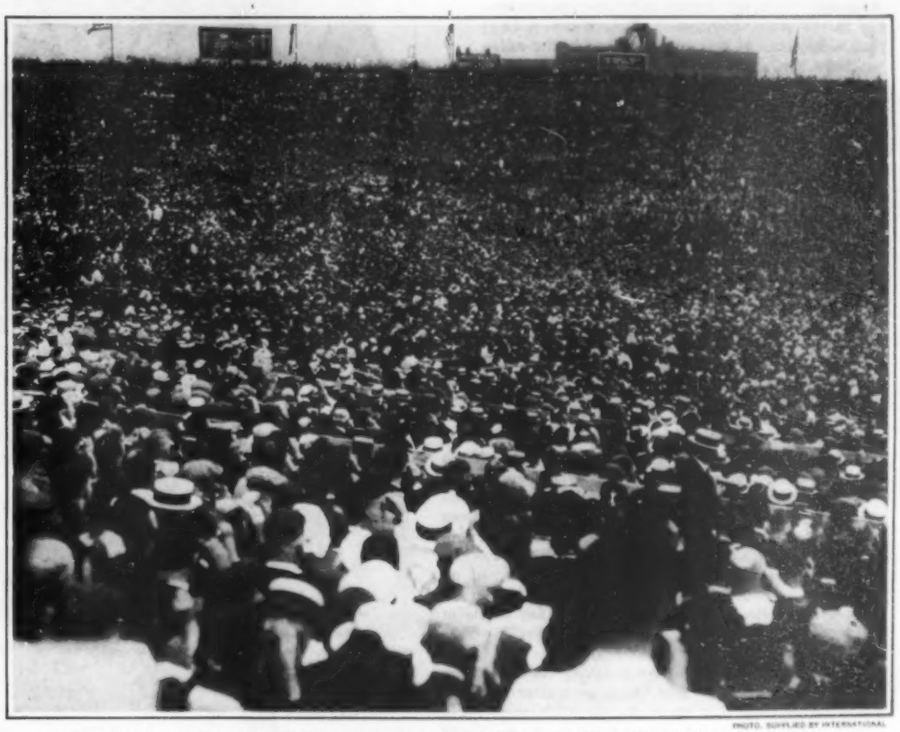


PHOTO SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL

Part of the Record-Breaking $1,600,000 Gate for the Dempsey-Carpentier Fight at Jersey City

ZIMBOLACI'S DAUGHTER

Djamlia

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

ARAD WHITNEY stood riveted to the ground in front of the slave cage in Zanzibar market. A lot of seedy Arab traders in flashy turbans and jeweled swords were bawling in his ears, inviting his attention; he saw nothing but the Georgian girl, Scharife, standing proudly in one corner of the cage. The very girl, with the Dog Star, Sirius, worshiped by Arabians, tattooed on her breast, who had stood back of his chair at the Sultan's dinner to the Salem mates and captains, and poured attar of roses on his handkerchief out of a Florentine flask. Then she had been a favored slave in green silk pantaloons with silver bells at her ankles, her black hair tucked under a scarlet cap. Now her body was covered only by a single twist of ragged chintz, which left her arms bare and allowed the Dog Star to shine for all beholders.

Captain Hassan bin Ibrahim, of the Arab navy, muttered in Arad's ear:

"A valuable property. The Sultan's Persian wife is jealous of her and has put her on the block. There is a good excuse, of course. A part of the north roof of the harem fell in last week and killed two wives, and the fair Persian laid that mischief at this girl's door. It is claimed she is a witch, a sorceress. You do not understand these things in Salem."

Arad knew the Persian wife. He had seen her in a blue velvet mask with oblong eyeholes. Mounted on a white donkey, she had been going to the mosque, attended by her runners, slaves, carpet spreaders, groom, bath servant and executioner. She was known to make free use of steel and poison. This girl was lucky, no doubt, to get off with slavery.

Tavaces, the auctioneer, seeing that Arad's eye was taken, took hold of the girl Scharife and, with his grimy thumbs at her jaws, tortured her into opening her mouth.

"Observe. The teeth like camels' milk. This is a jewel. She has accomplishments. She copied the Koran for the Sultan on the bleached shoulder blades of camels. She taught horsemanship and spear throwing to the young princesses. Reis Whitney, buy; thou wilt gain. If this cursed Parsee in the calico hat buys her, she will die with burst lungs diving for pearls in the green waters of Oman. He offers fifty sequins."

"Sixty!" Arad cried; and immediately he could have bitten his tongue out. He had no money of his own. If he prevailed over the Parsee he would have to use Lettie Shand's money, her adventure, a belt of gold round his waist, which she had charged him to lay out to best advantage, preferably in shawls of Canton crêpe. And what would Lettie Shand, his love, say to the purchase of a woman quite as young and fully as good-looking as herself; and no doubt equally religious, to say nothing of her skill with spears? Arad himself had seen her stick three gold slippers in the sand, and then, at thirty paces, find the mark with two spears out of three. Lettie, at Mr. and Mrs. Mond's school for young ladies on Vine Street, Salem, had learned English, French, geography, the use of the globes, vocal music and plain needlework.

Arad remembered, too late, the Arab saying that while a word is still unspoken you are master of it; once it has passed your lips, you are its slave. Well, perhaps the flowery Parsee would speak again. He did, and raised the bid to seventy sequins. Arad, wresting himself away from the Georgian's brilliant eyes, saw his captain's grim chin forging through the crowd. Captain Amasa Webb was in a bottle-green coat with a stiff six-inch collar turned up around his ears, and a white beaver hat slanted on his thick brows. He had, obviously, a long flat bottle of whisky slipped into his stocking leg.

"What's this?" Captain Webb roared.

The woman in the cage, never taking her eyes from Arad's face, murmured, "Buy. Buy, my master. Ransom comes before alms. Let me be thy slave, oh, reis. I will spread thy carpets, I will spill perfume as of yore, guard thee against poisoners. Ransom comes before alms, and as you know, he who gives not alms daily will have a serpent knotted about his neck in the other world. Buy, as you yourself have been a slave."

Ah, so she knew that. Only two years before, Arad, wrecked on the brown shores of Arabia Felix, had been a slave, but luckily he had been sold in the Muscat market, and the Sultan had redeemed him, in accordance with the terms of the treaty of commerce then existing between Zanzibar and Salem.

"One hundred sequins!" he cried stormily. Something like a sob swelled the Georgian's breast; she cried, moving her throat painfully, "May God imparadise you!" And the Parsee knocked his knuckles against his calico hat in token of defeat. The master of the block swung the cage door wide and thrust Scharife bodily into Arad's arms. Her hair whipped into his eyes; he winked them, but he was not so blinded as not to see Captain Webb's face blazing within a foot of his own.

"You bring that woman aboard ship, and I'll wipe you down with a white rope's end!" old Webb thundered. Old Slobber-chops. He was an intensely moral man. When he dealt in slaves himself it was only in the black cattle of the pirate coast; this purchase of Arad's outraged him to the core. "I knew a man bought a white slave in Bagdad once for a keg of powder, and he had better have kept the powder. Once you get entitled with a foreign woman, you don't know what law ain't likely to be quoted flat against you. There was Tom Powers married a girl at Honolulu, and the law there said no foreigner that marries a native woman can ever leave the kingdom without her saying she's willing for him to go. He's there yet."

Arad said, "I'm not marrying this girl, and I'm not trading in her either."

"How you going to account for the money to Lettie Shand?" his captain asked, with a look at the new slave which forced from her lips the murmur: "O, reis, let me have clothes to shield me from the glances of demons."

"You Bring That Woman Aboard Ship, and I'll Wipe You Down With a White Rope's End!" Old Webb Thundered

"Clothes," Arad repeated, and began to see that the business had many angles.

"Clothes!" roared Captain Webb, and increased the slant of his beaver.

"Clothes. I will clothe her for you," Captain Hassan bin Ibrahim said politely. "Seek her at my house at about the hour of the fifth prayer."

Arad, stooping to break the foot-long silver chain between the girl's ankles—badge of her service to the Sultan—heard Captain Webb advising him, "You come back aboard ship, and count it money lost. You can't sell again and show a profit. You've paid now twice over what any woman's worth—any foreign woman. You relinquish her, my boy, and I'll give you a two-ton trading privilege in ivory."

"Relinquish her. She is free already," Arad said, but the look in Scharife's eyes was not that of a manumitted woman.

At the hour of the fifth prayer, when he stood outside Captain Hassan's gate, he was still examining his motives. Would he have paid one hundred sequins, out of Lettie's hoard, to free the black girl with a brass shirt stud in one nostril, who had stood in the same corner of the cage with the indomitable Scharife? Naturally not. Had the Arab in him then yielded to some spell of sorcery, was Scharife in fact a witch, was he the same man Lettie Shand had bidden adieu at Derby Wharf, or another—an Arabian, speaking the language of heaven, the very Arabic which he had learned in his captivity? Next, if he wasn't careful, he would be thinking that Scharife was one of the houris of Mohammed, those creatures fair as the sheltered egg, and appointed to lie on brocaded couches and be the reward of the faithful.

He stared at the passage from the Koran pasted on Hassan's gate. "Under thy Veil, O Veiler, happens all." He opened it and strode through piles of green hides, dirty jackasses and slaves to the first of two stone staircases. At the top of the second he stooped through a crooked Saracenic arch, and in a dozen steps, pushing aside a green baize curtain, stood in a great, cool, whitewashed room, with still another staircase of stone against the west wall. But since, through some religious or superstitious motive, there must always be something unfinished about an Arabian house, as if to show that the lives here are likewise still unfinished, the staircase stopped in mid-career, ten feet short of a little wooden door painted in green and yellow stripes. This gap was bridged now by a little crimson camel ladder—the sort of thing used by the old or the fat to mount camels.

The room, hung with mirrors, clocks, swords, daggers, lances and Arabian fans, had nothing on its earthen floor but a rich Persian rug and a single chair of East Indian blackwood for any Salem captain who happened to be visiting. Ali Bey, a Turkish traveler, was here now, and Abd Errahman, captain of a dhow called the She-Mule, visible at her anchorage through one of the tall windows. Ali Bey had laid aside his French musket and double-edged sword, and sat cross-legged on the rug in a robe of green and gold. In his turban was an aigrette of pearls from the Persian Gulf; diamonds gleamed in the gold haft of his dagger.

He looked burly, black, glossy and pious; his eye, under shaggy brows, had a world of concentrative power, and, in fact, he boasted that he could tell a man from a woman in the desert at three leagues. He was a shereef; the blood of Mohammed was in his veins, which made him technically blessed, but didn't prevent him from being a perfectly good and human rogue; and Arad had heard the whisper that Ali Bey had the power of metamorphosis, criminal in a lesser man, and might turn himself into an antelope under an unsuspecting fair woman's hand, or into a leopard or a hyena. It was asserted that twice, in the guise of a hyena, he had tasted human blood. But he was now on his second pilgrimage to Mecca.

Arad, Brushed by a Horse's Shoulder, Felt His Hand Seized

A Sàkalàva girl—her hair between silk and wool—placed a cushion for Arad, and then, putting a black bottle of cherry brandy at his elbow, began indolently fanning him with a scented fan. Ali Bey took up his tale where he had left it off.

"Yes, by the Prophet's red beard, a grand robber, a miscreant, was this Zimbolaci. I met him first in his public house on the island of Cyprus, with his mustaches like palm leaves, a knife, two big pistols—it was Zimbolaci who taught me the policy of going armed," Ali Bey broke off to say, and stroked the stock of his musket lovingly. "We sat together drinking, smoking and playing chess. His daughter served us, when she wasn't flirting with that Russian admiral who was carrying troops to the Black Sea. Her sister had been married to a Greek, one Constantin Ipsilanti, who had served in the Walloon guards in Spain, and could recite poetry in twelve languages."

"The Prophet detested poets," Hassan murmured. "He calls them liars."

"He does well. But this poet, it seems, in his spare time had taught his wife's sister horsemanship and the use of spear and pistol. Her name was Djamila, and she must have proved an apt pupil, because when I next saw Zimbolaci she had run away and got herself made captain of the emir's guard at Harar, owing to her skill. That poor devil of an emir had his guard made up of women trained to arms, thinking they were safer and more loyal. Well, he was wrong. Since Adam made woman out of a crooked rib, to try to straighten her is to break her. This Djamila revolted and led that battalion of hers into the stony desert. Arabia the Stony. I am told now that this band is the terror and scandal of those parts. The desert tribes are unmanned at the very thought of them. They are considered as jinn rather than women, although the Sultan did manage to take one or two alive in a raid. Djamila was a big factor there in that desert, where a white face is a strong fetish. And by the burning souls of those wretches who hamstrung the she-camel of God, if she is like her father, that miscreant, that poisoner ——"

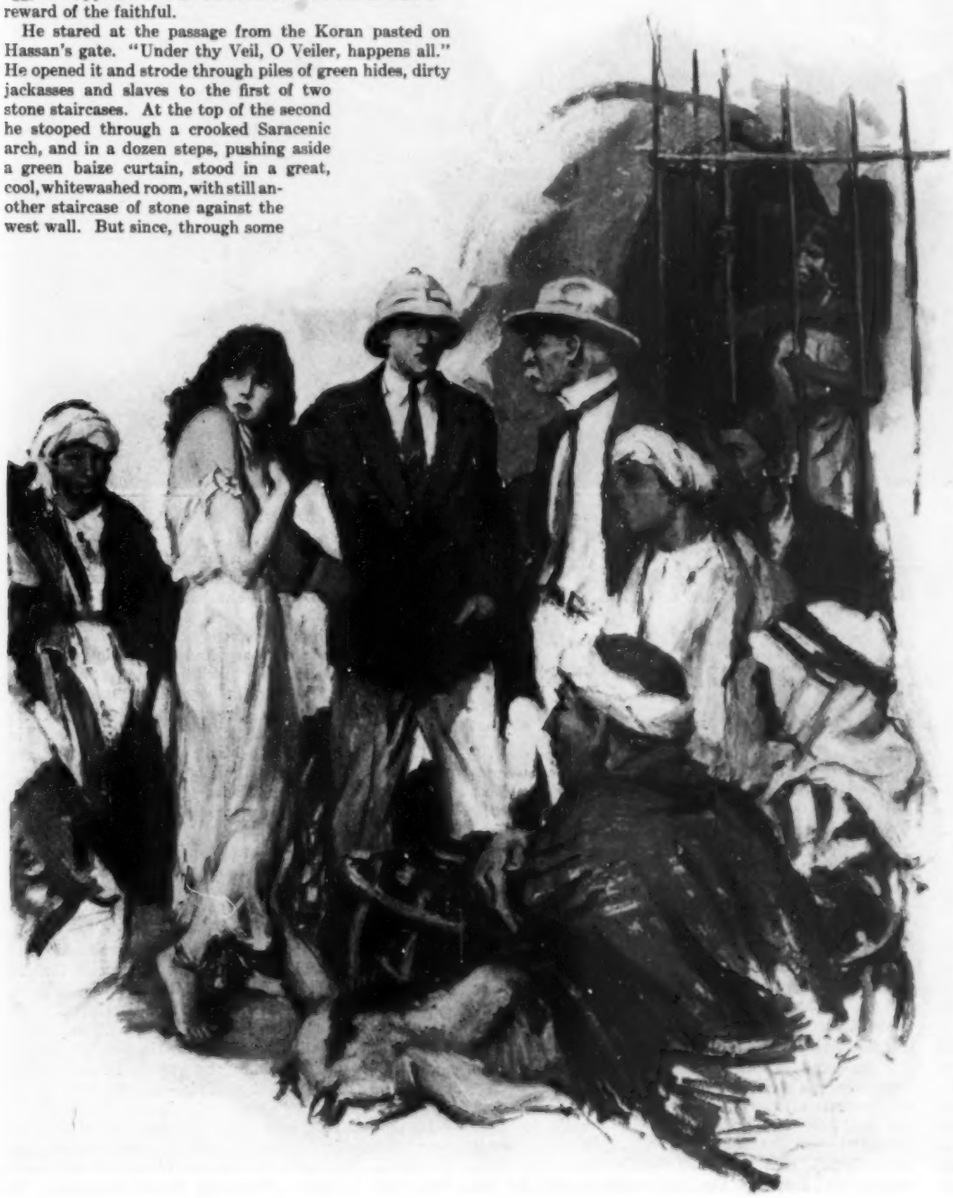
Ali Bey here showed emotion for the first time; and Captain Hassan, turning his courtly face toward Arad so gently as not to shake the fly fringes of his turban, said, smiling:

"The divan at Constantinople, Reis Whitney, had sent our friend here on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and in the meantime had made this Zimbolaci chief of the sacred well of Zemzem. All pilgrims must drink of the waters of this well; to refuse is impious."

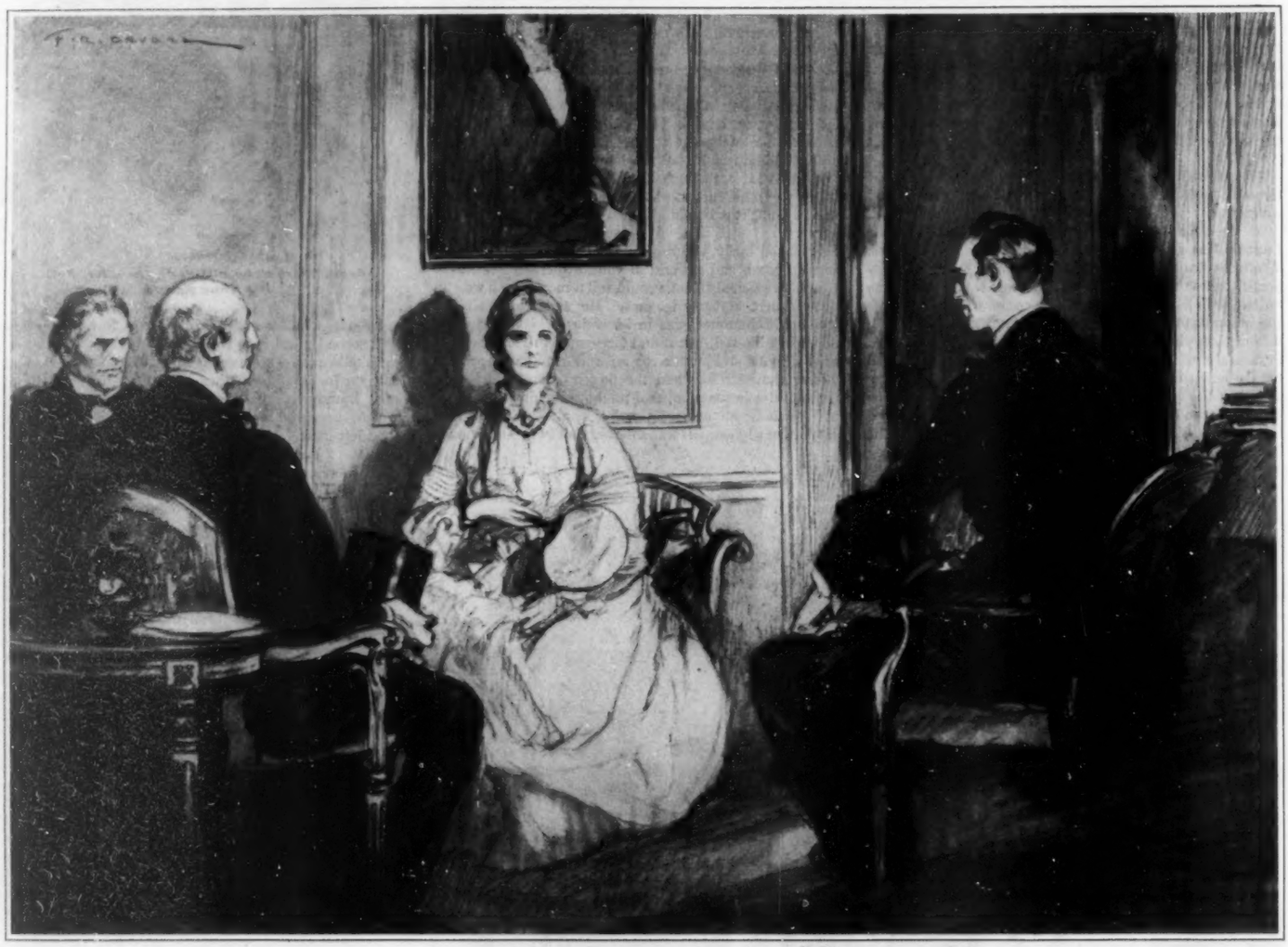
"You cannot think with what winning grace and sweetness that devil offered me my two pitchers a day," Ali Bey growled, with a menacing flash of his powerful eyes. "I could not, of course, break off my pilgrimage."

"Naturally not," Hassan agreed. "You were watched. He was watched," he added to Arad, "but knowing himself to be unpopular with the divan, he had foresight enough to carry in his sleeve a paper of vitriolated zinc, which he swallowed when he felt the first burning touches of the poison, and so saved his life."

(Continued on Page 166)



THE LIMESTONE TREE



"Men are For or Against You, But They are Not Neutral"

THE LINCOLN GUN

By

Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ON THE third anniversary of the death of her husband, Manoah Abel, Susan Abel put on a white dress. She was preparing for the evening—it was an excessively hot day at the end of July—and the cool white India muslin was an enormous relief after the quantities of black clothes she had worn. The change, so soon after Manoah's death, must, she realized, cause a great deal of comment in Frankfort; all the women of her husband's numerous family and connections would resent it, but they would keep the comments, resentment, to themselves; she would never hear them. That was partly because of her character—Susan did not encourage the familiarity of advice—and part because she was not a Kentuckian. She had been Susan Cutts, from New York City; Manoah met her in Washington, where, at that time, her father was a United States senator. If she had been a Kentuckian, she knew, in all probability, she would never have laid aside the marks of a deepest mourning.

Kentucky women were like that—they owned an indissoluble attachment, at once sentimental and passionate, for the men they married. Indeed, it was the custom to refer to the women who survived their marriages as the relics of the masculine deceased.

A faint smile appeared for a moment on Susan Abel's face. A maid was on her knees, at Susan's back, settling her skirt; a second slave stood patiently with details of Susan's dress—a Chinese silver paper fan on a carved ebony stick, a minute square of Binche lace and a black enameled vinaigrette. Yes, she told herself, the Kentucky women made miraculous wives; but, then, the men of Kentucky were equally splendid husbands. Manoah, as a husband, had been almost faultless; he was at once tender and considerate, invariably patient with her, and decided. There had been nothing negative about Manoah Abel. Quite the reverse. He was so positive that, more often than not, she had been concerned about the possibilities of his temper and acts. He had killed one man—Jarrot Bensalem—and, in spite of his asserted hatred of any violence, she had felt that provocation might easily produce other victims.

She watched with a painful intensity for this trait—rather it was a tradition—in their son Elisha.

Susan Abel moved over to a long mirror; she did not trust negroes with even so slight an affair as a skirt. She had married Manoah in 1831, and they had gone directly to Frankfort; it was now 1861; and after thirty years she still disliked black servants. The truth was, she recognized, that she didn't do well with them. She was too stiff, too formal, too particular. It was necessary, she had discovered, to treat negroes with a direct interest and affection, and both, in that quarter, were impossible for her. Frankfort, compared with New York, was very simple and informal. Kentucky had been extremely generous, amiable with her; yet, now, she considered that her life here had not been a complete success. Its main engagement—her marriage—was extremely happy; at the same time, she had never felt entirely at home.

In addition, her money created a difficulty in a society where money had very little reality. It wasn't, in Frankfort, regarded as an overwhelming fact; its power and influence were not so obvious—the opportunities it created made a barrier between her and more narrowly limited individuals. The simplicity of Manoah's air where her great richness was concerned had been remarkable; he had regarded it with the honest and unaffected pleasure of a child. Her daughter Delia, who had married Robert Folkes and lived in Philadelphia, owned little of her father's simple charm. Delia, privately, was elaborate and cold. She had, Susan Abel thought, all the hard and unattractive qualities of the Cutts family. "I used to be like that," she told herself, leaving the mirror. Her marriage, to the degree that she was capable of change, had changed her. A difficulty, however, existed all through her relationship with Manoah—she could never cure the impression that he was, at heart, actually childlike. Most women, she knew, enormously admired that quality in men they loved. Well, she didn't. There her hardness was apparent. She had, in consequence, felt slightly superior to Manoah. She didn't want to be superior to him; she wasn't, she told herself countless times, but that attitude—always, thank God, successfully concealed—remained faintly to harass her.

It came to this, generally, that people in the North were, perhaps fundamentally, different from the people of the South. The South was sustained by a different tradition, local to itself. Provincial, Susan considered. It

thought, she continued, with its heart; but then there was more than a chance, no better than the other, that in the North feeling was confined to the head. That, just now, was a very important realization, with a war beginning between the Union and the Confederacy. It was especially valuable, she thought, to Kentucky. Kentucky, lying between the two warring sections, owned the qualities, the necessities, of both; and, at any price, it must remain neutral. Her marriage to Manoah Abel was an example of what she meant—Elisha Cutts Abel, the result of that, belonged both to the North and South. She found Elisha waiting for her in the little drawing-room below.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "it's simply marvelous to see you in white again. What a surprise. If I had known it nothing could have taken me out. I told Mason Hazel I would go to Greenland for supper."

She studied him with a sharp, suppressed anxiety. Elisha was not—anyone could see that—strong. He was too thin. His cheeks were too hollow. He had pale hair, carefully brushed on a shapely head, the gray-blue eyes of his father, and a sensitive, colorless mouth. At the same time, his voice, like his convictions, was strong; he had, his mother insisted, an unconquerable spirit.

"I am glad you are going to the Hazels," she told him. "It's splendid for you to be with a lot of young people. I must have them here very soon. I think we are both too serious."

A quick shadow, a darkening frown, gathered on his features. "We can't help that," he pointed out. "It's a dreadfully serious time. John Hazel and Callam—and he's only sixteen—have joined Captain Morgan's company. With Mason, that makes all three of them in the Lexington Rifles. Belvard Sash belongs to the Union Home Guard, and Wickliffe, his brother, is going right in the Confederate Army. That puts me in a pretty poor light, with half my family for state rights and the other half against them."

She answered quickly and severely: "It does nothing of the kind. You are exactly right. Mr. Crittenden told you what he thought. Even Mr. John Breckenridge agreed with him. Kentucky will be neutral, Elisha; you will be far more useful if you stay neutral too. I detest all this enlisting and talk about arming Kentucky. You must not be carried away by it."

He said, "I wonder if you are right. If that will be possible? I can't tell, mother. Am I full of my own ideas or yours? You see, I am nearly twenty-four, and they ought to be my own."

That, Susan informed him, must depend upon his comprehension. "If you are intelligent, if your ideas are your own, you won't help to create a war by going into it. You won't listen to the wild talk of people who have nothing to lose. The majority is always like that. Either you are superior or you are not. It is easier not to be. To go with the mob. There are difficulties connected with superiority; it is never popular, but I prefer it to the other. I especially prefer it for you. You will answer your doubts, you see, by what you do. Your actions will show how independent you are." The expression of troubled questioning, she observed, did not leave him.

"I suppose you are right," he half-heartedly agreed. "That doesn't make it easier for me when all the rest have ideas that are worth fighting for. I don't know anyone my age who is neutral. It isn't the right age for neutrality. I can tell you this—I haven't a particle of sympathy with the South. I'm for the Union. Father taught me that. He was always for it. He said Kentucky must never desert it. If I am neutral, it will be to help the United States. Keep it together. Mother, I warn you, if Kentucky does uphold the Union, I will support it with a Lincoln gun."

Her conversation with Elisha put Susan in a bad humor; she had, with Elisha gone, dinner alone, and through it she preserved a rigid demeanor. She drank neither sherry nor Madeira, but, contrary to the local feminine habit, took brandy with her coffee. Susan was sixty years old; an age, she asserted, when she could with entire propriety drink what she pleased. Lately, she realized, she had been annoyed a number of times by Elisha. That was a new aspect of their relationship; he had not, until the present, been stubborn or contradictory. He had been willing to listen to her. He still, actually, listened to her, but now it was with reservations. He continually advanced opinions different from hers. She wanted him to have a mind of his own—in short, to be a man—but she knew what was best for him. There was a great difference between the vigor of his spirit and the capability of his body, and she had to keep one from exhausting, breaking down, the other. It was, for example, absurd for Elisha even to consider being a soldier. He could not endure the hardships of a military life and campaigns. Elisha took cold at the slightest provocation, and there were other minor complications—his skin was too sensitive to bear the touch of wool. All his underclothes were especially made in New York of a fine cotton. In winter his greatcoat was deep with fur. He could eat only especial things, especially prepared. No, Elisha could never become a soldier.

That painful necessity must never arrive, Susan reassured herself, walking in the garden. The sky was densely purple, with stars like a thin silver dust. The heat, she thought, had increased. The gate on Wilkinson Street clicked, and she could see the vague approaching form of a man. It was James Harlan.

"I am glad you are here," she said at once crisply; "I'm in what you might call a state of mind; you are always a relief."

He begged her not to be too certain of that. "Are you alone for the evening?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "I am. Until Elisha returns from Greenland. I should think at midnight."

Harlan was glad of that. "James Speed is here from Louisville," he explained. "There is a gentleman with him we would both like you to see. To listen to, Susan. It is Lieutenant William Nelson."

"Mr. Harlan," she replied, "William Nelson is the last man I want to see here. I am surprised. You ought to know how I feel about him."

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Once More Nancy Sash Drove Her Out of Elisha's Room

My Friendship With Roosevelt

VI

By OWEN WISTER

SOME of the successive families in the White House may have resembled one another; none, I am perfectly sure, ever bore the slightest likeness to the Roosevelt family; nor, for that matter, could the guests of the other families even remotely have approached in their variety and their contrast the people drawn thither by Theodore Roosevelt's incessant lookout for merit in any worthy walk, and his instant impulse to give merit his emphatic recognition and encouragement. Bat Masterson would be coming to luncheon. If you were to be there, Roosevelt would manage to tell you of Bat's formidable pistol and his use of it in discouraging murderers in the alkali. If Seth Bullock were invited, you would hear in advance about his friendship and admiration for Seth Bullock in the lawless Bad Lands. Or it would be John Fox, Jr., and we would get him to sing us the folk songs of his favorite mountains. Or it would be a geologist, an ornithologist, a Danish authority on tropical diseases, a German who had written a remarkable work about crustaceans, or somebody who had got farther south, or farther north, or farther up Mount Everest, than anybody else. Or it would be some Balkan historian who had brought letters, and there were indications that he would turn out a distressing bore, but you were not to worry; he would put the Balkan next himself and do his best, and you were to sit between Alice and Daisy Chanler. And Florence La Farge was coming to dinner. Would you like to sit between her and Mrs. Cowles? You should do so, if it didn't disarrange Mrs. Roosevelt's plans. His solicitude that all should go well with you never lost sight of you at any meal on any day, and the reservoir of his interest in what the geologist had done, what the Danish authority was doing, the precise trail which had been taken by the mountain climber, or those historic details which Jusserand, the French Ambassador, had collected about Shakspere in France—this reservoir never ran dry. How he managed accurately to know and competently to discuss the work of his guests belongs to that lightning power of grasping and retaining anything to which he gave his attention that marked his mind. In the train going to Washington one afternoon, I finished a book, just published, which I felt sure would interest him. When he came into my bedroom for a talk about half-past five, which it was his habit to do, I put the book in his hand—The New South. He turned the leaves over, decided to read it and took it away. Next morning, at breakfast, he reviewed the whole volume and discussed its main points; thought very well of it, on the whole. Now, he had left my room after six, we had a large dinner party, and additional guests after it until bedtime, about eleven. Bedtime was seldom late in the White House. Somewhere between six one evening and 8:30 next morning, besides his dressing and his dinner and his guests and his sleep, he had read a volume of three-hundred-odd pages and missed nothing of significance that it contained.

To see him conduct a luncheon with Bat Masterson from the alkali, and a clergyman from Vermont, and a philanthropist from the Philippines, and a bimetallist from Aberdeen, and a leading lady in Newport society, and Lord Bryce, and everybody's wife or husband, if they had one, all seated around the table, and each brought into the talk for his particular contribution, was something never to forget. Year after year I witnessed Roosevelt's astonishing vitality animate a meal just as vigorously as it had been animating his hours of work over the Northern Securities or the Coal Strike or the Panama Canal, or whatever was at the moment demanding his attention.

He could never have made these holiday intervals, these hours off, what they so brilliantly and successfully were—the high-water mark of American society—had it not been for Mrs. Roosevelt, whose part in them was as important and extraordinary as his own. She was the perfection of invisible government. When I think of her at that table I still wonder: How did she banish every sign of strain? For all the responsibility or preoccupation that she showed, she might have been merely one of the guests. She chatted, she listened, she drew her neighbors out, yet never stepped once beyond the magic circle of her discretion—and she caused the neighbors to remain discreet. I doubt if anyone ever said to her more than once what they should not. In private, she could indeed express herself, and at times saw people more accurately than he did. Was he ever wholly aware of what she did for him? Is any husband wholly aware of a devoted and tactful wife until he has lost her?

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

President Roosevelt at His Desk. In Oval—Mrs. Roosevelt

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And yet, on one dumfounding occasion, when the three of us were alone, moved to it by I don't know what, he suddenly got on his legs and began to address me as if I were a convention.

"Dan," he apostrophized, "of course you have often noticed the amazing smoothness with which Mrs. Roosevelt runs this exceedingly complicated establishment. You may also be aware that this never diverts her from attending to every one of our children as capably as if she had nothing else on her mind. But I doubt if you realize ——"

At this point Mrs. Roosevelt, serene in her chair, intervened, "Theodore, you're talking just like an obituary."

"Why, Ee-die!" he exclaimed in dismay, and sat meekly down.

So to this day I have never learned what qualities of hers he doubted that I realized.

There was another time. I had been at the White House for part of a week with him alone. Mrs. Roosevelt was making a journey, I forget where. At breakfast each morning he would inquire whom I should like him to ask to dinner.

It was Robert Bacon on one of these evenings; and, despite the protests of the President, Bacon and I were of the opinion that our country offered no traditional and accepted career, such as England offered, to the college-bred gentleman; that, save in wartime, there was no market for the Woodbury Kanes. The Woodbury Kanes of England entered the open doors of political service to their country, and had been the builders of the British Empire. Here the doors were shut in their faces, and had to be broken open with such persistence and force, and with methods so disgusting to most decent men, that they either chose careers where business was on the watch for ability and threw no irrelevant obstacles in its way, or turned to idleness and were, like Woodbury Kane, simply wasted.

We had all known Kane, admired him and lamented him. I had started the subject, Roosevelt had disagreed with me, Bacon had thought and felt as I did; and so our dinner was spent in a very brisk and interesting discussion. By the following evening Mrs. Roosevelt had returned from her journey, and he, she and I sat at dinner.

"Why, Theodore," she said, "did you actually go and have champagne, in spite of what the doctor says?"

"Of course I had," he answered. "Bob Bacon came, and Dan was here, and of course I gave them champagne."

"But you know the doctor says that it doesn't agree with you at all, and that you mustn't drink it. You could have given them anything else you wanted."

"Why, Ee-die!" he remonstrated. "I didn't want anything else. And I drank about one glass and a half!"

Mrs. Roosevelt smiled and shook her head. "He doesn't wish you to have any."

I do not know how the ridiculous rumor that Roosevelt was intemperate ever gained currency and was kept alive for so long. I can only surmise that the exuberance of manner, into which he could explode on almost any occasion when he was extremely diverted or suddenly surprised by enthusiasm, gave it some show of likelihood among people who knew nothing about him, and whose minds were unequal to the effort of thinking. Any man doing Roosevelt's daily official work, besides wrestling for exercise, walking fellow pedestrians weary, riding fat majors and colonels to bruised pulp, hitting bear and elk accurately in the Rocky Mountains, lions in Africa, able to rough it anywhere, is not the kind of person who habitually drinks too much. And yet the tale was repeated to me again and again, and I was asked what I knew about it. I was apt to reply that congenital imbecility was the only justification for such a belief about such a man. But sometimes I took the trouble to go into it a little more than that. Even at Harvard, at our club dinners, very festive occasions for both the old and the young, Roosevelt not only drank sparingly of his wine—we never had whisky or gin; nothing but the best French wines we could procure—he refused to drink more than was his moderate custom, even when urged by enthusiasts to do so.

In the White House days I cannot say how many times we came in from a walk and he asked me if I would like some whisky. Then, while we stood at the sideboard, I drank alone. He never took any. He did not particularly like the taste of strong spirits, and, I imagine, used them as stimulants on rare occasions when he was fatigued and obliged to exert himself, and at very few other times.

And so I was, on the whole, beginning with Harvard and coming down to whatever contemporaneous day it happened to be, in a fairly good position to express a fairly trustworthy opinion. Sometimes it gave me considerable pleasure to express this opinion—as when, for example, a lady in Philadelphia said that she had seen the President in

a deplorable condition at a recent reception at the White House.

"Give her my compliments," I said to the friend who reported this to me. "I didn't notice her presence at that reception, and I didn't notice anything wrong with the President when I said good night to him."

I suppose that it will always be a trump card for politicians and the meaner sort of any man's enemies to weave stories like this around his reputation—elusive anecdotes and instances that are difficult to run to earth and kill. Roosevelt waited in silence for years, until one day that Michigan newspaper printed the accusation in a form which the law could seize upon and a plaintiff could bring a valid suit. The whole contemptible scandal came to its dramatic collapse in the courtroom at the close of the trial in Marquette, when Roosevelt jumped up, asked and got leave to address the court, waived the ten thousand dollars' damages which the judge was about to instruct the jury to award in case they found for the plaintiff, said that all he wished was once for all in his lifetime to clear his good name before the world; was in consequence awarded six cents' damages to save him the legal costs, and went off to the train, followed by the affectionate cheers of the American people.

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Miss Alice Roosevelt, Before Her Marriage to Nicholas Longworth

It is to be said in any intimate account of the Roosevelts in the White House, such as I am attempting to give, that the necessity of forcing himself to be the common denominator so constantly for a set of social fractions that otherwise had none whatever gave the President gradually the habit of holding forth at times when it wasn't necessary. But if he did hold forth, who minded? Certainly, never I. What he had to say was apt to be so humorous, or picturesque, or vital, that one forgot the hour of day or night.

The family luncheons were entirely different from the mixed luncheons; with the family, and anybody she counted as a member of it, Mrs. Roosevelt allowed her participation to be far more active, and conversation was apt to be general; she, the little boys and Ethel and their father all talking, while Alice and I exchanged frivolities.

Once when I had said something or other, she exclaimed, "That's a bromide, anyhow!"

"It's not," I declared; "it's a glorious sulphide."

The President caught these words. "What's all that? Sulphide, bromide, what do you mean?"

We pitied him that he had missed this charming and useful invention of Gelett Burgess, which had been part of our dictionary for a number of years; and we repaired his ignorance and gave him examples: Suppose you met a man aboard ship and found, after several days, that he knew your aunt in Rio de Janeiro very well, and you said, "How small the world is!"—that would be a bromide. But when Heine saw Alfred de Musset on the boulevard and said, "There goes a young man with a great future behind him"—that was a sulphide.

The President tilted his head down at his plate, and it must have been half a minute before he muttered thoughtfully:

"All the same, I have to use bromides in my business."

I repeat that I don't believe the White House ever saw a family in the least like the Roosevelts as its official tenants. One day some people were coming to luncheon, and I strayed, a little ahead of time, into the Red Room, where I found John Hay waiting. We stood talking as we looked out of the window, with our backs toward the door into the hall. A slight sound from that direction caused us to turn, and for a moment one could not be sure what it was. There we saw three forms in single file, bent at right angles from the waist, with arms stretched out on a level and hands flat open. These came in and crouched toward us, keeping this Oriental attitude. When they got close they stood upright. It was Roosevelt, and behind him Alice, and behind her a young foreign diplomat in uniform; and the President said:

"We consider that this is the correct attitude in which to approach and salute the Secretary of State and a distinguished author."

Just as it was well-nigh imperative for Lincoln to tell jokes and read Artemus Ward to his Cabinet, and so for a while to drop and forget the heavy load of his cares, it was excellent and wholesome for Roosevelt to shake off the Northern Securities, or the Coal Strike Commission, and behave like a schoolboy let loose on the playground. It can hardly be repeated too often that in Roosevelt's nature from his beginning to his end there lived what Shakspere calls the "boy eternal."

His talk at table in the presence of a dozen people, about conspicuous persons not present and about acute situations in public affairs, was often wholly comic and perfectly reckless. He was at his ease among friends; office seekers and senators were done with for a while. He came from his morning's work, and he threw it off in this way like a horse that rolls over and kicks his legs in the air when the saddle has been taken off after a hard ride. He flashed out characterizations of congressmen or governors, or anybody, that the conventional politician might possibly have whispered into the ear of a confidential adherent, after exacting an oath of secrecy. You can't imagine a person like McKinley uttering such remarks without first shutting all the doors and windows and then getting under the table.

During his first autumn in the White House I do not recall any visit to him definitely, except the one that I made in order to get him to tell the Secretary of the Interior that whatever I had to say about Wind River could be trusted. Very likely I made no other, and I should not at that time have ventured to invite myself. Those early months were full of new pressures and preoccupations for him, and I had The Virginian to complete and get ready for publication in the spring. The existing and already published episodes made about half of the book; the rest, although planned, had to be shaped and written. It was not in the White House but in Charleston, South Carolina, that I next saw much of him.

We had found ourselves enchanted with Charleston, my wife and I, when we went there directly from our wedding in April, 1898. At that time we had prolonged our stay considerably before going to ride on horseback among the mountains of North Carolina. We had hoped for a chance to return there ever since, and now the chance came. Charleston was to hold an exhibition, and my wife was appointed to represent Pennsylvania in an official capacity appropriate to her. In the autumn of 1901 I went to Charleston in search of a house for us and our three young children; and soon after the first of the new year we all arrived to spend the winter and most of the spring.

The town which had fired on Fort Sumter looked forward with warm enthusiasm to Roosevelt's coming. It had invited him to come and speak at the exposition; he had accepted. Since the Civil War no President had paid

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Boarding the Mayflower

Charleston a visit. That this one was not a Democrat did not count much; he was the youngest President in our history—forty-three when his office began, only forty-four now—and this was interesting; more interesting still to these Southerners was his character. His whole career, his outright and downright ways, his picturesque unmistakableness in speech and in action—all this was greatly to their liking. They set out to do their very best for him. The various stages of his welcome were carefully planned by the committee in charge of this: Dinner at the Charleston Hotel, presentation of a sword to Major Jenkins of the Rough Riders by his former lieutenant colonel, visit to the exposition and ladies' luncheon there, visit to Summerville, boat excursion to view harbor and forts Sumter and

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President Roosevelt and His Family, Including His Son-in-Law, Nicholas Longworth

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Censorship

RENEWED discussion in Congress and elsewhere of the censorship of books and other printed matter once more raises a most vexing social problem. No thinking person can approach this subject without a presumption in favor of freedom of thought. There is egotism and intolerance in the attitude of those who say, in effect, that "this book has not hurt me, but the public must not read it." Standards change from age to age, and many books now considered harmless in the extreme were once banned. Indeed, the history of censorship reads like an encyclopedia of futility. Much of it has been mere witch burning, discarded and laughed at by a succeeding generation. Certainly, intelligent people are today ashamed of their heresy-hunting ancestors.

Yet legislators do have a grave responsibility to the great masses of youthful and adolescent persons. We have as little use for the doctrinaire-minded type of so-called liberal, who blandly insists upon unhindered circulation of all printed matter, no matter how deliberately filthy, as we have for the narrow-minded bigot who sees evil in every new book. Those who insist that the only guiding principle of life is liberty to do as one pleases, regardless of its effect upon others, overlook too many hard facts. The world is not made up entirely of saints, searching for the ultimate good; among other elements of the population are those who will capitalize to their pecuniary profit anything, whether it be filthy plays, filthy books or narcotics.

Though it is true that many a book which has subsequently become a useful classic was once banned as indecent, it is also true that many books and plays are written with no background except degeneracy. The practical question which confronts the legislator at all times is what to do about it. He is confronted with conflicting and opposing facts and arguments. No wonder there is almost complete chaos in the laws governing censorship. On one point, however, most authorities agree—namely, that a piece of printed matter should be judged as a whole and as regards its general intent or motive, rather than upon the basis of a single extract.

One practical difficulty in applying any sort of censorship law is that authority in these matters is divided among many different government agencies, and the actual work of censorship so often falls to untrained subordinates. The best brains of the country or of the individual communities are not brought to bear upon the problem to a sufficient extent. Censorship should bear a closer relation than at present to the maturely considered judgments of the representative leaders of thought and of public opinion. It has been relegated too much to overworked and untrained lieutenants of police, youthful assistant district attorneys and obscure government clerks. The problem is important enough so that these zealous public servants should have the aid of others of more mature scientific background.

We scout as utterly impractical as well as bigoted the idea that no governmental oversight or censorship of printed matter is needed. On the other hand, all decent people can comfort themselves with the truth that trash has a way of passing out of popularity; it does not last. In time the public becomes saturated even with dirty plays. The hope is that wholesome books may more and more push out the other kind. As with many other questions, negative measures have their place, but perhaps the best results come from positive or constructive action. To the extent that attention is called to good books, less will be attracted to those whose effect is bad.

Justice is Slow

DISSATISFACTION with the course of justice, especially as it affects the criminal law, is widespread. Never have the people been less content with the law and machinery of justice than now, and out of it all there may come improvement and real reform. But, turning briefly from the major issue of crime, it is well to remember that, in a broad sense, justice always lags, and must do so, because of certain traits in human nature. We do not refer here to the processes of the police, the courts and the prisons in handling the great mass of misdemeanors and felonies, but rather to the lack of interest which the public takes in rectifying an injustice which has been done. In other words, people are invariably more stirred or concerned in charges made than they are in the refutation or even the establishment of those charges.

Cases in point are of almost daily occurrence. Few topics caused more interest at the time than the campaign carried on by the mayor of a large city against the head of the school system. The mayor's accusations were of the most picturesque. He maintained that British influence ruled the schools and that textbooks used therein were un-American in their tendencies. He was quoted as saying that King George would have to keep his nose out of Chicago; and whether the official in question ever made any such ridiculous statement or not, the newspapers of the country gave it ample space, turning it into a seven days' wonder.

Long after the sensation had died down, the head of the school system obtained apologies and retractions for the charges made against him. The author of one of the textbooks, freely described as un-American at the time, sued a man who had signed a letter containing these charges, and which had been sent to the mayor as ammunition. When the case came to trial an official retraction was embodied in the court record. Yet only the most meager newspaper space was given to any of these apologies or retractions, and the subject was no longer of conversational moment.

It will be recalled that when the country first was shocked by the oil scandals, predictions were freely made that no one would ever be punished. The papers were filled with articles and editorials to the effect that rich men can get away with anything, and the general attitude was one of extreme cynicism. But after a few years of litigation, one of the richest men concerned was compelled to spend a term in jail, and others suffered severely. By that time, however, public interest in the whole matter had died away and no one except those immediately concerned cared a rap what happened.

Only recently the Supreme Court of the United States decided that a certain large manufacturing company, in buying out a smaller concern in the same line in the bad times of 1921, had not been guilty of lessening competition and restraining commerce under one of the numerous and more or less conflicting antitrust laws. Yet for years the company had been under suspicion of being a monopoly and had been prosecuted as such by a government department. A few short paragraphs of newspaper space covered this final decision, although the company's alleged infraction of the law had been quite a feature several years before.

It is easy to say that the newspapers should divide their space more evenly and fairly between allegations and their final disposition. But memories are short, interest lags, any one subject bores if persisted in, and one sensation is forgotten for another. Human beings are made that way, and they are not easy objects to remake. It is the eternal problem of establishing true rather than false values.

Sensible Income-Tax Revision

FROM Washington comes the cheering news that the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation is about to undertake a thorough study of the income-tax law to the end that it be made more scientific, more equitable and more stable in its operation. Composed as it is of ranking members of the Committee on Ways and Means and of the Senate Finance Committee, it is ripe in experience and rich in legislative talent; and the country has every right to expect it to perform a beneficent and highly useful piece of work.

Much of the ground has been cleared and the committee will approach its task with a flying start, for it already has in its hands a significant report prepared by Mr. L. H. Parker, chief of its division of investigation. This document contains some searching criticisms of the present revenue law which will be generally applauded by business men and taxpayers throughout the country. The investigators declare that the present gain-and-loss provisions of the law are inequitable and are based upon no sound theory or principle; and add that they can be defended only upon grounds of expediency. They find that they are of substantial benefit to no more than ten thousand out of the more than four million who are required to make income-tax returns.

Mr. Parker and his associates have made a peculiarly painstaking study of the operation of the tax upon capital gains; and they direct attention to the fact that the taxpayer gets no more relief from taxation on the sale of an asset held twenty years than as if he had owned it but two years. To remedy this inequitable state of affairs, the investigators propose a graduated tax which after three years would be levied upon only 90 per cent of the profit; after five years upon 60 per cent; and after fifteen years upon none of the gain. The recommendations also provide for intermediate reductions, not here quoted, and for the treatment of losses in a manner similar to the gains.

The general principle which the report recognizes is that when a tax rate is so high as to prevent ordinary transactions for profit, the taxpayer loses the profit and the Government loses the tax. This is precisely the effect of the provisions of the present law, which appears to be a sufficient reason why the sections devoted to capital gains and losses should be so modified as no longer to be controlling factors governing trading in capital assets.

No originality can be claimed for these latter observations, but it is interesting and reassuring to note that a body of unbiased experts have reached conclusions which confirm those of practical business men everywhere.

The investigators believe, and apparently not without good grounds, tnat the adoption of some such measures as they recommend would not only rectify the inequities of the present law and remove harmful restraints upon trade in capital assets but would have a strong tendency to stabilize revenue by increasing the yield from capital gains in those years in which taxation of reduced incomes falls off.

It is hinted that the Treasury Department is not unsympathetic to the reforms proposed to the Joint Committee by its division of investigation. It therefore looks as if Chairman Willis C. Hawley, of Oregon, and his colleagues on this important committee have before them a splendid opportunity to perform a public service of signal importance; and there appears to be no good reason why they should not make the most of it.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

By George Wharton Pepper

THE Permanent Court of International Justice, popularly called the World Court, exists in virtue of a treaty, called the Protocol, signed after the war by a large number of nations. Four years ago the Senate of the United States voted in favor of the signature of this treaty by the United States upon terms then believed to be essential to the protection of our national interests. One of these terms was unacceptable to some of the nations that had already signed. But for the objection thus raised, the adherence of the United States would have been consummated long ago. In the meantime, the Senate has stood its ground and the condition regarded abroad as objectionable still stands as a clean-cut statement of our position.

These objecting powers, however, though unwilling to accept the condition imposed by the Senate, have amended the Protocol and the statute, or constitution, of the Court and have succeeded in persuading our State Department that their amendments mean precisely the same thing as the Senate condition means. In other words, with a subtlety characteristic of Old World diplomacy, these powers assure us that they mean exactly what we mean, but insist that the meaning shall be expressed in language chosen by them and not by us. Acting on the advice of our State Department, the President has approved the acceptance of their assurance, and by his authority our diplomatic representative in Switzerland has actually signed the name of the United States to the amended Protocol of the Court and to the supplementary Protocol amending the statute of the Court. This act is in law the making of a treaty, and it therefore remains inoperative unless and until it is ratified by the Senate. The question of ratification will in due time come before that body. Meanwhile, with profound respect for the opinion of the President and his advisers, I desire to register my conviction that the amendments so adroitly offered as substitutes for the Senate condition actually fall far short of giving us adequate protection against League entanglement. There is now under way in this country a lavishly financed and highly organized campaign to slip us into the League of Nations. The abandonment of the Senate condition would make a breach in our line of defense. The breach looks small at first, but, like a leak in the dike, it will result in inundation unless we plug it promptly.

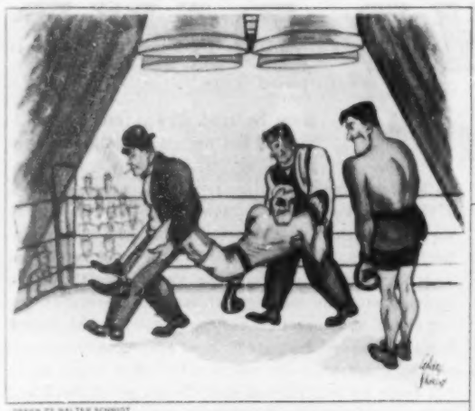
In this article I seek to present the reasons which have led me to the conclusion just stated. I address myself to Americans who prefer to do their own thinking upon public questions rather than to accept blindly the opinions of those in authority. I do not address myself to those who think it uncivilized and antisocial to scrutinize a treaty between nations as carefully as if it were a business contract between corporations. After all, a nation has its own interests to conserve just as a business corporation has. A treaty is a contract; and though friendliness and good nature are admirable both in international and in intercorporate relations, yet each word in a contract must be studied and each sentence weighed lest present friendliness be replaced by future warfare. An international settlement must be either business or a love feast. If the latter, we should not have a treaty. All we need to do in that event is to embrace effusively and swear undying friendship. There are in America plenty of people who as stockholders in a corporation would violently attack their directors for making with another corporation the same sort of treaty that they are eager for the United States to make with foreign powers. I fear that such people will be irritated by this article rather than helped by it.

I begin by pointing out that the judges of the World Court as now organized undertake to combine and at different times to perform two very dissimilar functions. One of them is to sit as a court of justice, hearing and deciding such international controversies as disputing nations refer to them. The other is to act together as the legal advisers of the League of Nations. The former function is one which all judges perform when they sit to do justice between litigants. The latter is such a service as an attorney general renders to his government when his chief calls on him for an opinion. The former function is purely legal. The latter is partly legal and partly political. The legal adviser of a Republican or a Democratic President is expected to

(Continued on Page 78)

"HOUSEWIFE—H'M—ANY OCCUPATION?"

POST SCRIPTS



"I Wanna Meet Youse in the Alley After This Show's Over!"

Five o'Clock and All is Swell

I'VE polished the silver
And laid out the tarts
And opened the strawberry jam,
I've plumped up the cushions
And powdered my nose
And struggled to work up a little repose.
But this is the sort of a nitwit I am—
I can't find composure in strawberry jam
Or dusting or prinking.
So what can I do
But stand on my head while I'm waiting for you?

—Margaret Fishback.

The Hit-and-Runner

A CROWD was gathering around the wrecked sedan jammed against a telephone pole. Its driver, a woman in a big fur coat, stood beside the curb, blurting hysterical answers to the questions put to her by a traffic officer.

"Please be calm, madam," the officer urged soothingly, his fountain pen poised above a pad. "It's very important that we should find some way of identifying this hit-and-run driver. Could you see the number on the license plate?"

"Oh, n-no," sobbed the woman. "That was im-p-possible! The car was going much too fast."

"What make of automobile was it?"

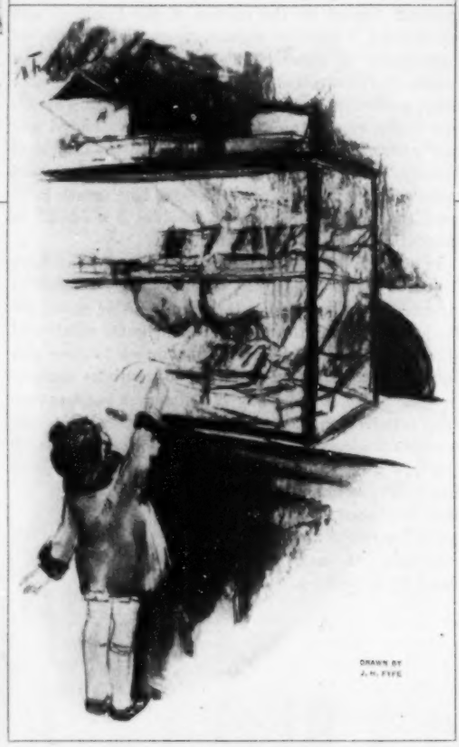
"I d-d-don't know." The victim groped for her handkerchief. "It really just whizzed by."

"Was it a sedan, coupé, roadster, touring car, truck, or what?"

The woman blew her nose. "I'm sorry, b-but I can't t-t-tell you. I was so stunned by the c-c-rash."

The officer sighed.

"Well," he said resignedly, "perhaps you can describe the driver of the car."



"Two Cents' Worth of Chocolates, Lemon Drops, Jelly Beans, Peanut Brittle and Jaw Breakers Mixed, Please, Sir"

"Oh, yes." The woman smiled eagerly through her tears. "She was a blonde in a dark-green tweed ensemble, with collar and cuffs of beige caracul—the collar was cut high in the back. She had on an egg-shell satin blouse with a V neck. Her hat was a plain green soleil, brimless, cut away from the forehead and cut low in the back. She wore a lot of lipstick and no rouge. She had jade earrings and a jade necklace, and I believe she wore a jade bracelet also, but her gloves were pigskin gauntlets and I couldn't be quite sure ——"

"That will do very well, madam," said the officer.

—Margaret Mackprang.

"Cheel I Allus T'ought Dose Arrows Meant One-Way Streets!"

Cussedness

THE average man today is able
To go as once a king would ride,
And eat what used to grace his table—
And, like him, be unsatisfied.

—Joseph Anthony.

Grounds for Murder

"OH, HELLO, Bill! I'm glad to see you. Howsa kid? Now, Tootsie, darling doggie must move over so nice mans can sit on sofa with mamma. . . . There; park the body, Bill. . . . Naughty, naughty doggie! Don't bite the nice mans or mamma spank! . . . Look, Bill, he's jealous! Isn't he just the cutest thing?"

"Yeh, sure; great dog. Say, Betty, I guess you think it's kind of funny, me dropping in on you this way, but I just had to see you tonight. There's something I've been wanting to say to you for a long while. Something that's very important to me—and, I hope, to you too. Betty, what I'm trying to say is —— Hey! What the heck!"

"Tootsie! Let go! Let go, I say! Now mamma will have to spank hard! . . . Oh, Bill, I'm sorry. Did he ruin your sock? Gee, I guess it's ruined. . . . Spit it out, Tootsie; nasty sock might stick in doggie's windpipe. . . . Gee, I'm sorry, Bill; no kidding. But Tootsie's so impulsive! Ever since I knitted him a sweater he simply gets wild when he sees anything woolly. I knitted him the cutest little sweater you ever saw, Bill. Remember the one I made you? Well, it's just like that, only cuter. But pardon the interruption. You were saying something, weren't you?"

"Yeh, I have something important to tell you. Can I see you alone?"

"Meaning Tootsie? Oh, very well! I'll shut him in the kitchen; though why anybody should object to a poor little harmless puppy I can't imagine. . . . Don't howl, precious,

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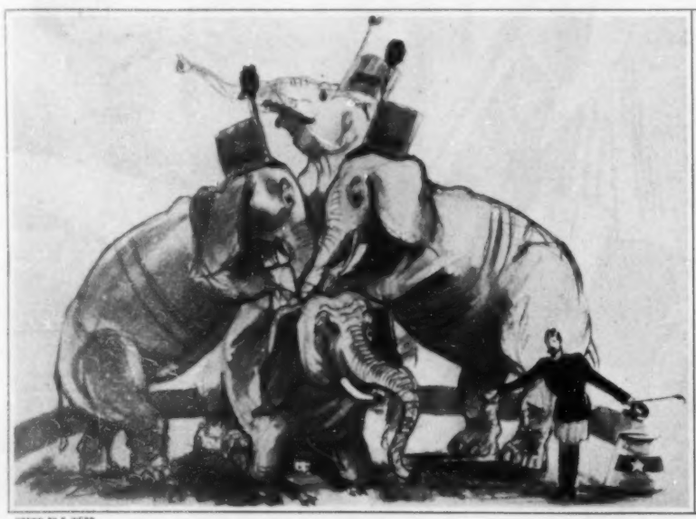
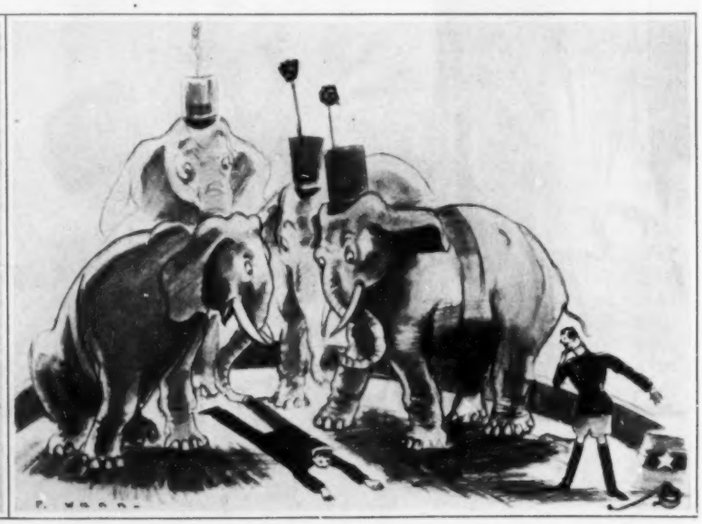


Just a Few More Elephants —



Who Forgot

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

THERE'S something homey and genuine about the foods you use lard for. Something that calls to mind the days when grandmother cooked on the grand scale . . . when pies lined the shelves in generous array . . . when biscuits appeared with homemade jelly at least once a day . . . when doughnuts lurked in cool stone jars.

Nowadays even the most modern family, living in small city quarters, reacts warmly, comfortably, to the same stimulus. When you serve this kind of food they know unmistakably that *mother's at the helm.*

There's no trick to it either—if you use Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. It's so uniformly sweet and pure, rendered from choice pork fat. And the scored carton makes measurements accurate and easy.

Ask your market man for "Silverleaf" by name. It comes in the half, one and two pound self-measuring cartons and in the 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company

Swift's "Silverleaf" BRAND PURE LARD

(Continued from Page 30)

The princess' eyebrows were raised in dismay.

"You mean?"

"Please not," he begged, with uplifted hand. "We know who travels there, but if you don't mind—it all seems very stupid, but Sarah will explain. The head waiter will look after you. He has all my instructions. If I can't come over, my sister's name is Lady Furneston. You'll find her all right, but a little British. Furneston hasn't an idea in his head except about breeding horses, and farm life, but I dare say that you will be able to put up with him for a day or two. I am wiped out, Sarah, if you don't mind," he whispered. "Don't telephone; don't write. Leave it to me."

"I just love it all," she confessed. "Take care of yourself, though."

He nodded.

"I rather fancy we're getting to the end of the whole show," he confided, "and if we are I'd like to see it through. Prin—— Angela, I'll make my apologies later on and try to atone."

She raised both her hands to his lips.

"There is so much before us, dear Charles," she murmured. "I have always thought that there were such possibilities in the relationship between a mother and her daughter's husband."

He kissed her fingers, held Sarah's for a moment in his and slipped quietly away. At the entrance to the restaurant a breathless boy from the hotel handed him a dispatch. He tore it open, found the *pourboire* for the messenger and jumped into his car. As he rushed past the Garoupe beach the destroyer was well ahead, standing out to avoid the shoals. He pressed down his accelerator and gave himself up to the chase.

From the heights of the Middle Corniche, the converted destroyer—a harmless-looking vessel enough in the center of the great pool of glassy sea—seemed about to turn into Villefranche harbor. Short of the entrance, however, she swung around, passed Cap Ferrat, and changed her course to clear the rock of Monaco. Tellesom was still driving fast, but without taking undue risks, for he knew now that he was safe. He passed the Hotel de Paris, in fact, before his quarry was in sight, and, with the small flints and pebbles of the harbor road flying up to his mud guards, he reached the bend of the harbor as the gray nose of the destroyer crept between the parapets. There was no delay. Evidently everything had been thought out, and arranged for by wireless. The new arrival was brought to her moorings within a quarter of an hour, the gangplank was lowered and the officials made their sedate way on board. A steward, hurrying on shore, came up to Tellesom and saluted.

"Colonel Tellesom, sir, I was to give you this."

He handed over a sealed envelope and retreated. Tellesom read his message, climbed back into his car and drove slowly up to the tennis courts. He found Zachary giving a lesson to a pupil.

"Any time this afternoon?" he called out cheerfully.

"In ten minutes, Colonel Tellesom, if you want a game," was the prompt reply.

Tellesom made his way to his locker and changed into flannels. He played two sets without a word, except the calling of the score. Once he came to the net to ask some advice about a backhand drive. One of the attendants, who was picking up balls, drifted a little nearer. Tellesom thanked his instructor and went back to his place. Afterward the two men strolled up to the terrace, side by side. There was a steelier light in Zachary's face as he glanced around.

"I cannot make it out," he confided in his slow but very correct English. "I am being watched. There are two new attendants. I cannot find out from anyone who engaged them. There is a new waiter who seems always to be near me. They appear to be Russians, these three, yet they will not answer in my language. I am anxious, Colonel Tellesom. What does it mean? I have succeeded in inducing Postinoff and Vitznow to come here to meet your friend. It is true that you pay me a great sum of money to do this, but it is also a patriotic action. Russia needs such men as your friend. Why are we suddenly surrounded by spies?"

Tellesom yawned. The coast was clear just then at any rate. "It is reasonable that we take a drink together," he pointed out. "We will sit in a corner of the bar, with our backs to the wall."

Zachary approved, and they installed themselves at a retired table. Tellesom, standing up to light a cigarette, looked through the window, to find a white-coated waiter a foot or two away on the terrace. He pulled down the sash, muttering something or other about a draft.

"Well, tell us the news, my young friend," he invited.

"I can bring both of the men whom you wish to see on board for luncheon tomorrow," Zachary announced, very slowly and very cautiously. "There will be two of them and myself. They want to know, however, the name of your friend. There is one man of whom they stand in great fear. His agents have penetrated farther into Russia than anyone else, and he seems to control the destinies of every bank where they have tried to raise loans. His name is Warren Rand. You may have heard of him."

"I do not think so," Tellesom replied. "At any rate, the name of my friend is George P. Bowman. The yacht in which he is traveling—a converted Chilean destroyer, as a matter of fact—is chartered in his own name."

"George P. Bowman," Zachary repeated. "It is strange that one has never heard of a man so amazingly rich."

"It isn't his business to advertise himself," Tellesom pointed out. "As a matter of fact, too, besides his own money, he is at the head of the largest syndicate of capitalists in the whole world. They keep their identities secret and their activities concealed as far as possible. Bowman is quite an insignificant person to look at and talk to, but he can sign a check, if necessary, for fifty million dollars to clinch any bargain you may make, and the same the next day, and then begin to talk business. What he would really like, though, is to go back with your friends to Russia and examine for himself the possibilities. There should be a fortune for you in that, Zachary, if it can be arranged, apart from the small fee we are paying you."

Zachary's eyes glistened. He glanced at his tennis racket for a moment and flung it on to a divan.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "There should be enough to keep me from wielding this infernal phantasy of woodwork and gut again for the rest of my life. Be careful," he whispered. "There is a new man hanging about the bar now—a stranger to me. Barman, two more whiskies and perriers."

The man brought them across himself.

"Have you a new assistant?" Zachary asked.

The man looked a little glum.

"I don't know who he is, sir," he admitted. "The management sent him down. We don't need anyone else here."

Tellesom paid for the drinks and forced a smile from the man's face by the magnitude of his tip. Zachary waited until the latter was out of hearing.

"You see how it is," he murmured, letting his finger run over the gut of his companion's racket. "This place is haunted with spies. They are Russians, I believe, but they don't trust me, and I don't know half of them. They must have come with Postinoff and Vitznow, or else they must be watching them for the Soviet Government. That's the worst of the whole accursed business," he continued bitterly. "It seems to be the principle of Moscow to trust nobody, and if they send out an envoy, to send spies out after him. How can they expect to carry on a government like that?"

"They may not all be Russian," Tellesom suggested. "There is a pretty useful system of German espionage round here. Anyhow our doings are straight and aboveboard. There's nothing for them to find out about us, and I should think Moscow would send their best wishes to Postinoff and Vitznow for the success of their mission tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," Zachary repeated. "Yes, that is arranged."

Tellesom nodded.

"At one o'clock you and your two friends had better come down to the harbor and ask for the Hermonides. She lies Number 2 in the moorings. If I'm invited to luncheon, as I think I shall be, I will be on board to welcome you. I'll go and have my bath and change now."

"Shall I see you again this evening?" Zachary inquired.

Tellesom shook his head.

"I'm going on board," he said, "and Bowman isn't likely to land. He hates gambling."

They strolled out side by side. Even Zachary was suspicious, but Tellesom, with years of experience behind him, noted the fresh faces, felt intuitively the eyes which watched them from behind, heard the footsteps of the men passing on purposeless errands. In the cloakroom he paused. There, for a moment, the two men were alone.

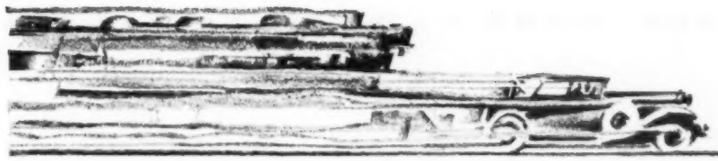
"Stick to your friends this evening, Zachary," Tellesom advised. "Don't let them speak to a soul. Remember that tomorrow's engagement may mean the making of you all for life. Don't risk anything for the sake of a little amusement. Don't let them cross the threshold of the Casino, and if that fellow Behrling comes over from Juan, don't let them see him."

The door shook a little and was opened a few inches. Tellesom continued, in a louder voice.

"I know it's really nothing to do with you, old chap," he said testily, "but I do wish you'd get your committee to

(Continued on Page 133)

He Sat Still in the Same Position; Only, in His Eyes, Now, There Was Indeed a Touch of the Visionary



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Los Angeles to New York and return
6,592.8 miles. 6 days, 13 hours and 23 minutes. Clipped 10 hours, 38 minutes from record.

Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga
To top of Lookout Mountain and return in 20 minutes and 52 seconds. Beat the previous record by 2 minutes and 39 seconds.

Mount Washington, N. H.
From Toll House to crest of Mount Washington, America's steepest accessible mountain, in 14 minutes and 49 3/5 seconds. Broke record by 2 minutes and 10 2/5 seconds.

Columbus to Marietta, O.
114.5 miles in 2 hours, 5 minutes and 40 seconds, bettering old mark by 12 minutes and 20 seconds.

New York to Chicago
840 miles in 18 hours and 30½ minutes. More than an hour faster than the Twentieth Century Limited.

New York to Miami
1,481 miles in 24 hours and 20 minutes. Beat Miamian Limited by 6 hours and 51 minutes. Averaged 59.6 m.p.h.

Mount Mitchell, Asheville
17.5 miles from Toll House to Camp Alice in 35 minutes and 35 seconds, clipping 5 minutes and 25 seconds from the record.

St. Louis to Kansas City and return
240 miles from St. Louis to Kansas City in 4 hours and 3 minutes. Back to St. Louis from Kansas City in 3 hours and 39 minutes.

Dallas to El Paso, Tex.
687 miles in 13 hours and 54 minutes, lowering old mark by 1 hour and 44 minutes.

Los Angeles to Phoenix, Ariz. (Desert Derby)
892 miles in 17 hours and 47 minutes. More than 4 hours faster than the train time.

Mount Diablo, California
Double round trip up Mount Diablo. 40.4 miles, covering 1,172 turns, in 1 hour, 34 minutes.

San Francisco to Los Angeles
412 miles in 7 hours and 33 minutes, beating his own record by 1 hour and 25 minutes.

Salt Lake City to Los Angeles
765 miles in 14 hours and 37½ minutes. Broke record by 1 hour and 19½ minutes.

Pike's Peak
Six consecutive round trips up Pike's Peak without a stop. 150.28 miles in 4 hours and 25 minutes.

Continental Divide, Mont.
6.4 miles across main Rockies to the summit of Continental Divide and return in 18 minutes flat, averaging 14.66 miles per hour in second gear.

Butte to Anaconda, Mont. and return
46.8 miles in 37 minutes and 36 seconds, averaging 74.68 miles per hour, 75.7 miles per hour from Butte to Anaconda. 73.7 miles per hour for the return dash.

Great Falls to Butte, Mont.
180 miles in 3 hours and 56½ minutes. Clipped 46½ minutes from old record.

Ogden to Salt Lake City
34.2 miles in 30 minutes and 17 2/5 seconds, averaging 67.8 miles per hour. Clipped 6 minutes and three-fifths of a second from old record.

New York to Los Angeles
3,260 miles in 69 hours and 31 minutes, beating by 8 hours and 29 minutes the best time the journey can be made via the crack Twentieth Century and the Chief. Motor not stopped once.

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Illustrated above: The 2-Door Sedan • Body by Fisher

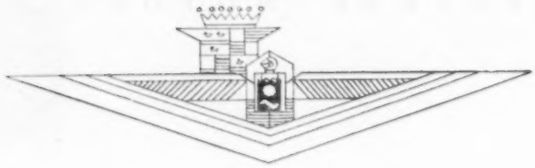
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Fast, smooth performance ✦ ✦ because an improved engine powers this finer car

High speed, rapid acceleration and abundant power for climbing are developed with exceptional smoothness in the New Series Pontiac Big Six. A few moments' inspection of this finer car reveals such engine features as 200 cubic inch piston displacement—a carburetor of advanced design equipped with an accelerating pump, insuring swift pick-up and maximum power at high speeds—and a positive fuel pump which assures an ample gasoline supply under all conditions. These features enable Pontiac's sturdy engine to develop 60 horsepower and convert it into remarkable speed and climbing ability. ☛ A number of other features account for the exceptional smoothness of this finer Pontiac. For example—the basic design of its power plant which makes high road speeds possible at moderate engine speeds—the Harmonic Balancer which counteracts torsional vibration in the crankshaft—a full pressure lubrication system which provides positive oiling at all speeds—and improved-type rubber mountings, which insulate the engine from the frame. ☛ Riding comfort has also been increased through the use of improved Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers. A new roller bearing steering system makes the car easier than ever to handle. And new Fisher bodies with a half oval belt moulding, emphasizing its stream-line length and lowness, make this a smarter, more beautiful Pontiac. ☛ Furthermore, this newest Pontiac is unusually economical to operate and its sound basic design is an assurance of long service and dependability. ☛ Your dealer will be glad to point out its many advantages and to let you discover its fast, smooth performance in a trial drive. This, we believe, is the best way to learn how fine a car you can own for a moderate investment when you select the New Series Pontiac Big Six. ☛ Seven body types. Prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Oakland Motor Car Co.

Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the New Series Pontiac Big Six

$745 AND UP, F. O. B. PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

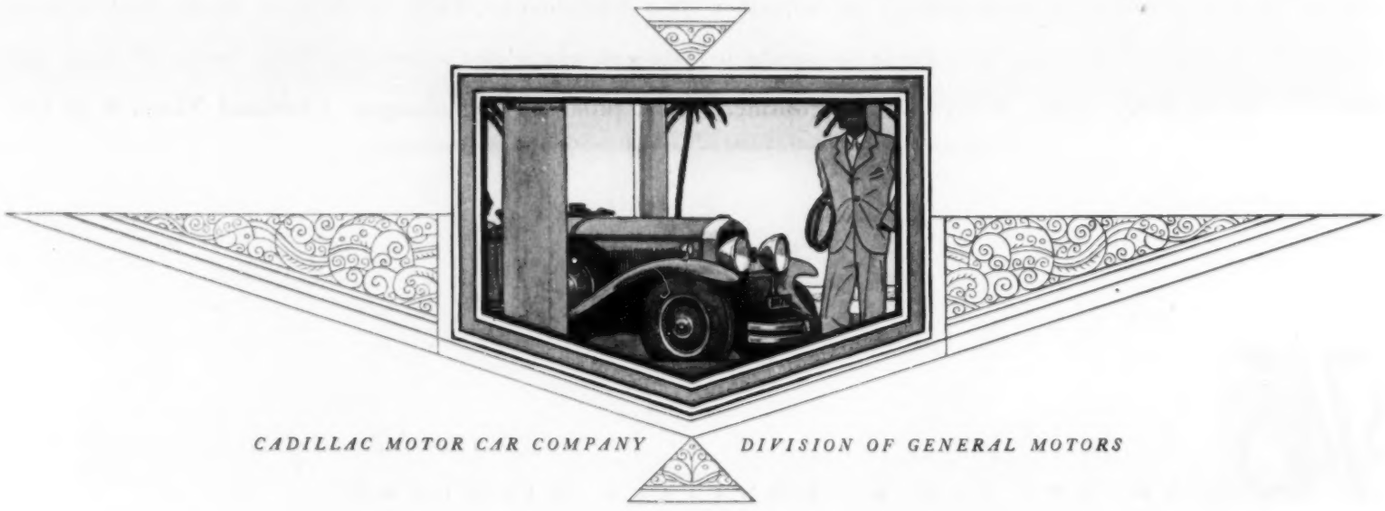


CADILLAC VALUES THIS ABOVE ALL

The contrary may have happened in some instances, but we have never heard of a case in which a Cadillac owner was induced to change in which disappointment did not ensue . . . The really significant thing however—in view of the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon them —is the amazingly small percentage of those who *do* change even in a five or ten year period . . . Cadillac owners are, of course, as they have always been, the focal-point of continuous competitive attack from a dozen aspiring and ambitious sources . . . But the solid phalanx of deep, abiding and immovable satisfaction remains substantially unbroken . . . The downright greater goodness of Cadillac in everything that makes a motor car a thing of beauty and a joy forever is too pronounced to be lightly forfeited.

+

All three Cadillac cars—the Cadillac V-8, the La Salle V-8, and the sixteen-cylinder Cadillac V-16—draw on the combined superlative resources of General Motors, Cadillac, Fisher Body and Fleetwood, and share the same economies and efficiencies, giving the Cadillac Motor Car Company an advantage the like of which exists, perhaps, nowhere else in the world



CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

ANTIQUE HUMBUGS

By WALLACE NUTTING

The Dr. Samuel Fuller Cradle

LAST week I listed numerous illusions or false surmises commonly held by the general public with regard to antiques. In addition to the fallacies already discussed, may be mentioned:

That the Jews are responsible for the evils and uncertainties connected with antiques.

As a matter of fact, we ought to thank the Jewish dealer for his proper appreciation of Early American pieces. The Jews have largely found the material, and very many of them have first discerned the merits of early periods. Some of them have wonderful examples in their homes. Chicanery is not the peculiar mark of any race of men. As evil rascals as are known handling antiques are Gentiles. The Jewish people have shown, as soon as a competency and culture were possible to them, a very sure taste in collecting. The person who starts collecting must determine by other means than present ownership the worthiness of the object he desires. There are not "as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." But always there are available, and will be, increasingly great numbers of museum specimens, the careful study of which will correct the taste of intelligent persons.

That the kind of wood of which a piece of furniture is made is easily determined.

A Bible box lacked part of a lid. The owner was told by a dealer of forty years' experience to get a piece of old chestnut to repair it. After a long hunt the chestnut was found.

A year later the same dealer saw the piece again and said, "Why did you use chestnut on this oak piece?" He had forgotten his former advice, and even denied that he ever gave it.

Specialists in Woods

CHESTNUT is softer than oak, but closely resembles very coarse oak. The same is true of ash. I once bought from a dealer a remarkable Pilgrim-period chair. It was ash, as it should have been, but was sold to me as oak. Keen experts at times mistake old mahogany for walnut, unless they look closely.

There are forty kinds of wood and, including sports, many times more, used in furniture. Tulip wood is called poplar west of the Hudson. Cherry is common, especially in New England. All woods differ, like men, in different trees, even apart from the many varieties of one species. So oak may be white, swamp, red or some other sort. A crowning example I must mention to indicate how woods puzzle one.

The famous oak drawing table at the Connecticut Historical Society, Hartford, has long been regarded as one of the three great tables of America. Lyon was the most accurate and profound student of the last generation. He calls the table English oak. The greatest living authority says it is undoubtedly American oak, and I believe him. But when people who have looked at furniture more or less for ten years glibly dub pieces English or American, I take their statements with a grain of salt. A notable repairer says Hungarian oak is quite like American. I have seen oak lately come from England as light in color as any American oak. Sometimes one may distinguish. Perhaps four or five of our best men can usually distinguish.

But the discovery came when, in a party of three, we took the top off the drawing table and found that it was not a drawing table at all originally, but that the extension cleats cut through the original mortises. Here is a thing which has been sworn by for forty years, the outstanding, unique example of an American drawing table, and it is not one, as the secretary of the Historical Society at once perceived when the loose top was removed. Here is an article worth many thousands which many of us have written about and nobody has really looked at expertly till now.

Now arises a student of furniture woods, who, indeed, is writing a book on them. The tops of old American chests were nearly all hard pine, or yellow pine, so-called. Many years ago I began to inquire among lumbermen and farmers for this pine, but no one had ever seen a tree. One man reported such a tree, but it flitted like Birnam wood. Does it seem probable that a wood so common as nearly always to have been used for chest lids should have vanished utterly from New England? The student of woods mentioned says the wood is tamarack—hackmatack, larch—that he has weighed it and compared its surface with our New England hard pine and finds it to be identical. There is still much tamarack in places—forests of it in lowlands—a tree of wonderful beauty, but deciduous.

I have seen furniture in museums, within a year, mislabeled as to material, date, style and probably country of origin.

That an antique is valuable merely because of its age.

Condition has more to do with the importance of an antique than has age. A broken vessel of china, for instance, is of small value compared with a whole one. The same is true of furniture. The wreck of a piece, many parts being missing, is, however, often patched together and valued in thousands—perhaps a hundred times its true worth. Or it may be a crude piece without art or character or any important style detail.

Factors That Make Furniture Desirable

OLD scrap is valuable more as a superstition than for inherent merit. Many pieces are repaired which are not worth the time put on them. A chair with the tops of the posts and the feet gone is really worth no more than a horse without ears or feet. And if furniture is taken in the rough, that statement goes with most buyers. But let an expert man add finials and feet, and at once the undiscerning, failing to feel, even if they know, the newness of these parts, unconsciously put a fictitious value on the restored piece. A piece must have outstanding merit of itself, in addition to age, to give it importance. We should perhaps name these factors of desirability—style, condition, rarity, age, origin.

By origin I mean that an American piece, because our fathers made and used it, is often several times more valuable than a foreign piece of the same intrinsic merit. A real court cupboard could be bought in England within three years for perhaps sixty pounds. A good American specimen has recently been sought at a hundred times that figure. It is purely a matter of origin. That has far more to do with value than age. But in the case of chairs the contrast is far less.

An American dealer often left a trail in England by his inquiry for pieces with pine drawer interiors. The only possible reason, of course, was that pine drawers are often—not always—the mark of an American piece, whereas oak bottoms of drawers are almost always English. So of other woods, as maple. That maple was used in furniture in England is shown even by the quotation under "dresser" in the Century Dictionary.

That the price of antiques is now high and will decline.

What is high? The price of land in New York City has risen anyway ten thousandfold, and the same is true of all large cities. There will never be any more land on Manhattan Island than there is now, barring an act of God.

The actual number of antiques extant cannot possibly increase, but the population increases. The interest in the subject increases faster. And wealth increases faster still. Here, then, you have four factors: A fixed number of antiques, a growing number of people, of collectors, of dollars. People were startled out of their boots last spring by the fact that a highboy fetched $44,000. They would have been far more startled had they

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The Governor Prince Court Cupboard

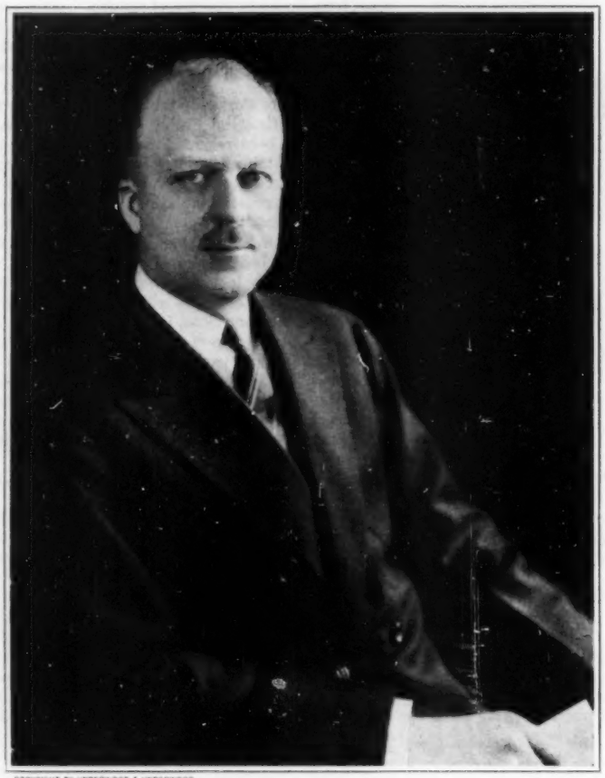
American Business and Business Men—By David Lawrence

REPRESENTATIVE government—the theory that hundreds of thousands of persons can be represented by an individual in a congress or a parliament—is an old idea. Representative government in the business world is a relatively new idea. Craft organizations have led to the modern trade association, but it took the later years of American prosperity, growing out of the experience of the World War, to bring about widely distributed ownership imposing a new responsibility on the men chosen to represent thousands upon thousands of unknown stockholders.

Walter S. Gifford, still in his early forties, is president of an institution popularly known as the Bell System, but, corporately speaking, referred to as the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. Its owners are legion, its customers even more numerous; in fact, they are the telephone users of the nation. Viewing business from such a vantage point, Mr. Gifford has developed a philosophy which takes its inspiration from representative government.

"Democracy in business," he said the other day, "is a natural outgrowth of the American ideal upon which our institutions were grounded. The democratic conception came first in politics, then in education, and third in prosperity. A universal participation in government as a practical matter was an American conception. A universal participation in education was likewise first tried in the United States, and a democratic and widespread prosperity is peculiarly an American ambition and American accomplishment.

"The force and strength of this ideal cannot be overemphasized. A prosperity of the few at the expense of the many is subject always to the danger of attack by the many, whether they be inside or outside of national boundaries. And what is more serious than this, a prosperity for the few does not invite the energy, resourcefulness and ambitions of the multitude to its support and enlargement. Moreover, this conception of a prosperity for the multitude cannot be based on one man's taking riches from another. It must be and it is based upon a universal effort to create more riches. Fired with this ambition and equipped with the unlimited potentialities of universal education, the American people not only use their natural resources but infinitely multiply their uses.



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Walter S. Gifford

"With this increased well-being of our people generally, there has grown up a change in the ownership of industry. Large enterprises more and more are becoming publicly owned. This would seem to result in a different responsibility of management; the management becoming, in effect, trustees for the investments of large and scattered numbers of people. With it also would seem to go a change in the relations between labor and capital. The old master-and-servant idea, which almost necessarily existed when the owner was the manager, is giving place to a system based more on the spirit of coöperation than of conflict.

"There is much less bunk about business than there used to be. The pretentious conference, the domineering executive, the incompetent figurehead, are all going or gone. We don't shout at people nowadays and hammer the desk. We really hardly give orders. We suggest certain courses of action and the man who carries them out does his work better because he contributes something to the decision.

"The relations between business and the people of the country have also improved greatly. Large enterprises are all anxious for the goodwill of the public, and I venture to say that no one of them would think today of disregarding public goodwill. This in itself is a powerful factor in business progress and in the regulation of business practices.

"Democracy in business has, therefore, three important manifestations—in the ownership of business enterprises, in the relations between management and labor and in the reaction of business practices to public sentiment."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Management as an entity separate from the ownership of property was hardly a conscious factor in private enterprise before the steam engine was invented. In those days practically all business was carried on by persons who owned all of the capital invested in their enterprise and who gave their entire time to the management and direction of their own affairs. Business was of such a small scope, too, that supervision from the outside was unnecessary. There were, of course, a few notable exceptions, such as the Hudson's Bay Company and the East India Company, but they only emphasized the general rule that business was carried on by proprietors.

As the industrial era developed, these proprietorship interests rapidly grew larger, and upon the death of each proprietor extensive and serious reorganizations resulted. This gave birth to the corporate form of business organization which grew so rapidly during the latter part of the nineteenth century. Nowadays practically all of American industry and commerce is carried on by the corporation. It has facilitated the accumulation of large and productive units of capital and has made possible the distribution of securities to the public.

This trend has occasionally gone to extremes, so that no one individual or group of individuals would hold a sufficient portion of the aggregate investment to make it worth their while to give the necessary time and attention to the hiring of an adequate management. There are many instances in which hundreds of millions of dollars are invested and the business is managed by a staff of officers and board of directors, all of whom together represent by ownership or even by direct contact with ownership, less than 1 per cent of the capital invested in the enterprise.

There is nothing, of course, under these circumstances to prevent a board of directors or management from perpetuating itself, any more than it is possible to prevent a deterioration from the high standards of managerial ability through which the enterprise itself was originally created. Inefficiency does not always bring about a receivership. Often it results merely in long periods of lethargy. A study of the gradual decrease in the earnings of some American corporations over a long period of time and in the face of an opposite curve in the affairs of their competitors brings to light sometimes the dangers resulting from this loss of ownership interest on the part of the directors and management. The question naturally arises as to what is done under those circumstances to correct the condition. It is a prolonged process of readjustment in which, curiously enough, the entrance of a single group of interests, still a minority of stockholders, but big enough to exercise a dominating influence, often brings its own solution.

For while the volume of capital included within a single American corporation has grown greatly within the past fifty years, the size of private fortunes of many individuals has grown almost in proportion. In the old days, however, the individual amassed and held his fortune in one enterprise, as Andrew Carnegie did in the Carnegie Steel Company or as Henry Ford does in his motor company today. The majority of great American fortunes which have passed into the possession of the second generation of owners have been changed from the proprietorship status of the builder to the investment status. In order to secure stability and safety, the tendency is to distribute the risk by acquiring a large variety of securities. This opens up opportunities for the large investor or individual group to test out the earning capacity of various companies and to concentrate upon those which seem to afford the best opportunity to develop a real proprietorship interest.

An outstanding example of this principle of investment has been seen in the way the Du Pont and Fisher interests have concentrated much of their wealth in General Motors. They felt it wise to hold a sufficient block of the securities of that company to make it worth while to remain active in its direction. This policy does not mean that the investor necessarily becomes the manager of such an enterprise, but it does mean that through his proprietorship interest he will have an owner's attitude toward the welfare of the enterprise and will feel the responsibility of getting and maintaining an efficient management.

The president of a great American industrial corporation, manufacturing tens of millions of dollars' worth of products annually, who occasionally likes to soliloquize on the problems of large enterprises, said to me recently:

"It is not an exaggeration to say that the restoration of the proprietorship interest to those American enterprises which have lost it is of more importance to the permanent success of such enterprises than any other one factor concerning their management and affairs. A proprietorship interest of this character does not involve, of necessity, control of such enterprise by any one proprietorship or group, but merely the ownership of a sufficient amount of the capital stock to make it worth the while and within the power of the investor to participate in the direction of the company's affairs; at least to the extent of procuring and retaining good directors and effective management, with all that this means to the subsequent welfare of the company."

Management that is effective today may change, of course, and be ineffective in the future, so that ownership responsibility goes further than merely retaining men who have in the past proved themselves to be worth while. Some automobile executives were discussing privately a few weeks ago this phase of business evolution. One of them offered the suggestion that perhaps in the automobile industry the past ten years might be regarded as the pioneering stage in which certain men had come to the front who had mastered the problems of production, but that it was quite possible, on the other hand, that a new generation might follow the pioneers—men who could conquer the vexing problems of distribution in what might be termed the second, or the stabilizing, period in the development of the automobile business.

The old proprietor with the one-man business is still a dominant factor in European countries, and he has not entirely disappeared in big business in America, but in his place there is gradually coming in large industrial enterprises a vital substitute—the proprietorship influence of a dominating group who act not merely for themselves but for hundreds of thousands of other stockholders who have an equal claim, so far as each share of stock goes, to the

(Continued on Page 164)

CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

SPRINGTIME shows an old world how to grow young . . . and cars show the whole world how they can *stay young* . . . when they are "Timken Bearing Equipped".

When you buy, think of the miles to come. Then forget the miles as they come and go . . . leave them to the guardianship of Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, and Timken-made steel, and years of miles are yours.

Look at the list on this page, but do more—*study it*. It tells what cars have Timken Bearings. Note *where* they are—at points where wear is most severe. Engineering judgment placed them there. Use your own judgment in buying for continued car youth.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN
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TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED

Crosses Indicate "Timken Bearing Equipped" Points

Make	Models	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	X	X	X		X
Cadillac	All				X	X
Chrysler	66, 70, 77	X	X	X		X
	Imperial	X				X
Cord	All	X	X		X	X
Cunningham	All	X	X	X		X
DeSoto	All	X	X	X		X
Dodge	All	X	X	X		X
Durant	614	X	X	X	X	X
	617	X	X	X		X
Elcar	75	X	X	X		X
	95, 96, 120	X	X			X
Erskine	All	X	X	X	X	X
Essex	All	X	X	X		X
Ford	All	X			X	X
Franklin	All	X	X	X	X	X
Gardner	All	X	X	X		X
Graham	Standard Six	X	X	X	X	X
	Special Six	X	X			X
	Eights	X	X		X	X
Henney	All	X	X	X		X
Hudson	All	X	X	X		X
Hupmobile	S & C	X	X	X	X	X
	H & U	X	X	X		X
Jordan	All	X	X	X		X
Kissel	73 & 95	X	X	X		X
	126	X	X	X	X	X
Kleiber	All	X	X	X		X
LaSalle	All					X
Lincoln	All	X	X	X	X	X
Locomobile	86 & 88	X	X			X
Marmon	69	X				X
	79 & 8	X	X			X
McFarlan	All	X	X	X		X
Moon	All	X	X	X		X
Nash	Std. 6	X	X	X	X	X
——	All	X	X		X	X
Peerless	B & C	X	X			X
	A	X				X
Pierce-Arrow	All	X	X	X	X	X
Plymouth	All	X	X	X		X
Reo Flying Cloud	20 & 25	X	X		X	X
	15	X	X			X
Roamer	All	X	X	X		X
Roosevelt	All	X	X	X		X
Studebaker	All	X	X	X	X	X
Stutz	All	X	X	X		X
Whippet	All	X	X	X	X	X
Willys-Knight	All	X	X	X	X	X

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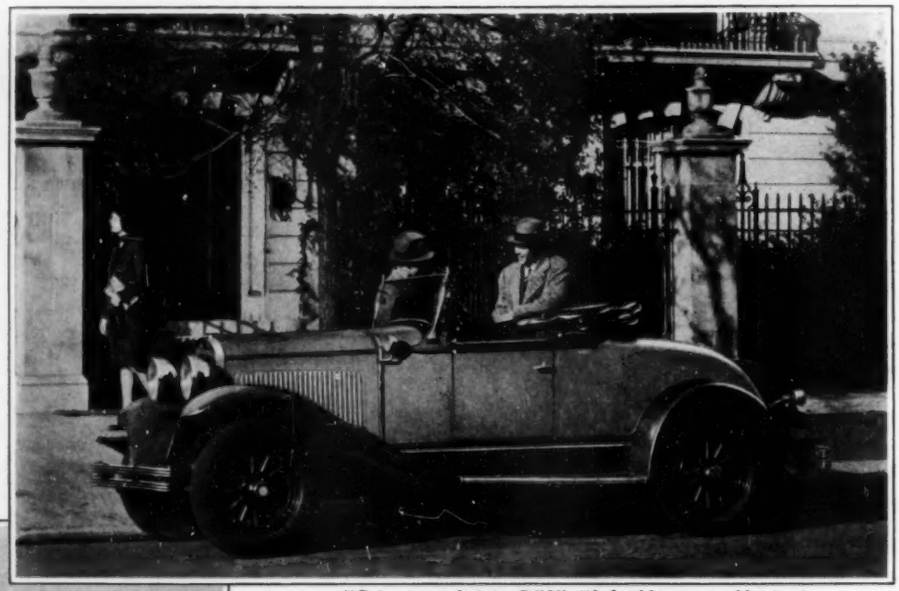
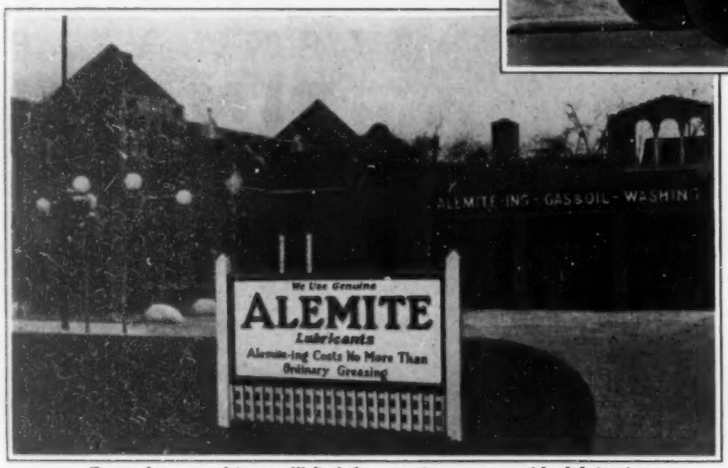
How Many Men Are Proud of Their Cars After 20,000 Miles?

More cars are ruined by careful drivers who neglect proper lubrication than by reckless drivers who "burn up the road"



"Going to trade it in, Bill?" "I should say not—Alemite-ing every 500 miles has kept it running like a top"



Everywhere you drive you'll find these stations—operated by lubrication experts—identified by the Alemite sign.

CAREFUL driving alone won't keep a new car new. And there's one thing that wrecks more cars than reckless driving.

Careless and improper lubrication is the cause, say authorities, of 80% of all repair bills. To forestall these needless repair bills, to end squeaks and rattles, and to keep a good car something to be proud of—keep it *properly* lubricated.

Simply driving your car to ANY "greasing station" is not the way to do it. Some unknown and irresponsible stations are offering greases inferior in quality and totally unsuited to the Alemite systems on your car. Some of these cheap greases contain abrasive "filler" or acid. They do not meet the friction-proof tests that experts now demand.

To avoid these cheap greases—to avoid damage to your car—and to be sure of getting Genuine Alemite Lubricants, go to an Alemite-ing Station.

Those stations are identified by the Alemite sign pictured here. There, efficient mechanics serve you. They are experts on the Alemite System on your car. They give you only pure Alemite Lubricants injected with the correct equipment and with the proper pressure.

Taking this precaution will save you more than the annoyance of a car that squeaks and squawks. It will save in repair bills and lessened depreciation, more than its cost.

Motorists everywhere are now taking up a new idea called "Recorded Alemite Service". It increases the resale value of your car 10% by average. It works this way—every time you have your car Alemite-ed a certified record is made in a little book they give you to carry. That shows the proof of careful attention given. It's convincing evidence when you decide to trade or sell.

Compare this service with haphazard "greasing". Bear in mind how improper lubrication boosts repair bills. Then try Genuine Alemite-ing and notice the improvement in the performance of your car.

100% Alemite-ing Means:

1. BEARINGS: Alemite High Pressure Lubricant forced into every vital chassis bearing with Alemite equipment by expert Alemite mechanics—every 500 miles.

2. GEARS: Differential and transmission thoroughly flushed out by a special Alemite process. New Alemite Gear Lubricant forced in—every 2,500 miles.

3. SPRINGS: Springs sprayed with special Alemite Vesuvius Graphite Oil—every 500 miles. Eliminating ALL spring squeaks and making the car run immeasurably smoother.

Wherever you see one of the signs shown here, just drive your car in and try this service. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs.

You'll keep out squeaks and prevent costly repairs. And you'll multiply the enjoyment of driving by keeping your car at peak performance.

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THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

"Two Weeks Ago Tonight," He Said Suddenly, "I Was in Juarez. They Were Going to Shoot Me in the Morning"

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

I'LL never forget the day Mrs. Geraghty moved in. No, sir. I was just starting for the office, when I remembered I hadn't kissed Emma good-by—that's my wife. I went back, and Emma was pouting in the kitchen. Well, by the time I had kissed her and assured her that I loved her as much as the day we were married, and a whole lot more besides, I was seven minutes late. It turned out for the best, though, because if I had left on time I would have missed seeing Mrs. Geraghty move in. That certainly was a show.

I thought at first it was a circus wagon she came in. But I looked right hard and saw a sign, "Lee Sung Commission Company," painted on the side of the driver's seat. The driver was a small Chinaman; at least, he looked small alongside of Mrs. Geraghty. He was all rigged up in a derby hat and go-to-meeting coat; and the two white horses had some kind of confetti stuff on their harness. It was a big stake wagon piled high with the kind of truck you see in these importers' shops over in Los Angeles—teakwood tables and shawls and vases and outlandish lamps. The kind of truck my wife is always oh-ing and ah-ing about, though the Lord knows what she'd do with it if I let her buy anything like that.

It's pretty hard to put down in so many words just how queer Mrs. Geraghty looked. I remember saying to myself: "Is that a woman, or isn't it?" She sat right straight on the driver's seat next to the Chink, and judging by the length of her back, I figured she must be six and a half feet tall. She had red bobbed hair cut close like a man's. She was wearing one of these Turkish-turban thingamajigs. It had a plume that was supposed to stick straight up, but it had busted in the middle and hung over her left eye.

The smallest of her four kids was sitting on her right knee. I recollect that her dress was made of heavy silk with odd animals sprawling all over it; the thing looked as if she had snatched a tapestry or something off a wall and wrapped it around her. There was a dragon's head where the dress crossed her knee, and the youngster was riding it. What do you suppose was on the other knee? You'd never guess it in a million years. It was a machine gun. Yes, sir; a machine gun. She had thrown a rug over it, but the kid had kicked the rug away from the barrel.

Mrs. Geraghty's other children were riding back on the load with three men. I'd never trust a child of mine within reach of fellows like them. No, sir. Two were Mexicans; the hardest cases I ever saw, and I've been to Tia Juana. The third was a sailor—a big, husky fellow. I didn't get close enough to read the lettering on his cap, but offhand I'd say he had come from a Dutch ship at Wilmington.

Late as I was, I couldn't walk away from that sight. I guess it sort of fascinated me. I stood and rubbered like a hick. Such sights aren't seen every day in our town. Not that it's a hick town or anything like that. Even O. O. McIntyre wrote in his famous column that our town has the best street lighting of any city in the U. S. A. Yes, sir.

Well, to get along with the story, Mrs. Geraghty started giving orders to the Chink. He didn't back the wagon to suit her.

She handed him the little kid and set the machine gun against the footboard. Then she stood up and backed those big horses herself. The wagon settled against the curb with hardly a bump.

"I am overwhelmed," the Chink said, or something highflown like that. He made her a bow.

"You're just out of practice, Lee," she said.

The three older kids piled off and two of the men hurried around to help Mrs. Geraghty down. She didn't need any help. She grabbed her littlest kid under one arm and the machine gun under the other, and jumped clear over the wheel. She landed on her feet with a bounce, just as if her legs were made of rubber.

Mrs. Geraghty jabbered something to the sailor in one kind of language and something to the Mexicans in another. I guess it was Dutch and Spanish. Then she lined up her four kids in the parkway just like soldiers. They were all boys.

"Attention!" she snapped out, and those tikes toed the mark—even the smallest one. "At ease! Joey, you can set down on the grass while I go see if the house is open." Joey sat down, the others stood in rank. They were a

regular set of stairs; I judged them to be four, six, eight and ten years old. And not a redhead in the lot!

Their mother sort of hesitated on the sidewalk. It was my duty to be neighborly; so I stepped up and asked her if 21 was the number. That was the bungalow next to ours, and the only vacant one in the court.

She smiled and said, "The landlord told me he would leave the key next door on the west."

I saw that in spite of her ungodly get-up she was a right handsome woman.

"That's our house," I told her. "My name is James Gibbons. I'll ask my wife if she has the key."

"Irish? Put her there, Mr. Gibbons!"

She shook hands like a man. I guess she must have noticed me glancing at the machine gun.

"I should have a cover for this, but I ain't got around to making one. It's Mr. Geraghty's spare gun, and he's so particular about it, I can't let it out of my sight moving days."

"You're Mrs. Geraghty?" I asked, wanting to make sure.

Mrs. Geraghty laughed.

"I've got the certificate packed in that barrel with the china," she said. I must have looked funny, because she went on right quick: "Folks always feel easier about us if they see the certificate. Mr. Geraghty is away from home so much of the time. I usually hang it on the parlor wall."

I couldn't think of anything much to say. Luckily, my wife, who had been watching from the living-room window, came out just then with Junior. That's our boy. He's twelve years old and a Boy Scout.

Emma had to introduce herself, I was so tongue-tied, and it turned out that Mr. Jenkinson had left the key with her. My wife gave me a mighty odd look. It seemed that I was staring at Mrs. Geraghty.

"Well, I guess I'll run along to the office," I said, snapping out of it.

"Mighty glad we're going to be neighbors," Mrs. Geraghty yelled, from across the court.

Junior was trying to make friends with the four little Geraghtys when I left. They grinned, but wouldn't talk. It struck me as funny, when I thought about it on the car going to L. A. Then I remembered that "At ease" doesn't allow for talking in ranks. The Geraghtys certainly were an interesting family. I thought about them and laughed to myself several times that day. That's one of the beauties of living in California. You meet such queer people.

I was kind of in a hurry to get home that evening. I had a lot of trial balances to check—I'm a certified public accountant and work for Jones, Bascom & Co. in L. A.—but I put them off until the next day. I wanted to find out more about Mrs. Geraghty. I knew Emma would have the low-down. Trust a woman to gather in gossip every time. Emma and Junior were full of it.

"That woman is a character," my wife said, without waiting for me to ask questions. "Guess what her husband does. He's a soldier of fortune! You know—like that Morley Waters your Legion post had to bring home from Mexico and bury. She says he's been away fighting since he was eighteen years old. He's forty-nine now, and she's thirty-eight. They've been married twelve years. He's been home only six times in all those years. Imagine! Those kids of hers had me in conniption fits all day, parading around with guns and swords and shells and things. You must speak to Junior. I had to call him home four times. The last time he was lying on the ground while that Johnny Geraghty held a horrible-looking sword ——"

"It wasn't a sword, ma," said Junior. "It was a kris, like Malays have. Johnny's pa cut off three heads with it in Burma. . . . Johnny says his pa could lick you and ten more like you. Could he? . . . And Aloysius Geraghty has a jinjin gun like the Gugus use in the Philippine Islands. Mr. Geraghty took it off'n a big Gugu the time the Marines went after Joaquin. And Pat Geraghty has a ——"

"You see," said his mother, interrupting, "what terrible things he has picked up from those Geraghty kids in one visit."

"Four visits, ma," Junior corrected her. "And Mrs. Geraghty says there ain't a bit of danger, because her kids know how to handle guns. She says if they ever pointed a gun at anybody, she'd larrup 'em good. I wouldn't want her to larrup me. Gee! You oughta see their house. They have swords and spears and shields and cannon balls, and Joey Geraghty has a real Indian's head; only it's small and shriveled up. Joey uses it for a doll. Joey's pa brung it home from Guatemala and ——"

Junior ran out of breath and I told him to quit interrupting his mother. She had to get supper on the table.

"The queerest thing about it is," said Emma, "that she hasn't heard from her husband for two months. The last word that came he was in some outlandish place called

(Continued on Page 85)

"I'm Trying to Sell Your Wife This Shawl," Said Mrs. Geraghty, Cool as You Please. "I'll Let Her Have It at a Bargain Because You're Irish"

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"70"
Seven Body Styles, priced from $1295 to $1545 F. O. B. Detroit

"66"
Six Body Styles, priced from $995 to $1095 F. O. B. Detroit

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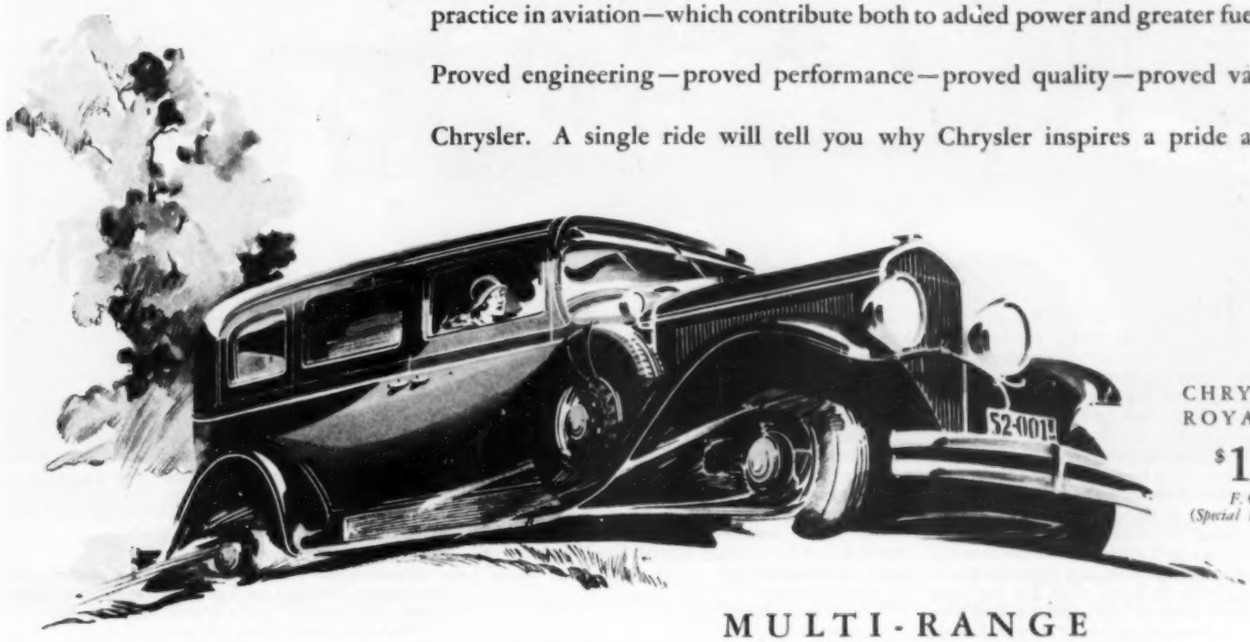

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SUPE AND FISH

By Octavus Roy Cohen

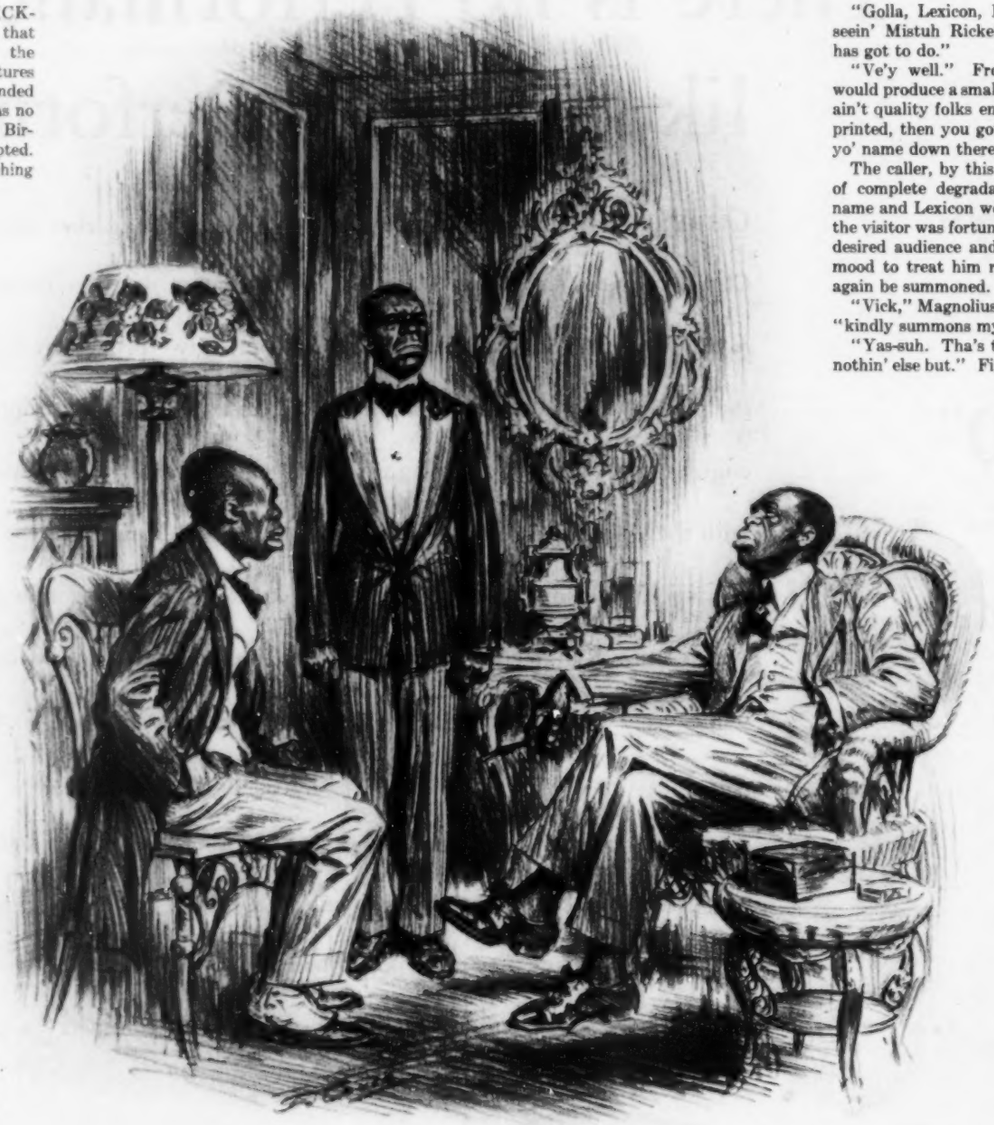
ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

MAGNOLIUS RICKETTS decided that his position as the only star of Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., demanded a display of swank such as no other colored resident of Birmingham had ever attempted.

Immediately after reaching that unanimous decision, Mr. Ricketts engaged a social secretary, a valet, a footman, a chauffeur and a butler. The name of his staff of servants was Lexicon Vick.

Mr. Vick was ideally suited to the jobs. In the first place, he worshiped the achievements of his boss. Wasn't Magnolius—in spite of a very obvious dumbness—the outstanding colored actor of the screen world? Didn't his name appear in all billing above the title of the picture in which he was appearing? Didn't he drive the slickest sport roadster in Birmingham, live in the swellest corner apartment in the niftiest negro apartment house in the city? Didn't he wear the most striking clothes and spend the most money, and, for that matter, didn't he earn the colossal sum of one hundred and twenty-six dollars a week every week?

There was a very definite prestige attached to this work with Magnolius. Those who desired to cultivate the wealthy movie actor were forced to approach him through Lexicon, and, consequently, more than a few tips served to augment substantially the very fine salary of eighteen dollars a week which Mr. Vick received.



"Vick," Magnolius Would Say Impressively, "Kindly Summons My Social Secretary"

Of course the particular work which Lexicon was called upon to do was far from easy. Immediately after engaging Mr. Vick, Magnolius carried him to a tailor, where he was outfitted with these clothes: One light-brown sack suit for use in his work as social secretary; one dinner suit for formal emergencies in the same capacity; one special vest and one pair of striped trousers to be worn with the dinner coat when acting as valet; one red vest to be worn with the dinner suit when serving as butler. Also one pair of knee breeches and one pair of red silk hose; one complete chauffeur's livery, including a gold emblem embroidered on the arm, which proclaimed to the world that its wearer was in the employ of Magnolius Ricketts. And, last and most gorgeous, a footman's livery of Nile green, trimmed with much silver braid and several medals. This was, indeed, the pride of Lexicon's soul, and his only regret was that the occasions for wearing it were few and far between, since normally he acted as chauffeur when Magnolius went driving.

Occasionally, however, when eager to impress some person with his true magnificence, Magnolius would hire a special chauffeur, outfit him with Lexicon's auto livery, and permit Mr. Vick to ride in the front seat with the hired driver.

These state occasions more than atoned to Lexicon for long hours, a somewhat temperamental employer and the irritating speed which he was forced to display in costuming himself from one job to another.

Magnolius Ricketts permitted no deviation from his orders. If the doorbell rang at a time when Lexicon happened to be employed as valet, he was forced to shift to his red vest before answering the summons. And at the door he performed in the stately manner which befitted the newfound elegance of Mr. Ricketts.

The formula was invariable, as far as visitors were concerned. After considerable delay, the door would be opened by a stiff and stately Lexicon Vick, who would present a silver-plated tray.

"What you want?"

"I crave to see Magnolius."

"Says which?"

"I got a yearnin' to make talk with yo' boss."

"Meanin' Mistuh Ricketts?"

"Uh-huh." By this time the visitor usually had commenced to deflate. "Who else you reckon?"

A fishy glance from Lexicon.

"Yo' card, please."

"My which?"

"Yo' card. My master doesn't never see nobody without they has got a card."

"Golla, Lexicon, I ain't got no card, an' seein' Mistuh Ricketts is the most thing I has got to do."

"Ve'y well." From his pocket Lexicon would produce a small pad and pencil. "If you ain't quality folks enough to have real cards printed, then you got to write one. Just put yo' name down there an' I ca'ies the card in."

The caller, by this time reduced to a state of complete degradation, would scrawl his name and Lexicon would disappear. Then, if the visitor was fortunate enough to secure the desired audience and Magnolius was in the mood to treat him royally, Mr. Vick would again be summoned.

"Vick," Magnolius would say impressively, "kindly summons my social secretary."

"Yas-suh. Tha's the one thing I won't do nothin' else but." Five minutes later Lexicon would reappear, bedecked in the habiliments of that office.

"You sent fo' me, Mistuh Ricketts?"

"Oh, yes. Mr. Vick, has I got a date fo' tonight?"

"I kind of disremember at the moment, Mistuh Ricketts. I'll go have a consultation with yo' date book."

And then, later, if Magnolius Ricketts was in an expansive mood, the social secretary would be again summoned.

"Mistuh Vick, kindly demand that my chauffeur bring my sport roadster up to the do'. I crave a li'l' air."

Because of the putties, the change to chauffeur's livery was always rather slow; but when the car rolled up, there would be Lexicon at the wheel in fine olive drab. A touch of the cap:

"Mistuh Vick said you wanted the car, suh. Heah 'tis."

"Ah, yes, Lexicon. Us desires to drive aroun' a bit."

It was truly a glorious thing. At first Birmingham's Darktown was dazed. Then it tried to scoff away the pretense; but somehow, as the days spread into a week, there seemed nothing unusual in the situation and Mr. Ricketts became a person to be looked upon with awe.

Lexicon was superlatively happy. But seven days after stepping into his various jobs he received a jolt. As social secretary he was ordered to make out to his own order a pay envelope containing ten dollars. For a moment he completely forgot his menial position.

"Ten dollars!" he choked. "How you git that way, Magnolius?"

"My name ain't Magnolius to you."

"Any man which tries to cheat me ain't got nothin' on'y a fust name. You said you was payin' me eighteen dollars a week, with room an' meals th'owed in fo' brawtus."

"Tha's just exackly what I is doin'."

"Foolishment you talks. Since when did ten look like eighteen?"

"Never. But does you know how much them swell hand-tailored uniforms cost?"

"I don't care how much they cost. You is payin' me eighteen dol——"

"Hush yo' mouf, silly boy. Them uniforms cost fo' hund'ed dollars cash money. They is yourn an' you has

(Continued on Page 48)

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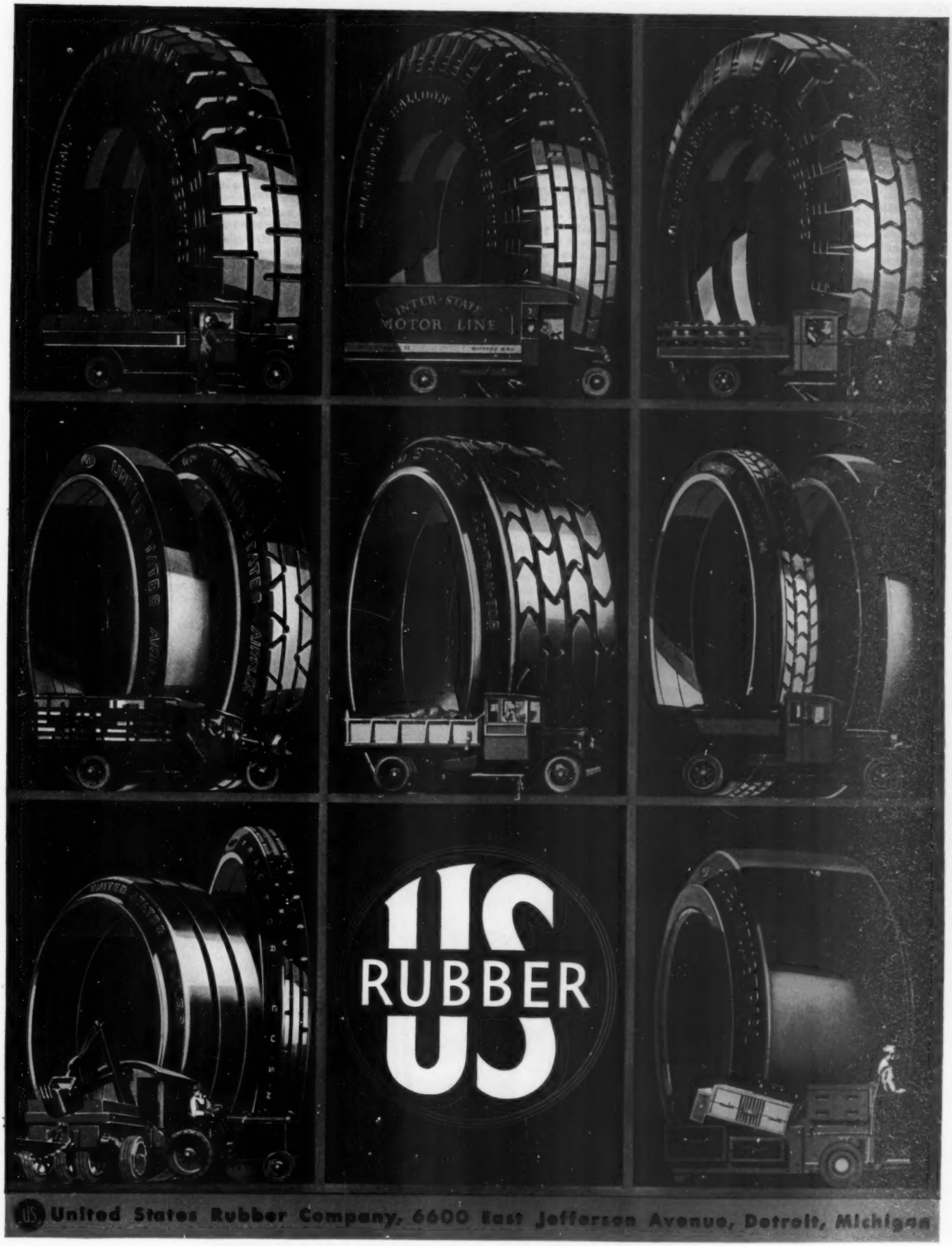

US United States Rubber Company, 6600 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 44)

got to pay fo' 'em, so I is ducking eight dollars a week out of yo' sal'ry fo' fifty weeks."

"That ain't fair."

"Who says it ain't?"

"I do."

"Well, what you gwine do about it? Quit?"

"You never tol' me in advance."

"An' you never tol' me you wasn't willin' to pay, either. Now, you can either leave me take that cost out of yo' wages, or you can else quit the job. I give you just th'ee minutes to make up yo' brain."

Grudgingly, reluctantly, Lexicon Vick made the best of the bargain. He felt that he had been grossly mistreated; that he had been stripped unjustly of almost half his weekly salary for the first year of his employment, and while he came eventually to be quite fond of his boss, the thought of the lost four hundred dollars was ever present. It was the one thing which kept the situation from being absolutely perfect; the single act that he felt he could never forgive the massive Magnolius.

But even a cruel injustice eventually comes to be accepted as a fact which cannot be altered, and Lexicon struggled bravely to forget about it. Folks admired him. He guarded all roads to Magnolius, and there were many who wished to become intimate with that gentleman. The fact that his rôle was somewhat menial didn't bother Lexicon in the least. As a matter of fact, one would have found extreme difficulty in convincing him that there was anything menial in a job which permitted the public wearing of the radiant uniform that adorned his skinny frame on the rare occasions when he was permitted to act as footman.

And then, too, as Mr. Ricketts' staff of servants he had access to the Midnight lot, and that in itself was a privilege not to be sneezed at. Since the advent of the talkies the bars had been raised high by that organization, and very few ordinary souls were allowed to pass the gateman. Midnight was more successful than ever; it was reaping a harvest of gold; and since no little of this was attributable to the amazing success of Magnolius Ricketts as a screen actor, the social secretary of that celebrity found that life was indeed a delightful thing.

For three months nothing occurred to mar the serenity of his existence. There were times, of course, when Magnolius was irascible and, of course, each pay day renewed memory of the four hundred dollars which was being deducted unjustly from his wages, but Lexicon was experiencing a beatitude never before known to him, and he would not have swapped jobs with any other colored man on earth, unless it might have been Magnolius himself.

Then something happened—something which, to the casual observer, would have seemed thoroughly innocuous, or even a pleasant thing, but which roused a volcano of hatred and fear in the bosom of Mr. Vick. A colored damsel arrived in Birmingham, an exceedingly pulchritudinous and fashionable dusky belle, who went straight to Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored and registered as Coral Hench of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Miss Hench made a few discreet inquiries, ate a hearty lunch, and visited the apartment of Magnolius Ricketts. Mr. Ricketts was busily engaged at the Midnight studios, and so the door was opened by his butler. Butler and visitor stared at each other. Coral smiled slightly as the butler's eyes popped and his jaw drooped.

"Coral!" he gasped. "It ain't you, really?"

"Uh-huh, Lexicon, it shuah is."

"Not heah?"

"Right heah."

"In—in Bumminham?"

"Not nowheres else." She brushed past him into the apartment. "Ain't you glad to see me?"

Lexicon was brutally honest.

"No," he exploded, "I ain't!"

"How come not?"

"'Cause you is the most woman I don't like."

She seemed dejected. "That ain't no way to talk to yo' ex-wife."

"It shuah ain't. Was I to talk to you like I want, I'd say so much you could have me arrested fo' liable."

"Aw, Lexicon, ain't you never gwine leave go-byes be go-byes?"

He was untouched. "So long as you keep away fum me, cullud gal, Ise happy. An' the happiest I is, is when you is the fartherest away."

She had been inspecting the apartment. "Ain't you gwine ask me to sit down?"

"Gal," he answered, "I ain't even gwine ask you to stan' up. All I craves fum you is heaps of absence."

"H'm. . . . You is Mistuh Ricketts' butler, ain't you?"

"Uh-huh. Also his secretary an' footman an' ev'ything else, an' does he come home an' catch you heah ——"

The door opened and Magnolius entered. His distinctly ebony complexion was set off to best advantage by the suit of pearl gray which bedecked his elongated figure. He took one glance at the discomfited Lexicon and a long stare at the attractive young lady.

"Who you is?" he demanded in his most regal manner.

"My name is Miss Coral Hench, an' my home is in Winston-Salem."

"You come heah to see me?"

"We-e-ell, no, not ezackly. I come heah by accident, an' was just talkin' with yo' servant when you come in."

"I see." Magnolius again inspected the fair Coral. No question that she was easy on the eyes, and she was making it quite clear that she did not object to the society of Mr. Ricketts. Also, she didn't find it necessary to explain that she was the divorced wife of Mr. Ricketts' man of all work; and that fact was the last thing on earth which Lexicon desired Magnolius to know.

Mr. Ricketts was susceptible. He took another look at Coral and decided that three was a crowd.

"Vick," he said, "will you kindly send my social secretary to me?"

When Lexicon effected his lightning change and returned to the room in his most elevated capacity, he was startled. It was disturbingly obvious that his ex-wife had been making much hay. Magnolius was gazing fondly upon the young lady, and at the moment of Lexicon's entrance was in the act of paying a lumbering compliment.

"You has got to be good-lookin'," he was saying, "to git a great man like me interested."

"Oh, Mistuh Ricketts, you ain't interested—not really?"

"Who says I ain't?"

"Well, you ain't said you is."

"H'm! Reckon I ain't said nothin'."

"Lemme ask you then: Is you is or is you ain't?"

He opened his lips and closed them abruptly: "I ain't gwine say positivel."

"Why not?"

"'Cause my manager, Mistuh Florian Slappey, has done give me orders never to say nothin' se'ious to no gal without I discussed it with him befo'hand." He turned to his social secretary: "Please take down this young lady's name an' address, Mistuh Vick. Maybe I'll git a yearnin' to see her some other time."

(Continued on Page 62)

"You Has Got to be Good-Lookin'," He Was Saying, "to Git a Great Man Like Me Interested"

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

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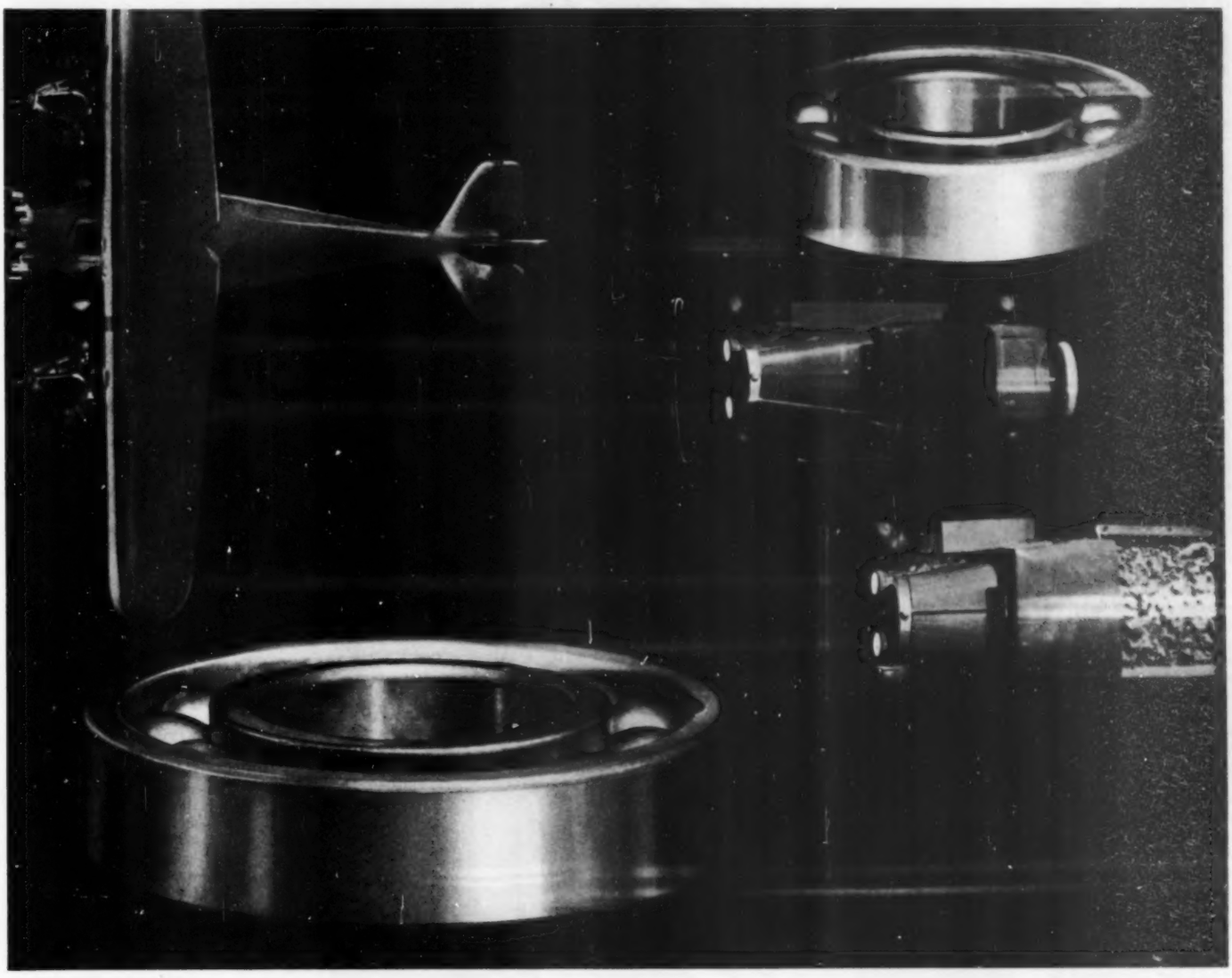

NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY BRISTOL CONN.

PLEASURES AND PITFALLS OF DIPLOMACY—By Maude Parker

PALAZZO ORSINI, ROME, May 16, 1923.

WE HAVE just returned from accompanying the King on his annual visit to the American Academy. The actual dates for this royal appearance are never fixed more than a few hours in advance; rumor says this is due to fear that if the monarch's exact daily program were widely known, it might aid the potential assassins and cranks whose existence is taken for granted in all capitals. Late last night, Mr. Stevens, the head of the Academy, appeared at the embassy to inform us that he had just been told by the palace that 9:30 this morning was the hour. He added that, as Dick and I must be there to receive the King, we must be early, for in his zeal for punctuality he sometimes arrived ahead of time.

We followed this suggestion, and Dick and Mr. Stevens, silk hats in hand, were waiting at the motor entrance when His Majesty, in military uniform, followed by two aides similarly garbed, drew up. At the top of the steps leading into the building, he shook hands with Mr. Stevens and me, spoke to the various students of the academy and the embassy staff, then started on his tour of inspection of the pictures and sculpture displayed in the various rooms.

Now to find suitable adjectives for a succession of works of art done by amateurs, no matter how talented, is a difficult task. To one who is as shy as the King, it was more than usually arduous, particularly as the creators themselves were not far off. He made a number of *sotto voce* comments to Dick and me, who were nearest him, some of which were so amusing that they made our own rôles difficult. However, he praised adequately everything shown him, including, unfortunately, an old framed map hung only for decorative purposes, and when he must have congratulated himself that this part of the royal job was over for the year, it was announced that in his honor there would be performed piano compositions by students of the new associate school of music.

When we were seated and this unexpected part of the program had begun, the King turned to me and whispered, "I don't know anything about music. I don't like music. I have enough trouble with my children practicing all the time."

When at last he could go he seemed much happier than when he arrived.

We've seen the Italian royal family more often this spring than ever before, and it is impossible not to be impressed by the sharp contrast between their own innate simplicity and fondness for a quiet family life, and the desire held by their subjects, who are much less democratic, for a glamorous court.

This was brought out dramatically a short time ago by the announcement of the engagement of their eldest daughter, the Princess Yolanda, to Count Calvi, a cavalry officer, whom certain of the Princess' young cousins now designate as "Italy's unknown soldier." It was a love match of the old-fashioned kind; instead of an alliance with one of the princes of another European reigning house, this dark-haired, good-looking girl chose her husband without regard to political or royal involvements. One would have thought that this romance would have met with universal admiration. Instead of which, whether one talked to a duchess or one's personal maid, the condemnation of it was complete. Always excepting the father and mother of the Princess, who, one hears—and it is consistent with their characters to believe—were delighted not to have Yolanda embroiled by marriage in the monarchical game, which today holds responsibilities not balanced even by power; but this not-unnatural parental desire for her happiness has been regarded with disfavor!

At the reception at the royal palace in honor of the betrothal, the affianced couple stood next each other with what seemed almost defiance of the general disapproval. Nor did they attract nearly so much interest from the court and diplomats who were the guests as did Mussolini. As usual, he seemed at ease, although this was the first time he had appeared at court in this sort of gathering; he selected the people to whom he wished to speak, except that the King, of course, had to initiate their tête-à-tête, which lasted for some time.

The English Sovereigns on the Balcony of the Quirinal Palace. Left to Right—The Italian Crown Prince, the Duchess and Duke d'Aosta, the King and Queen of England and the King and Queen of Italy

Last week was occupied by various entertainments given in honor of the King and Queen of Great Britain, who came on a formal visit to the Italian sovereigns. The royal hosts met them at the station, and through streets flanked on both sides with two rows of soldiers with fixed bayonets, the state carriages conveyed them all to the Quirinale, which is the royal palace. In the first of these picturesque conveyances, driven by a coachman with satin knee breeches and silk hat, with two similarly clad footmen at the back, sat the King of England, at the right of the King of Italy, both in full-dress uniform. At a little distance behind them with perhaps twenty-four mounted guards between, and a double string of secret-service men on bicycles, was the carriage containing the Queen of England, in pale blue taffeta with a silver toque and diamond earrings, holding a blue parasol, and the Queen of Italy, in a gown and wide, feathered hat of soft gray; facing them were the Crown Prince and the King's cousin, the Duke d'Aosta.

The British sovereigns occupied a suite at the Quirinale during their stay, but the Italians remained, when not engaged in entertaining them, in their villa at the edge of Rome. To them this is home, and the palace is only their place of official business, whether state or social. The villa is the King's own property, I believe. It is surrounded by beautiful gardens, and the routine of their days there is similar to that of any family whose tastes are not worldly. It must seem a strange sort of dual life to leave this sequestered atmosphere of complete privacy and motor in to the scepter-and-ermine formality demanded at court. But even the most critical admitted that on the occasion of this visit their entertainments left nothing to be desired.

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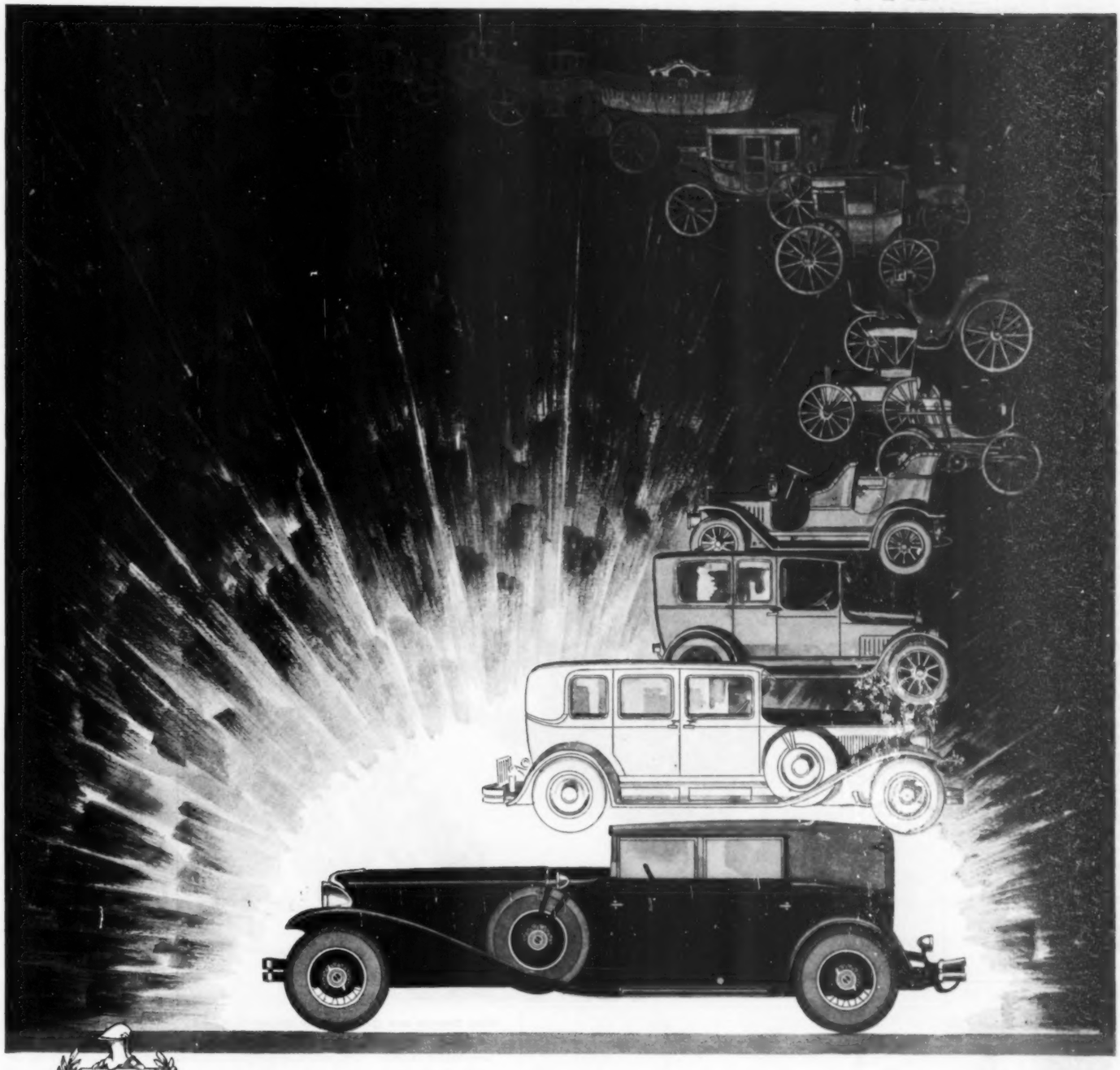

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(Continued from Page 50)

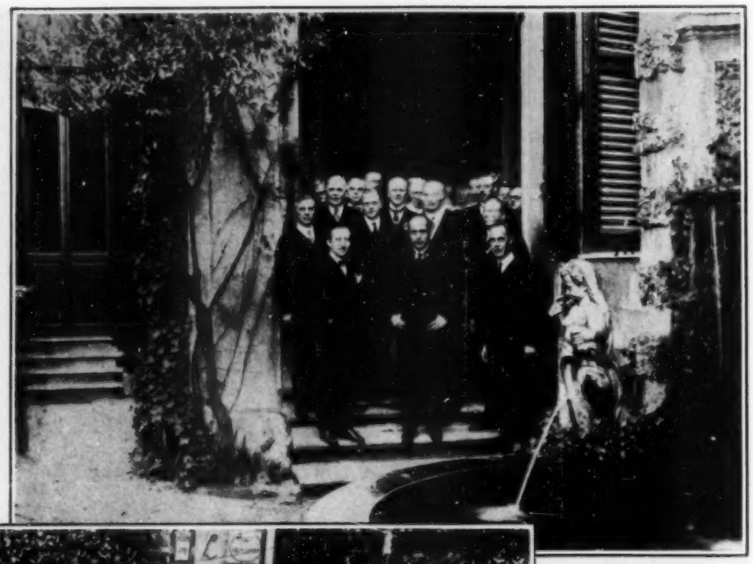
The first of these was the dinner to which all the heads of the diplomatic corps were summoned—"invited" is scarcely the word, for the cards sent individually to Dick and me stated in Italian that the Prefect of the Palace, by order of Their Majesties, had the honor to invite, and so on, but added at the bottom, in lieu of the customary R. S. V. P., a phrase which translated literally into: "In case of impediment, one is asked to give notice." In other words, acceptance was taken for granted, and it would have been incorrect to have sent one. On my card were the words: "*Abito scollato*"—low-cut gown—on Dick's: "*Uniforme e decorazione*," but as American ambassadors have no uniforms, he wore the usual evening clothes.

It was a relief to the ladies in waiting and the diplomatic corps that during this festive week, as well as at the time of the engagement of Princess Yolanda, court mourning was suspended. For two months ago we all received a formal notice from the Master of Ceremonies, Duke Borea d'Olmo, that during a period of one hundred and eighty days, mourning must be worn, due to the death of the Queen's mother, the Queen of Montenegro. From the feminine standpoint this edict was disconcerting, for by that time we had our new spring wardrobes, and in most cases they were of bright hues. However, the diplomats wore black for all occasions during ten days, and after that only when we appeared at official functions.

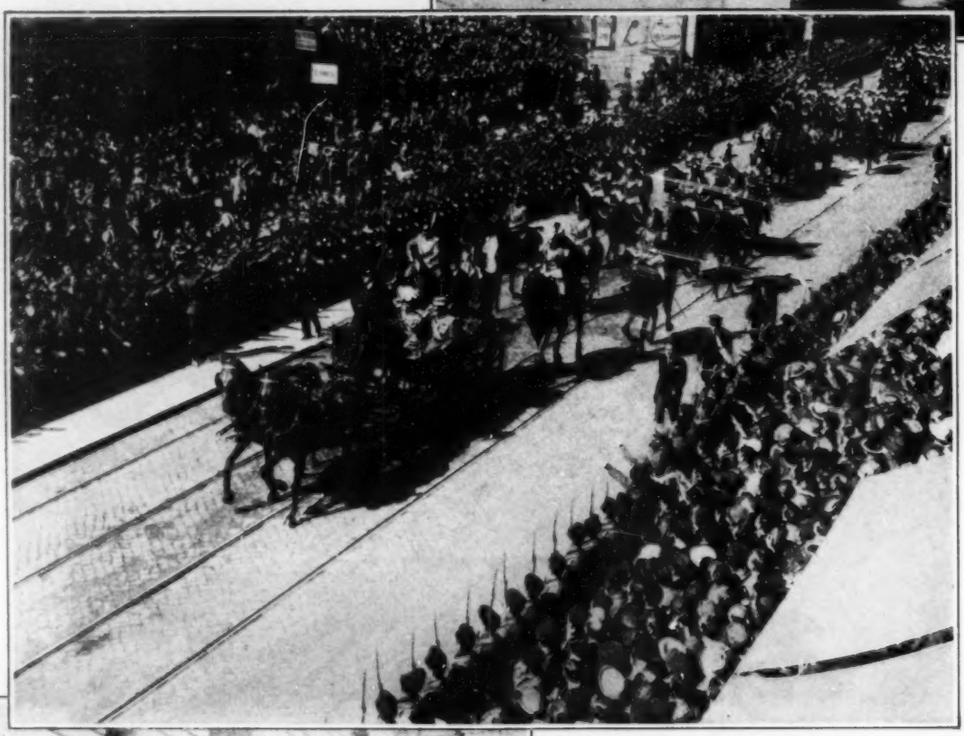
A few minutes before eight, which was the hour stated on the cards, all the guests were assembled in a salon of the palace; the women, of course, in their handsomest gowns and jewels, and most of the ambassadors and ministers in full-dress regalia, with gold braid and the red or blue or green ribbons of various decorations. Two doors were opened, through one of which came the King and Queen of Italy, who advanced to meet the King and Queen of England as they entered through the other.

After they had exchanged formal greetings with one another and then with the rest of us, two lines were formed, headed by the King of Italy and Queen Mary, and, just behind them, King George and Queen Elena.

The others followed in order of precedence. The Duke d'Aosta took me in; we walked slowly, behind the Crown Prince and his sister, the Princess Mafalda, into the splendid state dining room. In the center of the long table, decorated with a massive gold service and pink roses, sat the two queens, next to each other, making the only tableau I've ever seen which resembled picture-book representations of royalty. For both wore beautiful gowns of cloth of silver, with superb jewels and high tiaras of diamonds. But Queen Mary is as definitely blond with her delicate coloring and light hair, as Queen Elena, with large brown eyes and black hair, is brunet, and their similarity of costume only accentuated their difference of type and made each one unusually handsome in her individual way.



American Delegates to the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce in the Garden of the Palazzo Orsini With Mussolini and Mr. Child



King George and Queen Mary Arrive in Rome

The King of Italy Leaving the American Academy at Rome With Mr. Stevens and Ambassador Child

The menu was excellent; the atmosphere, if not gay, was at least animated. I had the good fortune to be between D'Aosta, who is extremely charming, and Sir Ronald Graham, the British Ambassador. The ranking ambassadresses, who are Madame Barrère and the Belgian Countess van den Steen de Jehay, sat next the two Kings.

When the elaborate dinner was at an end and we had collected the souvenirs, which were round silver bonbon boxes with the crest of the house of Savoy and intertwined initials of our hosts engraved on the covers, we returned to the salon, and the women in turn were taken up to Queen Mary by Lady Sybil Graham, who acted as honorary lady in waiting during the visit, and the men were presented to King George by Sir Ronald.

Since royalty must initiate all topics of conversation, these personal talks must have been a greater strain on them than the more or less passive diplomats, yet it was not an easy ordeal to contemplate. Everyone stood around watching the expressions on the faces of the two speakers and wondering if he or she would be able to say anything of more than perfunctory interest under these circumstances. When the ambassadress who preceded me made her final curtsy, I was escorted to the Queen, and, luckily, she spoke of her enthusiasm for the sight-seeing expeditions on which Boni, the famous archæologist, had conducted her. As I have seen him often and admire him intensely, this was an easy topic; one felt as exultant as a freshman at college who draws blindly an assignment for a five-minute impromptu talk and gets "how I could improve the world." All went smoothly until I mentioned Boni's new enthusiasm for prohibition for Italy. Then the Queen said, "But—but—I mean to say—it hasn't been a great success in America, has it?" My absence from my country for two years served as an excuse not to argue this point, but I was relieved when the interview ended.

To the surprise of everyone, the only woman Queen Mary kept longer than the prescribed few minutes was

(Continued on Page 73)

EVERY GRAHAM SIX AND EVERY GRAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF *PLATE* GLASS

The Grahams welcome today's closer scrutiny of motor car values

GRAHAM

VERY GOOD CARS AT LOW PRICES

THE Grahams will never knowingly disparage any products which occupy the market with their own—but in the buying of motor cars it is inevitable that the buyer shall make comparisons and contrasts.

There is at hand a new era of closer scrutiny on the part of the purchaser—more serious study of the chassis, a disposition to examine the construction, a decided tendency toward the weighing of performance and appearance values.

The new Graham Eights and Sixes are so outstandingly good in engineering, in chassis construction, in performance, that this new revival of scrutiny and thrift is eagerly welcome to Graham distributors and dealers.

The new Graham Eight, for instance, with superabundant power—*one hundred horse*—very fine four- and three-speed transmissions, solidly constructed and beautiful Graham-built bodies, fairly clamors for comparison.

The Grahams are glad that the public is weighing dollars and confidently sure that they have nothing to lose and everything to gain from such a procedure.

Over and above the Graham leadership in transmission of power, which began two years ago with the now time-proved special four-speed transmission, is an *economy* of performance as different and as welcome as the performance itself.

But this is only one contrast of many that will be revealed by your own comparison: Complete protective equipment with shatter-proof safety-plate glass; the soothing smoothness of the four-speed transmission, and so on.

The closer you make your scrutiny, the more certain you are to conclude that here are the cars of your desire.

Standard and Special Eights, $1445 up. Standard and Special Sixes, $895 up. Prices at factory.

GRAHAM-PAIGE MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Graham Cars will give you value and performance—reasons in plenty for preferring them. Their crowning appeal is the safety of the shatter-proof plate glass doors, windows and windshields. The more you study that one factor of protection for yourself and your family from an all too frequent and dreadful danger, the more surely it will lead you to the conclusion that it renders all the other attractions of Graham cars irresistible

Diet and Breathing to Swim

By Johnny Weissmuller

In Collaboration With Clarence A. Bush

A Demonstration of a Faulty Swimming Position—Heads Too High, Right Shoulders Too Far Down

KEEPING the digestive system in order, it goes without saying, is of first importance in maintaining the strength and power of a swimmer. In fact, it is probably more important to the swimmer than to other kinds of athletes. One reason may be that the swimmer eats more; there is nothing like a good, snappy swim in cold water to stimulate an appetite.

Everybody appears to be interested in matters of diet nowadays. People diet to reduce weight and diet to put on weight. In this connection, many people will be interested to know that swimming is an ideal exercise, either to take off weight or to put it on. Most swimmers put on weight because the cool temperature of the water forces the body to acquire a layer of fat just under the skin to hold in the heat. It is this layer of fat which builds the curves and fills in the hollows.

If you go in the water much every day, lolling around and exercising very little, you will put on weight of this kind. But if you work every minute you are in the water, swimming long distances at a fast pace, you will take off weight more quickly than by any other method. I have known long-distance swimmers to lose as much as ten pounds in a single race. Of course, they put it right back on again by hearty eating. The thing to do if you want to take off weight and keep it off is to curb the appetite which assails you after a long and vigorous swim.

However, the important thing for the championship swimmer is to regulate his diet, not with the view of putting on or taking off weight but with the idea of keeping his strength and power at the maximum. Many interesting, and no doubt valuable, systems have been worked out.

One in particular that was tried out on me might prove interesting to others. Breaking world's records in swimming is a matter of being able to work harder, given relaxation and an efficient style of stroke, than anybody else can work, and of sustaining the harder work against fatigue.

A Diet Dictated by Fancy

FACTORS that make for fatigue are hidden, according to this system that I tried out. Two men may look equally healthy on the exterior, but if one's body is secretly loaded with acids—although there may be nothing visibly wrong—when he comes to doing a little work he will find himself tiring easily, since fatigue is manifested by unneutralized acids. If the other's body is free of acids—even though there is nothing outwardly to distinguish him—he can make a strenuous effort and sustain it for a long period with little trouble from fatigue.

For fatigue is not primarily a matter of effort. A person may be very fatigued the first thing in the morning, after a long night's rest; or, he may be particularly fatigued on Monday, after having thoroughly rested for two days. The physiology of fatigue is, broadly, as follows: Physical effort produces body acids. The blood, which is always alkaline, neutralizes these acids and the kidneys drain them off. An athlete running at top speed produces acid within his body at the rate of a dram every second. As long as the blood alkalinity is able to keep even and neutralize this amount of acid, the athlete can keep going. When the acids accumulate to a certain point—a state of affairs called acidosis—the accumulation is made known to him as fatigue, and he has to stop.

Bachrach says that swimmers attain perfect athletic condition with practically no disturbance of their normal methods of life. There is no rigid or freakish diet prescribed for the swimmer who is working up to record-breaking form. He advises a diversified diet, with emphasis on greens, vegetables and fruit.

Much meat, he says, if not balanced by greens, vegetables and fruit, tends to bind and retards normal elimination. This is something that I was a long time in learning. No strict regimen was required of me during the racing season.

There are several reasons for this. Though athletes in nearly every other sport are required to observe rigid training rules as to diet, swimmers are permitted, as a rule, to follow their fancies. This has an important psychological effect.

Self-denial puts the track athlete, the football or basketball player under strain. It makes him irritable. He becomes a better athlete and reaches the height of his power by loyalty and religious observance of the requirements. But because of its irksomeness, he is looking forward to the time when he can throw off the regulations and break training—have a good time. The fact that his seasons of active competition are short is, therefore, fortunate.

On the other hand, swimming is an all-the-year-round racing sport. To ask the swimmer to keep up a continuous twelve-month regimen of self-denial would be too much. It is not necessary, and there is a good reason. These other sports tear down body tissue. Swimming, with the exception of short spurts of great speed and very long distance grinds, builds up body tissue. The swimmer, therefore, must have all the growing foods in his diet. The psychology of the pleasing diet for the racing swimmer is that he enjoys his work and can ask nothing better than that his training continue indefinitely without a break. Any break would be less pleasant than continued training.

There is only one thing I try to avoid in my diet. On the face of it, it seems unnecessary to state it, but here it is: I avoid anything that does not agree with me. Does anybody eat anything that doesn't agree with him? Strange though it may seem, almost everybody does. You will realize the truth of this when you stop to think about it.

You know that certain things upset your system, and yet you keep on eating them because you like the taste, or for the pleasure of eating. I must have my digestive apparatus in splendid order at all times, and therefore I employ the will power necessary to thrust away any foods that upset it.

Good Food and Enough Sleep

IT IS not wise to keep young swimmers away from sugars, starches and other fat-building foods, because young swimmers are active enough to burn them up. They need these foods in their growing bodies. Sugars and starches are good for older people to avoid because they are not active enough to use them up, and fat, therefore, accumulates.

For my part, I eat whatever I want, don't want anything that doesn't agree with me, and I gain about five pounds a year regularly. But by keeping in competitive trim I put this weight on in a way that cannot be noticed; I still look thin in a swimming suit.

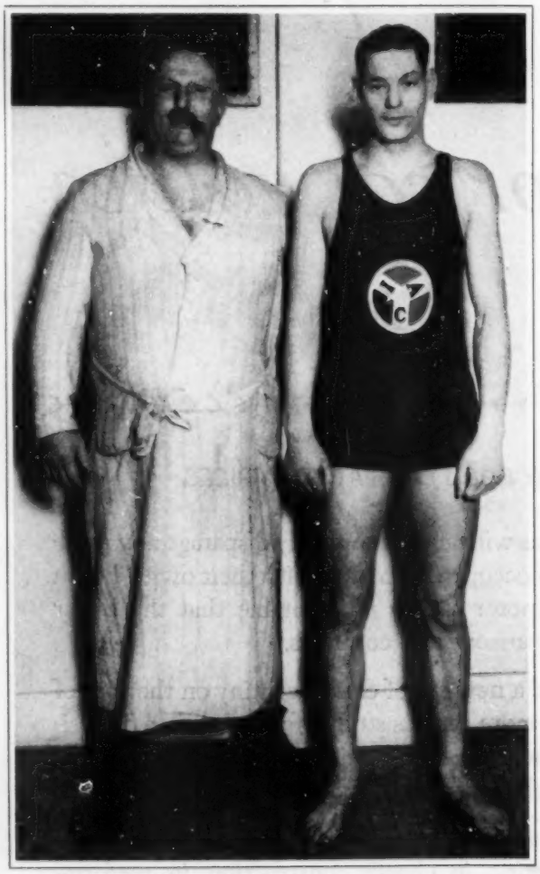
Another thing that a swimmer needs to keep in shape is plenty of sleep. As a nerve builder there is nothing like sleep, and a swimmer needs more of it than other athletes. Probably that explains why you get sleepy after your appetite is appeased, following an invigorating swim. The swimmer should get at least eight hours of sleep every night, and a nap an hour or two before a fast race is often a big help.

In all these things—daily practice, regulation of the diet, and sleep—regularity is the great thing. Regularity in right living keeps the swimmer at his maximum in strength, power and health.

Learning to swim differs in its problems according to the age of the pupil. Boys need very little instruction as far as becoming at home in the water is concerned. They can pick up the elementary principles and the simpler strokes if they have access to the water.

With older people it is different. They need a lot of instruction and patient coaching. They have built up too many cautions. Where the boy is adventurous, ready to

(Continued on Page 71)



Weissmuller and His Trainer, Bachrach

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Dealer Bulletin

Every Champion Dealer Can Improve Motoring Performance

Everywhere motor cars are talked about, we hear that people today buy cars because of external design, or color schemes, or size, or price—taking performance for granted and expecting it as a matter of course.

That is largely true, but it is also true that *continued* good performance is something which cannot safely be taken for granted; and also true that the consistent use of Champion Spark Plugs insures *better performance* in any car.

It often happens that we know a thing so well ourselves that we are led to assume that it is a matter of common knowledge.

You know that Champions are the better spark plugs, and that they are a vital factor in improving performance. In the interest of your customers' satisfaction with their cars, we urge upon you the importance of impressing this knowledge upon them.

You will find performance to be the paramount interest of your customers in their cars, and that better performance by means of Champion Spark Plugs will be a new thought to many of them.

We know it to be a fact that Champions outsell the world over, for the sole and simple reason that they do make cars perform better; but your customers may not know it.

We know that the regular yearly renewal of spark plugs—even of Champions, the better spark plugs—does bring back an engine's original purring smoothness, its snappy power and hill climbing willingness.

But these things may be news to your customer, and very possibly can help induce him to change to Champions then and there.

He may not be conscious that world-champions of land, water and air pin their chances of victory to their faith in Champions, and win.

The simple reason for Champions' dominance in world-preference is the improvement they invariably make in performance—an improvement so pronounced that in most cases it is immediately apparent.

Your customers will thank you for doing them the favor of improving their car performance—and more especially when it can be done at so small a cost of money and time as involved in installing a new set of Champions, the better spark plugs.

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

(This is sales bulletin number four from Toledo to Champion Spark Plug dealers. Intended, of course, for the Champion sales organization, it is broadcast in The Saturday Evening Post because Champion policy need not be secret from the great public served by Champions.)

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

©1930 C.S.P.Co.

TRADE MARK

THEY LIVE IN EUROPE!

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

The Paris Commissionaire

DONALD WRIGHT, formerly from Kansas City, has been in business in Paris nine years and maintains quite a large establishment in the Rue Cadet, where he acts as European agent for a number of American department stores. When buyers for these stores come over to buy French merchandise, they make their headquarters at Mr. Wright's office, and his young men escort them around to various manufacturers where they can pick up the best bargains. After the merchandise is bought it is delivered to Mr. Wright's place, where it is inspected to see that it is up to sample and prepared for shipment to the United States. Mr. Wright charges his clients 5 per cent for these services.

The Ringstrasse, One of the Principal Thoroughfares of Vienna

The commissionaire business looks like easy money, but it is not. The cost of running an establishment with a dozen employes is no small matter. To make expenses, Mr. Wright must handle a quarter of a million dollars' worth of merchandise a year, and it is difficult to maintain this volume. American stores tend to buy less foreign merchandise because many American manufacturers can now produce goods as cheaply as Europeans. And then, there is a lot of worry. Some buyers, unfortunately, pay too much attention to having a good time when they are in Europe, and when their judgment of merchandise proves faulty, Mr. Wright usually gets the blame.

As so often happens in business, Mr. Wright's affairs have taken an unexpected turn. He is barely making a living from his regular commissionaire business. But during the years he has been in Paris he has met a great many wealthy Americans who have confidence in his judgment and who frequently go to his office and ask him to negotiate the purchase of expensive tapestries, paintings and antiques of various sorts. This business is not only pleasant but very profitable. Simply by knowing where some rare piece may be found, and by introducing his American client to the owner, he frequently makes as much in a single day as his establishment in the Rue Cadet makes in a whole year.

For some time past, Mr. Wright has thought of closing out his commissionaire business to devote his entire time to his private clients. By doing so he would escape the vexations incident to incorrigibly convivial buyers and fault-finding letters from their employers. He could do his business from an artistic little office in the tourist quarter, with, perhaps, a single assistant, and escape the heavy overhead he is now saddled with.

It is an attractive idea and Mr. Wright would probably carry it out except for the objections of his wife. Mrs. Wright was raised in a crossroads village, where her father ran the general store; and possibly because of this she is a conservative in business matters.

"I don't blame you," she tells her husband, "for wanting to get rid of a lot of unprofitable worries. But back home father used to carry a lot of merchandise in his store that didn't pay. He said if he didn't have it on hand people wouldn't come to him for the things he could make a profit on. It was a background that gave people confidence in him and made them feel he was a real merchant.

"Now, isn't the commissionaire business down in the Rue Cadet your background? When a millionaire client sees you there, telling department-store buyers where to find bargains in perfumery, blouses and ladies' hats, and directing a lot of employes, it gives him confidence in your business judgment. He thinks you can find him a good bargain for the fifty thousand dollars he is willing to spend for a fine tapestry. Not only that but because he sees you are busy, he thinks you aren't liable to try to make your whole year's living off the one transaction. But you'd lose all that if you just had an artistic little office in the tourist quarter."

Mrs. Wright always ends her advice by quoting a remark she often heard her father make in his store.

"A business man who tries to pick and choose his customers," her father used to say, "generally finds himself in the end without any customers at all."

PHOTOS. BY BURTON HOLMES. FROM EWING GALLOWAY

Where Friedrichstrasse Crosses Unter den Linden, Berlin

The Nickoll Family

MR. AND MRS. NICKOLL and their son Hubert have been living in Milan, Italy, for a year and a half, and are now preparing to go back to their old home in Illinois. Their motive in coming to Milan was to prepare Hubert for a career in grand opera.

Mr. Nickoll is a skilled watchmaker and for a number of years operated a jewelry store in the Illinois town quite successfully. Both Mr. and Mrs. Nickoll were very proud of their son, who even as a child evinced decided talent as a singer; by the time he was twenty he had more than once been mentioned in the local newspaper as a musical genius, and his parents felt it their duty to give him every opportunity to develop his voice. It was decided that he should study in Milan, the musical center of the world. Mr. Nickoll had no money except what was tied up in his stock of merchandise, but conceived a plan which appeared quite safe and sensible. He would close out his business, turning his assets into cash, and the whole family would go to Milan, where he himself would secure work as a watchmaker with some good firm. He had heard that living was very cheap in Italy and it seemed reasonable to believe he could make enough to support his family until Hubert finished his training and was ready to accept an offer with some prominent musical organization or to tour the world as an independent concert singer. Beyond that, Mr. Nickoll's plans were vague. He might become Hubert's business manager, or he might return to America and open a jewelry store again.

But in Milan unexpected complications developed. Though Mr. Nickoll applied to every watch dealer in the city, none would consider employing an American watchmaker. Hubert's success, too, seemed less assured. It was discouraging to learn that in Milan there were many thousands of young people from all over the world, all fiercely determined to become famous singers. Teachers of any standing charged two hundred lire for each lesson, which was double the price Mr. Nickoll had counted upon.

At the time Mr. Nickoll had decided to close out his jewelry store his stock inventoried about ten thousand dollars, but as so often occurs when a man tries to turn his assets into ready cash, he realized barely half that sum. At the end of eighteen months in Milan he was about at the end of his financial rope. Hubert's teacher was quite flattering and said with a couple of years' further training the young man would doubtless be on the way to fame, but meanwhile it would be necessary to bring him to the attention of the critics by means of a public appearance. Mr. Nickoll inquired the cost of such an appearance and was told it would be in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars.

There is a ship sailing from Naples to New York which carries tourist third-class passengers for one hundred dollars, and Mr. Nickoll has bought three tickets. He has been promised a position as repair man by the jeweler who was formerly his competitor in the Illinois town, but as Mr. Nickoll is getting along in years, he will have to make out on wages of thirty dollars a week.

James Billings

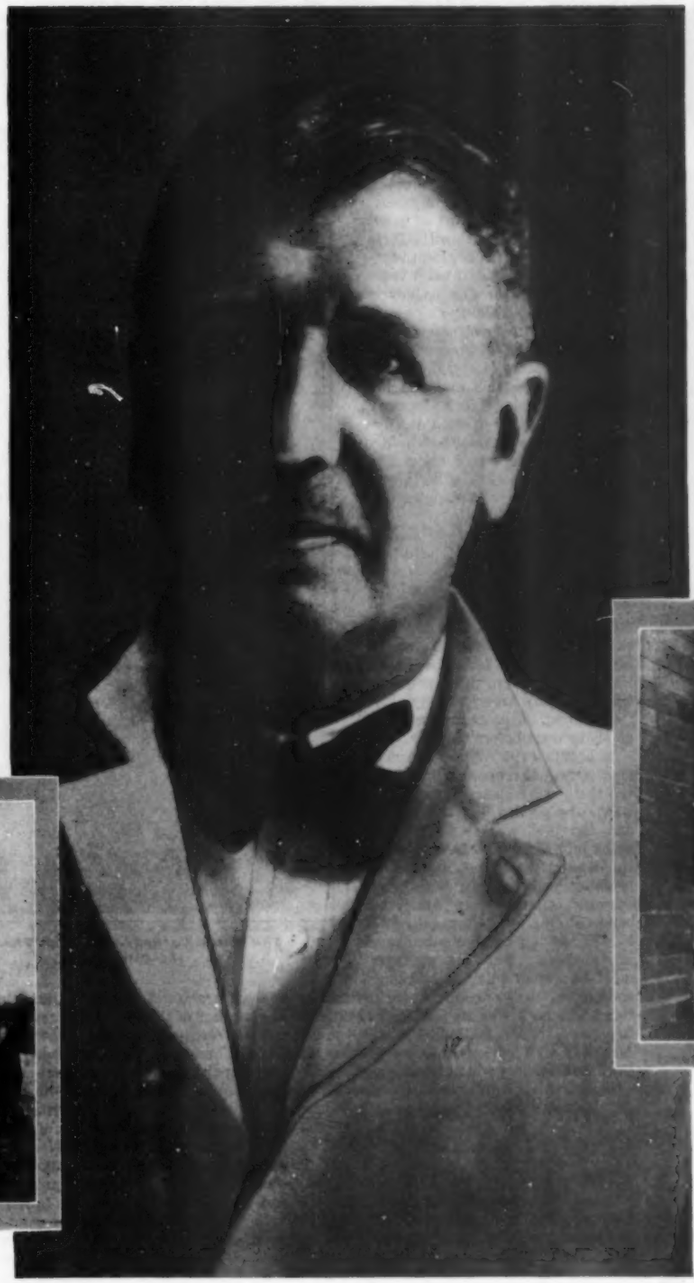
MR. BILLINGS was born on a farm in West Virginia, but has spent exactly one-half of his life in Berlin, Germany. He left the United States in 1910. He had no reason except that he wished to live where there was more chance for adventure than at home. He went to London first, but that was not adventurous enough to suit him, and so he pushed on to Berlin. He has never been out of Germany since that time.

Mr. Billings has had adventures, but not the sort he expected. Living in Berlin was cheap before the war. He rented a room in a private house for two dollars a week, with use of the parlor, and hung out a shingle announcing himself as a teacher of English. Everyone in Germany was anxious to learn English then, and he soon got enough

(Continued on Page 58)

"I have used Yeast for 25 Years"

says Head of famous Skin Hospital



DEAN of all Scandinavian skin specialists is Dr. Johan Almkvist of Stockholm, head of the famous St. Göran Hospital for diseases of the skin and blood.

"For 25 years," says Dr. Almkvist, "I have used yeast for skin troubles.

"The effect of yeast against constipation," he adds, "is well known. By keeping the intestinal tract healthy and clean it prevents a number of poisons from being absorbed into the system.

"Indescribably important for the present-day indoor worker is the vitamin D contained in yeast after irradiation. Its effect is equivalent to that of sunshine itself."

Why not adopt this simple way to clear-skinned, vigorous health? Every day eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake is rich in *two* precious vitamins—B and D. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Directions on label.

"Wearing evening dresses with gracefulness is impossible when one is afflicted with a disgusting 'breaking out' of the skin," *writes* MISS ELINOR WALSH *from Ottawa, Ont.* "And who can do justice to herself when half-crazed with a dizzy headache? . . . Naturally I was alarmed . . . I resorted to yeast, and in two weeks my health improved. My skin trouble disappeared, I gained back my color, my self-confidence, energy and a *smile*."

"My doctor advised me to try Fleischmann's Yeast cakes," *writes* R. ROYCE WILSON *of Waltham, Mass.* "I was troubled with slight stomach disorders and had quite a few skin eruptions. The yeast cleared my skin and gave me lots of pep. The girls dance with me now, and that's one thing I like to do, dance. I am still eating yeast."

These leading skin specialists recommend yeast

Spain's foremost skin specialist, DR. JOSÉ SÁNCHEZ-COVISA, says, "Skin eruptions are nearly always accompanied by constipation. Yeast reduces intestinal putrefaction and is of great aid in treating these skin affections."

PROFESSOR DR. PIO PEDICONI, head of important skin hospital in Rome, declares, "Yeast keeps the system 'regular.' For many years it has been used in dermatology to prevent and cure certain common skin disorders."

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2 for 25¢
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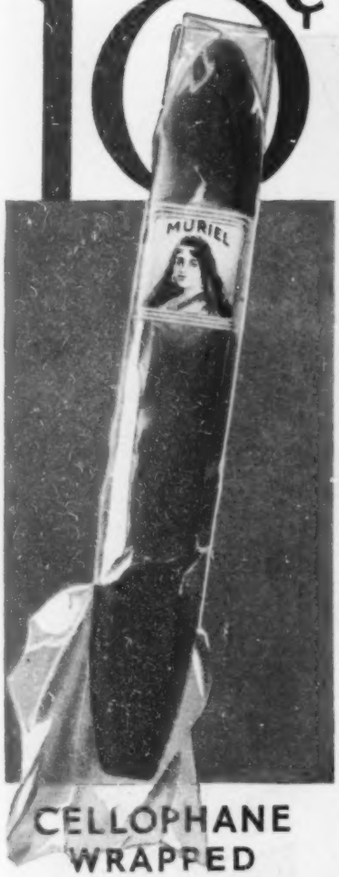

CELLOPHANE WRAPPED

Marvelous new machines did it. Cutting out waste motions did it. And placing huge contracts for the world's finest leaf. They multiplied MURIEL'S production . . . and divided MURIEL'S costs. Part of the savings have been put right back into rarer, finer tobaccos. And the rest is handed to *you* . . . in a 20% price cut!

the 1930
MURIEL
CIGAR

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(Continued from Page 56)

pupils to support himself, though he had no knowledge of German except what he had gained during one year's study in high school at home. After he got a better grasp of the language he also earned money by doing translation jobs for American officials and for American business firms which had branches in Germany.

In 1913 Mr. Billings induced a young lady from Minneapolis, who was in Berlin studying music, to become his wife. Then was the time, he now says, that he should have returned to the United States and entered some line of business. But he was doing well with his teaching and his translations. He had, besides, what seemed a very sound plan for the future. American firms were constantly establishing branches in Germany. Mr. Billings believed that, with his knowledge of the language and his familiarity with the life, he would eventually get a chance to manage the German branch of some American concern at a salary of ten to twelve thousand dollars a year.

The war not only spoiled this plan but cut into his regular earnings as well, so he and his wife experienced some pretty hard times during the next four years. But he has no complaint as to his treatment by the authorities. He was allotted a patch of ground outside the city limits to raise vegetables, and rode there on his bicycle every summer evening to do his work. When the government commandeered privately owned bicycles for the army, Mr. Billings was allowed to keep his machine because he was using it for a necessary function. But even with the recourse of their vegetable patch, Mr. and Mrs. Billings were obliged to trade their piano and other pieces of furniture for food before the war ended.

Things have picked up during the past few years. Mr. Billings has an office in the Friedrichstrasse and does fairly well as a translator of documents for government officials and others. But he now sees that he has little chance ever to become manager for some American firm, though there are four times as many American organizations doing business in Germany as there were before the war.

It is this way: When an American corporation opens a branch in any European country, it naturally wants the good will of the public, and the best way is to give as many jobs as possible to natives of the country where the corporation is doing business. In Berlin, for example, almost every American concern employs German office help exclusively. Only the manager is American. But the manager must be a man who has had long training in the concern's home organization and who knows its policies and methods. And so, Mr. Billings says, the young American who believes that residence in a European country will fit him for a good job with some American branch office is basing his hopes on false premises.

The Romanticist

MRS. HARRIET MILLER has always been of a romantic turn of mind, and even as a girl in Ohio she thought if she could only live in a quaint house somewhere in England she would be perfectly happy. She realized her dream five years ago, when she sold the coal-and-ice business left her by her husband and came to London, leasing a house in one of the outlying sections.

Mrs. Miller's income is twenty-five hundred dollars a year. She pays sixty dollars a month rent and keeps a servant who does all the housework. This leaves Mrs. Miller free to devote her entire time to feeling romantic. None of the neighbors have called on her as yet, but she claims not to be lonesome. Her house has a small garden at the back, and in the summer she spends most of her time there, looking at the sundial which she bought at an antique shop. In the winter she sits with her cat before a fireplace in her living room.

Recently Mrs. Miller's sister came over from Ohio on a visit. She is sixty years old, five years Mrs. Miller's senior, and president of the women's club at home. She is a woman who believes in doing things, and perhaps that is why she is so outspoken in regard to her sister's manner of life.

"Harriet thinks she is having a good time," she confided to one of her friends, "but in reality she is simply becoming a freakish old lady. She is so worked up with her romantic ideas about England that if she buys a chair at a furniture store, she thinks the dealer doesn't let her have it because he makes a profit on it, but because he wants it to have a good home!"

The Author

CHARLES GILBERT has finished his novel, which he came to Paris to write three years ago. It is a critical study of American life. While, of course, the names of the characters are fictitious, and the precise location of the scene is not revealed, the novel is really pointed at the town in Idaho where Charles was born and where his father has the leading department store.

PHOTO, BY PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE, N. Y. C.

The Milan Cathedral as Seen Through the Colonnade

It is quite a story in itself—how Charles came to devote himself to a writing career. He is now twenty-seven years old, and finished his four-year course at a New England university when he was twenty-three. It was planned that he should return to Idaho and go into business with his father; but each succeeding summer, as he went home on vacation, he found it harder to reconcile himself to the idea of a business career in a small Western town. Everything there was so commercial. Hardly a person in the community thought of anything except to make money and get on in the world. Charles conceived the idea of writing a startling book that would change all this.

Mr. Gilbert, Senior, was naturally disappointed at his son's dislike of business, but being an indulgent man, he suggested a compromise. If Charles would come home, he said, he could work in the store half the time and have the other half free for writing. He believed that through meeting so many people in a business way Charles would have a chance to study human nature and to learn why people act the way they do. It seemed reasonable, Mr. Gilbert said, that a book written right on the spot, and with living models, would carry more conviction than a book written under any other conditions.

Charles could not see it that way. He knew it was impossible for his father to have any real literary judgment, because the only writing Mr. Gilbert ever did was in the line of advertisements for the local newspapers, and he often wrote these while sitting at his desk with one eye on a store full of people. Frequently he would rewrite a full-page advertisement after watching some customer's attitude toward a line of merchandise that one of the clerks was trying to sell. Charles could not imagine himself working in any such fashion. All great literature, he said, is universal in scope; and to do serious work a man must live in a literary atmosphere, where he can think in universal terms. He thought Paris would be the right place, because it is a great literary center and the crossroads of the world.

At last Mr. Gilbert agreed to finance Charles' first book to the extent of transportation to Paris and fifty dollars a month. It may be said Charles has worked very earnestly. He has not spent his time in the company of the self-styled bohemians who tell what they are going to do instead of doing it. During his entire three years in Paris he has been to the Rotonde Café only twice, and never to the Dome. He lives in a small hotel near the Central Markets, where he pays twelve dollars a month for his room. His meals average about twenty-five dollars a month in the little workmen's restaurants of the neighborhood.

Though Charles worked fully eight hours every day, his book progressed very slowly. He made the hero a young man of twenty-seven who could not stand the crudities of small-town America and who went to France to get away from it all. Writing was difficult because he had to make up all the incidents out of his own imagination. Frequently he walked the streets half the night trying to invent things for his characters to do. On one of these midnight excursions he came by the Central Markets, and there got into conversation with a French gentleman who was watching workmen unload produce from the farmers' carts in preparation for the next day's business. After some talk the two men went into the café of The Dog Who Smokes, which is just across the street, and there Charles told what he was doing in Paris. The Frenchman, who was connected with a Paris literary magazine, suggested that, as Charles was doing a book about the crudities of small-town America, it might have been better for him to do his writing at home, where he could watch the people being crude.

He cited Zola's book, The Fat and the Thin, in which the scene is laid in the Central Markets, and recounted how Zola practically lived in the Markets all the time he was writing his book, so as to get his incidents at first hand.

Of course Charles had heard all about this before, and he countered by saying that in his opinion Zola was not a writer but a mere journalist who had a faculty of describing local scenes.

"That sort of writing," Charles told the Frenchman proudly, "would not satisfy me. I intend to make my novel so universal that it will be read by people all over the world."

Since completing his book, Charles has submitted it to a number of publishers, but

(Continued on Page 60)

TO GIVE THE PEOPLE THE MODERN, CONVENIENT TELEPHONE SERVICE THAT THEY NEED

The Bell Telephone Company... of your town

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

IT HAS its home in your town. Its operators are the daughters of your neighbors. Its various departments are in the hands of your own citizens, with years of training in telephone engineering and management.

Who owns the Bell System? 450,000 people scattered over the United States own the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and 250,000 own other securities of the Bell System.

No matter how small the part of the Bell System that serves you, it has behind it research, engineering and manufacture on a national scale. The Bell System operates through 24 companies, each designed to fit the particular area it serves—to furnish the highest standard of service in a manner personal to the needs of every user.

Serving each of these 24 operating companies is the staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is constantly developing better methods of telephone communication.

Each draws on the findings of the Bell Laboratories, one of the greatest institutions of its kind in the world, for the continual scientific improvement of telephone service. Each has the benefit of the buying power and specialized manufacturing processes of the Western Electric Company, which supplies telephone apparatus of the highest quality and precision for the entire Bell System. Each takes advantage of every improvement in practice, equipment and economy.

The Bell System's ideal is to give all of the people of this nation the kind of modern, convenient telephone service that they want, over its wires to connect them one with another and with the telephones of the rest of the world. It is your telephone company, at your service with every resource that it commands.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

FREE!
A whole week's better shaves. Just mail the coupon below

This kind of shave lasts longer

Small-bubble lather permits closer shaving . . . by softening the beard at the base, right where the razor works . . . . . .

WHEN you shave with Colgate's small-bubble lather, you can feel satisfied that your shave is bound to last longer . . . because you've shaved closer. Those small bubbles make a lather which moistens the beard down at the base . . . as big-bubble lather can't. Small bubbles bring more moisture to the base of each hair, softening it more thoroughly, making it easier to cut.

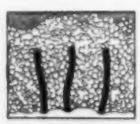
The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1—the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2—billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

Thousands of men, after various trials with ordinary lathers, have adopted Colgate's as supreme. To prove its superiority, mail the coupon below. We will send also a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion —refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.

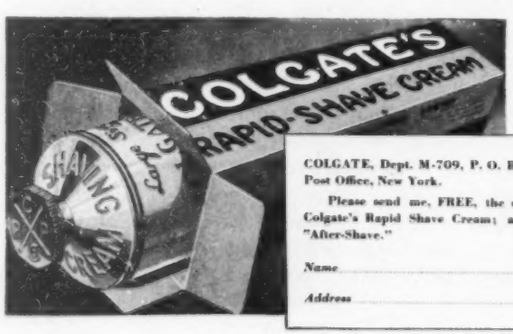
ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.



COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.



COLGATE, Dept. M-709, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York.

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name .....

Address .....

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one after another has declined it. No publisher, it appears, is interested in a universal novel.

The Pharmacist

THOUGH Emil Rieger operates the Blue Danube Pharmacy on Karntnerstrasse, in Vienna, he is, as he says, more than half American, because the majority of his years as a pharmacist have been spent in the United States. He left Vienna in 1908 and for twelve years worked as prescription clerk in Philadelphia.

It is an interesting story—how Mr. Rieger came to go back to Austria after so many years in the United States. Primarily he went to claim a legacy of ten thousand dollars which had been left him by a relative. But there was another and very human reason, which goes to show how a little thing will often decide the most momentous questions of a man's life. He had learned the trade of pharmacist in a small village near Innsbruck, and when he was twenty-one, went to Vienna to work. But being country raised, he was not quite so brisk and polished as the young men of the metropolis, and after a few months his employer let him out, saying he was not qualified to wait on big-city trade. It was then that he went to America. But all the years he was in Philadelphia the memory of this failure humiliated him; and when he returned to Vienna to claim his legacy, he conceived the idea of taking a job for a few months to show that he was good enough to handle trade anywhere.

There was a position open in the Blue Danube Pharmacy on Karntnerstrasse. After working there a short time, the proprietor's health failed and he offered to sell out. Mr. Rieger took him up, making a first payment of the money he had saved while working in Philadelphia. The balance was to be paid when he secured the money from his legacy.

Unfortunately for him, the Austrian law specifies that the beneficiary of a will cannot touch his property until a year has passed. Mr. Rieger's ten thousand dollars lay in a Vienna bank for that length of time, which also happened to be the period during which the Austrian currency went to smash. When Mr. Rieger got his money, it had a value of precisely forty-two cents.

If Mr. Rieger could have got out of his bargain he would have done so and gone back to America, but at that time there was little chance to sell a pharmacy or anything else. A quarter of a million people had moved away from Vienna, and because the country had been dismembered, the city's trading radius was vastly reduced. Karntnerstrasse, on which the Blue Danube Pharmacy is located, used to be, under the empire, the Main Street of more than fifty million people. Under the republic it is now the Main Street of only six millions.

A man who has a note coming due and no money to pay it with does the best he can. Mr. Rieger finally found a money lender to advance him the money, but at an interest rate of 36 per cent per annum. Naturally, this was too great a burden, and the debt pyramided. After a while Mr. Rieger found another money lender, who financed him at 16 per cent, at which he managed to make both ends meet, and even to reduce his debt a little. A year ago he succeeded in getting the interest rate down to 10 per cent, and now he begins to see his way out.

Running a pharmacy is a complicated affair in Austria. The government fixes the price at which Mr. Rieger buys his medicines and the price at which he must sell them. The only items on which Mr. Rieger may set his own margin of profit are imported articles, such as English and American toilet goods. The government also fixes the salaries of the help. Mr. Rieger employs five registered assistants, and each receives eighty-five dollars a month. In addition, Mr. Rieger must pay the government fifteen dollars a month for each assistant, to cover health insurance and old-age pension. If Mr. Rieger were to install a soda fountain or a sandwich counter, the government would take away his license.

But though the government imposes a good many restrictions, it makes up in some other ways. For one thing, the government limits competition in the pharmacy business. There is a law forbidding more than one pharmacy to every five thousand inhabitants. Rent, too, is reasonable in Vienna. Mr. Rieger pays one hundred and fifty dollars a month for his store, with a twenty-foot frontage. Business is remarkably steady in Vienna, once a man is established. Mr. Rieger's volume increases a little each year. At present he takes in one hundred dollars a day, and this figure seldom varies as much as five dollars.

When he was working in Philadelphia, Mr. Rieger spent a vacation in Binghamton, New York, and enjoyed himself so much that at one time he planned to have a pharmacy there. He still thinks of this occasionally and wonders if he would like it better in Binghamton than in Vienna. He may even try it out sometime. His debt is now down to four thousand dollars. Within three years it ought to be paid off entirely and he will be in position to sell out to good advantage. He will be only forty-six years old then, just the right age to enjoy a new venture.

George Colvin

THOUGH young George Colvin has been a model of deportment during all his twenty years, there is no blinking the fact that he is now causing his family a great deal of worry. His father has been in Europe for twenty-four years in the service of the United States Government, and George, who is the eldest of three children, was born in Switzerland. Since then, Mr. Colvin's work has carried him to half a dozen European capitals, and because of his official position his family has always enjoyed the society of the cultured and well-to-do classes. George's school companions were largely the sons of diplomats and other aristocratic people.

Two years ago the family sent George home to America for his university education. Not only did his father want him to be a genuine American but there was also the question of a career. European countries offer few opportunities for outsiders. George will have to make his own way in the world, and the United States is about the only place where he can have an even chance. There is a family friend, Mr. Blank, who lives in Washington; this gentleman promised to look out for George and to see that he made contacts which might help him in business when he should finish school. Mr. Blank knew George's family was making a good many sacrifices to finance the university course.

George did splendidly during his freshman year. Last June Mr. Blank saw him and suggested that he would probably want to work during the summer vacation, and offered him the choice of two jobs. One was that of elevator runner in a Washington office building that would pay one hundred dollars a month. The other was driving a truck for a business concern in which Mr. Blank is interested.

Much to Mr. Blank's surprise, George declined to take either job and even seemed humiliated that such a proposition should have been made. It was probably his European upbringing that caused him to say to Mr. Blank over and over again: "But a gentleman doesn't do such things."

Truly, George's future seems a bit uncertain. His family may not be able to see him through school in the manner of a European gentleman. There is little chance for him in Europe, and the way things look, he may not get along too well in America.

The Adventurer

EVERY man is entitled to a certain amount of self-esteem; and if Fred Potts appears to think extra highly of himself, it is because he has accomplished what

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GM GENERAL MOTORS

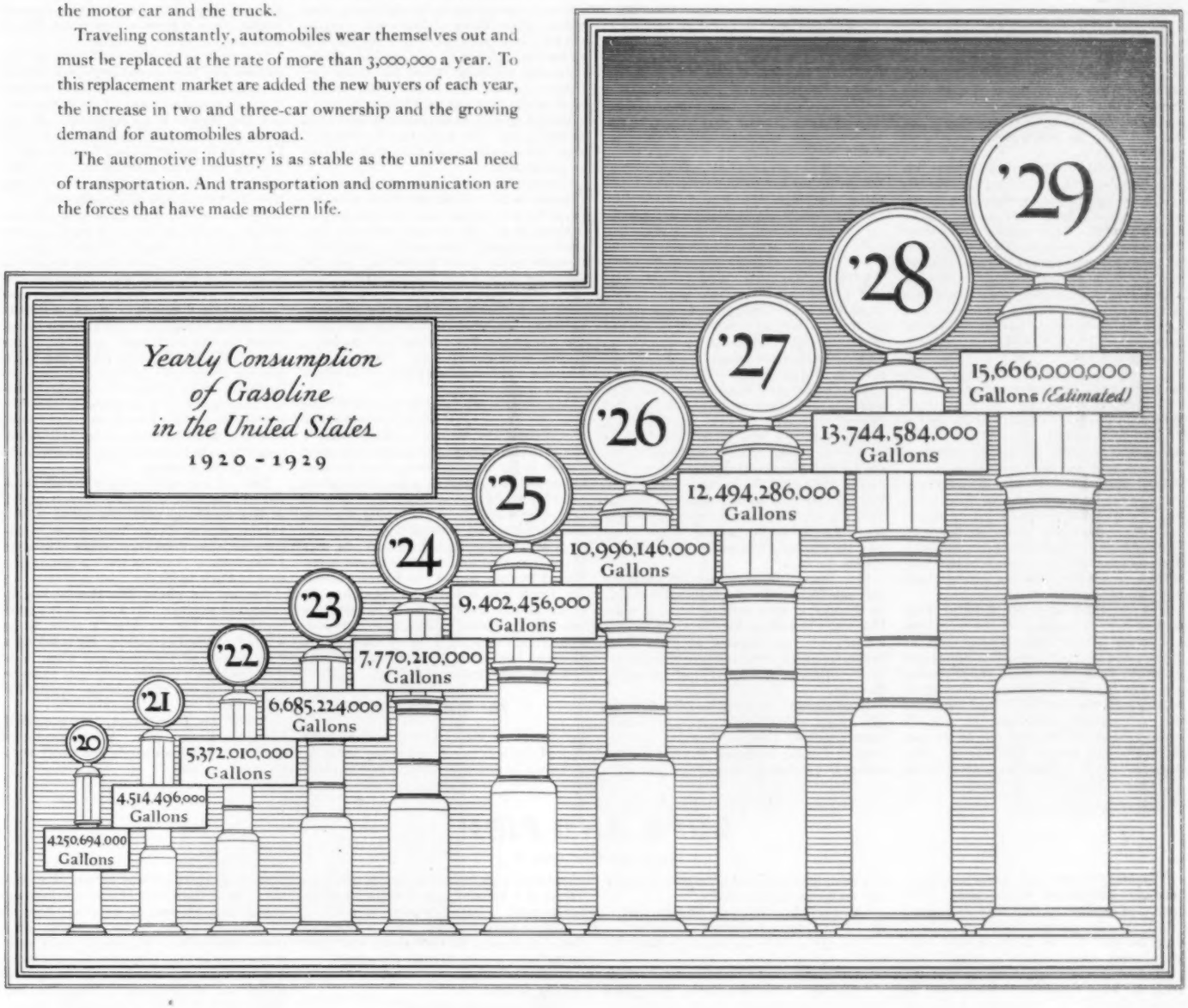
MORE AND MORE MILES . . . EVERY YEAR

ON the chart of American business there is a line that goes steadily up. The consumption of gasoline leaps forward by hundreds of millions of gallons every year.

The automobile is the reason. Not for a month or a week or a day can the American people conduct their affairs without the motor car and the truck.

Traveling constantly, automobiles wear themselves out and must be replaced at the rate of more than 3,000,000 a year. To this replacement market are added the new buyers of each year, the increase in two and three-car ownership and the growing demand for automobiles abroad.

The automotive industry is as stable as the universal need of transportation. And transportation and communication are the forces that have made modern life.



GENERAL MOTORS

"A CAR FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · MARQUETTE · OAKLAND
VIKING · BUICK · LaSALLE · CADILLAC · ALL WITH BODY BY FISHER

General Motors Trucks · Yellow Coaches and Yellow Cabs · Frigidaire—the automatic refrigerator
Delco-Light electric power and light plants and water systems
General Motors Radio · GMAC plan of credit purchase

(Continued from Page 60)

he claims no American has ever accomplished before. For more than ten years Fred has earned his living in England entirely on his personality. While everybody has been talking about unemployment and hard times, Fred has found the going ridiculously easy. There have been few nights but what he has had a bed to sleep in, and almost always he has eaten three times a day.

It began right after the war, when he decided to see something of London instead of shipping back to the United States with his regiment. He was twenty-seven then, and afraid of nothing, just the same as now. Before going to war he had plenty of experience. He traveled all over America with the Buffalo Bill show and went out with a couple of circuses as canvas man. For one circus he drove the calliope in the street parades, wearing a red uniform. Besides that, he played ball a season on a semiprofessional team in Topeka, Kansas. He also washed dishes in the old Overland Hotel in Boise, Idaho, and was a stoker on a Great Lakes freighter.

Most men fail in life, Fred believes, because they don't use their brains. He was in London only a little while before he saw what was the trouble with the boys he associated with. They lacked personality. They were too modest. One morning he was with some others on the Embankment, where they had spent the night, and when a gentleman came along Fred asked him for a small donation. The gentleman gave him a sixpence, telling him to go and get some breakfast with it, and Fred shot back, quick as a wink:

"Sure I will, mister. I promise not to use it to buy no automobile or a steam yacht!"

How the boys laughed! But being Englishmen, they didn't laugh until the gentleman was out of sight. Since then Fred has had lots of friends, not to say admirers. They all think he can do anything.

Fred has friends even in the employer class. There is a man who owns a circus, and who always has a job for him as canvas man when the circus is out on the road. Canvas men get $7.50 a week in England. The only trouble is the work is not very steady. The circus man has failed in business twelve times.

The last time the circus stranded, Fred walked back to London all the way from Liverpool. But it was summer and he didn't mind it. On the way he stopped at a farmhouse to ask for a meal, and there was a sign at the gate which said, "Beware of the dog. He will eat you." Fred went into the yard just the same, and the farmer's wife yelled to him to look out as the dog came running around the house. But when the dog saw who it was, what did he do? He just put his paws on Fred's shoulders and licked his face. The lady couldn't understand it at all, but Fred told her that dogs always know who their friends are. English people are very fond of animals, and because the dog liked him so much, the farmer not only gave Fred two weeks' work at ten bob a week and board, but recommended him to other farmers along the route.

Last fall Fred took lodgings at the Salvation Army headquarters, but left when they told him he would have to make forty beds every morning to pay his rent. An American gentleman got him a job as dishwasher at the Cecil Hotel for thirty-five bob a week and his board, but he quit that, too, on account of the long hours.

Sometimes Fred thinks of going back to America, and he probably would have done so this last year, except for a matter of principle. He was offered a job on a boat that goes to Baltimore, but when he found he would have to join the Stokers' and Firemen's Union and pay a fee of twelve dollars, he told them to chase themselves. He would not be held up.

Fred is not afraid of the future, but he has made up his mind firmly about one thing: Before another winter rolls around he simply must get hold of an overcoat.

The Manufacturer

WHEN Mr. Durst went from Indianapolis to London two years ago to organize a branch manufacturing plant for his firm, he had no idea of the number of surprising and at times exasperating things he would encounter before he got his plant ready to turn out goods for the British trade.

The first surprise was in connection with selecting his board of directors. It was deemed advisable to have an all-British directorate, and Mr. Durst was told he should secure two or three big names in order to give prestige to his company. The cost of big names, he learned, would be in the neighborhood of one thousand pounds each a year, and the bearers of the names were expected to do nothing except to go over the company's financial reports once a month.

Mr. Durst compromised by engaging only one big name. But before doing that he shopped around until he found a name that could be had for four hundred pounds a year. He then engaged an experienced production man to take charge of manufacturing operations, with title of managing director.

Here another surprise was in store for Mr. Durst. In England titles are taken more seriously than in America, and he learned that his managing director did not expect to go into the shop or to speak with the workmen. The managing director did not even expect to speak directly with the shop foremen. That was the superintendent's job. When the managing director wanted anything done he told the superintendent. The superintendent told the shop foremen. The shop foremen told the men.

Mr. Durst encountered still other surprises when he looked about for a jobbing firm to sell his plant's products to the trade. The jobbing firm he especially wanted was exasperatingly slow in coming to a decision. Every little detail was inquired into. There were endless conferences, extending over a period of three months, before the firm definitely accepted the selling agency. Even after a verbal agreement was made and a contract was drawn up for signature, there was a further delay of two weeks because the head of the firm went on a pleasure trip to Switzerland and no one else had authority to sign anything. Once, during the conference period, Mr. Durst called on the head of the firm and asked that the firm's sales manager might be present to hear what he had to say. The reply was that heads of firms and sales managers did not sit together at conferences.

These things seemed so outrageously inefficient to Mr. Durst that he was unprepared for what turned out to be the biggest surprise of all. He thought after the contract was signed there would be more conferences to lay plans for selling. But he found the jobbing firm had prepared a complete selling campaign while it was considering his proposition, and so was all ready to start. In what seemed an incredibly short time the firm printed and mailed a special catalogue to every dealer in the kingdom and had its salesmen out to solicit orders.

After nearly two years of successful business, Mr. Durst has made up his mind that the people of any country know best what is suited to themselves. He accepts the caste system in his manufacturing plant because he knows there is scarcely a man in the plant but who would quit if things were done in any other way. Even the hiring of a big name is not so bad, he says, if you look on it as pure publicity, though it isn't the sort of publicity that would do much good in the United States. But of one British custom Mr. Durst is an out-and-out champion: It is the essence of wisdom, he believes, to take plenty of time to investigate a proposition from every angle before coming to a decision, instead of making the decision first and investigating afterward.

The Bookkeeper

IF JOHN HEWITT lives to be one hundred, he will never forget the thrill he had when he first saw Paris. It was in 1917, and he was one of the eight thousand American soldiers who marched with General Pershing from the Gare du Nord to the Place Concorde through closely packed lanes of wildly cheering Parisians, delirious with excitement at this first tangible proof that America was really in the war on the side of France.

Mr. Hewitt cannot say yet whether he is glad or sorry that he never got to the front-line trenches. He was sent to the training camp at Alençon, and in the first week had a leg broken by the kick of an ill-tempered horse. He still limps a little from this, and in damp weather has pains. Before enlisting in the Army he was a stenographer in a Denver bank; and when he got out of the Alençon hospital he was sent to American headquarters in Paris, where he did clerical work until after the Armistice.

If you ask an assorted lot of ex-American soldiers why they stayed in France instead of going home, four-fifths of them will say it was because there was a lady in the case, and Mr. Hewitt is no exception. At the hospital in Alençon he met the daughter of a foreman in one of the lace factories there, and the two were married in 1919. Mr. Hewitt got a job in the Paris office of a big New York bank and still works at it.

He has reached a salary of one hundred dollars a month, which is not big as salaries go at home, but which will do in Paris if you have a French wife who knows how to make money go a long way. They pay ten dollars a month for their apartment near the Porte de Vincennes. Madame Hewitt goes every morning to a market near home, where she fills her basket very cheaply because the market people know she won't pay big prices. Mr. Hewitt goes home to luncheon, which is cheaper and more pleasant than going to a restaurant. Once in a while he and his wife go to grand opera, where, if your intention is to hear music rather than to be stylish, you can get seats for forty cents apiece.

There is not much chance for advancement in the bank where Mr. Hewitt works. It is a long way from the source of authority in New York. Then it frequently happens, when a vacancy occurs, that some young relative of one of the big men is sent over to Paris to fill it.

Yet, on the whole, Mr. Hewitt has no complaint to make. He knows he is a good bookkeeper, but he doesn't know if he would be a good executive. He is saving a little money all the time, and when he is with the bank a certain number of years he will be pensioned off; so he has practically no worries.

"Life," Mr. Hewitt says, "is a good deal like going to the opera. If you are interested in the fundamentals you don't need an expensive seat."

SUPE AND FISH

(Continued from Page 48)

"Yas-suh," said the social secretary dutifully, and leaped to the task. That done, Magnolius gave another order: "Call up our special chauffeur, Mistuh Vick, an' also tell my footman that I an' Miss Hench crave to go fo' a drive."

That drive was a nightmare for Lexicon. With the hired chauffeur at the wheel and himself glorified in Nile-green livery, he was forced to keep arms folded and eyes to the front while the lady to whom he had once been married made a direct attack on the affections of the abnormally vain and dumb Magnolius Ricketts.

Nor was that all. The first drive led to others, and under the sad eyes of Mr. Vick, Coral intrenched herself more and more firmly in the heart of the great actor. Magnolius was falling, and the ensuing two weeks brought Lexicon to the conclusion that his boss was on the verge of committing matrimony with the former Mrs. Vick. The symptoms were unmistakable: Magnolius entertained lavishly for her, he took her driving with chauffeur and footman, he sent flowers and candy to her hotel room, and one night he called his social secretary and set him a difficult task.

"You is lit'ry, ain't you, Mistuh Vick?"

"Uh-huh, Mistuh Ricketts. Kind of."

"All right. Then decompose a pome fo' me."

"A pome?"

"Uh-huh. A real hot pome. It's got to have a lot about love in it, 'cause I craves to send it to my gal."

"Who she?"

"Who you reckon?"

"Y-y-y-you don't mean Miss Hench?"

"I suttinly do. . . . Now, git busy."

After two hours of headachy labor, Lexicon reluctantly turned in the result of his wrestling match with the muse:

Sunsets is red
And I am blue
All the time
I ain't with you.
I think you is swell,
Miss Coral Hench,
And you sholy is
One han'some wench.

"Marvellious," applauded Magnolius. "Even if I knowed how, I couldn't write one as good. I bet she's gwine love it."

Lexicon was perturbed. "You ain't really aimin' to commit no matrimony with that young lady, is you, Mistuh Ricketts?"

Magnolius shook his head. "I ain't ezackly decided."

"Ain't you shuah you ain't?"

"I ain't shuah 'bout nothin'. She is suttinly the slickest gal I has ever met up with."

"Slick is right," mourned Mr. Vick.

And that night, after he had retired to his modest chamber, Mr. Vick lay awake for many hours while his brain functioned at top speed. The situation was not at all to his liking. He cursed the ill wind which had wafted her to Birmingham in the first place; and secondly, he despised the circumstance which had thrown her so speedily into the society of Mr. Ricketts. Not that he cared particularly about whatever amours Magnolius might undertake; but he was most definitely opposed to the installation of his ex-wife as mistress of the household where he was butler. For one thing, he realized that such a contingency would mark the end of his jobs. Even if Coral would stand it, he couldn't. And then sooner or later Magnolius would learn of the part he had played in Coral's past; and he knew the woman well enough to realize that in confessing to Magnolius, she would put Lexicon in no particularly favorable light.

Obviously, it was up to him to put a stop to the affair, and he was prepared to go to any lengths to attain his ends. That it would be difficult, he did not doubt; Magnolius was a person of terrific importance, and though he could not be accused of personal attractiveness, he certainly was a matrimonial prize.

Two days later, when he knew that Magnolius would be engaged all evening on retakes for his latest picture, which was already two days behind schedule, he borrowed his employer's car and drove to the Cozy Home Hotel. Coral, who through all Magnolius' courtship had treated her

(Continued on Page 67)

NO FEMININE ENGINEERS OR FIREMEN

in homes that have this low cost heat

What would the modern hostess do with guests at the door and the house "as cold as ice"? Time was when it was necessary to descend the stairs, shovel fuel, and cheer a reviving blaze. The Spencer Heater answers all the puzzled questions of the modern wife who does not want to be either engineer or fireman.

Modern homes now have automatic heat with dependable fuels that have been used for centuries. The storage magazine of the Spencer Heater holds enough fuel for twenty-four hours. The fire that burns up-hill on the sloping Gable-Grates, gives uniform heat all day long, without a thought from the women in the home.

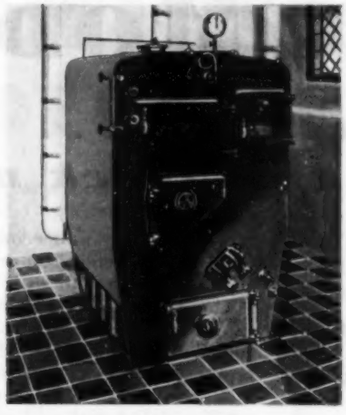
Instead of flat grates that must be fed frequently by hand, the Spencer is made with Gable-Grates that slope down from a magazine where fuel is stored. The natural way for fire to burn is up—and in the Spencer fire does burn up-hill. The natural way for things to fall is down—and fuel rolls down from the Spencer magazine to feed the fire below.

This fuel feed is truly automatic, for gravitation needs no motors or machines to make things roll down hill. It gives unusual uniformity of temperature, for fuel flows only as fast as the fire burns. As changing temperatures require more fire or less, the fuel feed is automatically controlled by the fire's demands. The Spencer adds economy to convenience because its magazine and Gable-Grate permit the efficient use of small size fuels. These fuels are low in cost because ordinary heaters are not designed to burn them satisfactorily. The Spencer burns No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite at half the cost of larger sizes. Where anthracite is not available, small size by-product coke in a Spencer Heater will give a more uniform heat, at a cost no greater than soft coal in ordinary heaters, and generally less.

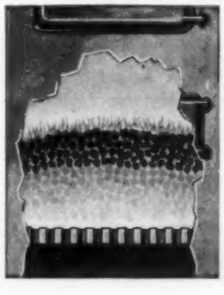
Write for the Spencer book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It describes in detail how the Spencer Heater, for steam, vapor or hot-water systems, can save as much as half your annual fuel bill. SPENCER HEATER COMPANY, WILLIAMSPORT, PA. Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company.

The Spencer Heater for the average home is illustrated at left. Spencer Heaters are made in cast iron sectional and steel tubular types, for any size home or building. Sold and installed by all responsible heating contractors.

"Everybody knows that ordinary heaters require refueling frequently as the fire burns to ash. With a Spencer, fuel is put only once a day into the magazine—illustrated below at (A). Fuel covers the grate to a sloping level controlled by the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed stays at the level shown at (C), for as fuel burns it shrinks to ash (D) and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the fire bed shrinks more fuel feeds down automatically from the magazine, which holds enough fuel to feed the fire for as long as 24 hours, with only one shaking of the grates.



FLAT GRATE HEATER
Showing how burning fuel shrinks away to ash —heater must again be refueled



FIRE BURNS UPHILL

FUEL ROLLS DOWN

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Magazine Feed
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SPENCER MAGAZINE FEED HEATER
The shrinkage of burning fuel lets more fuel feed automatically from the magazine

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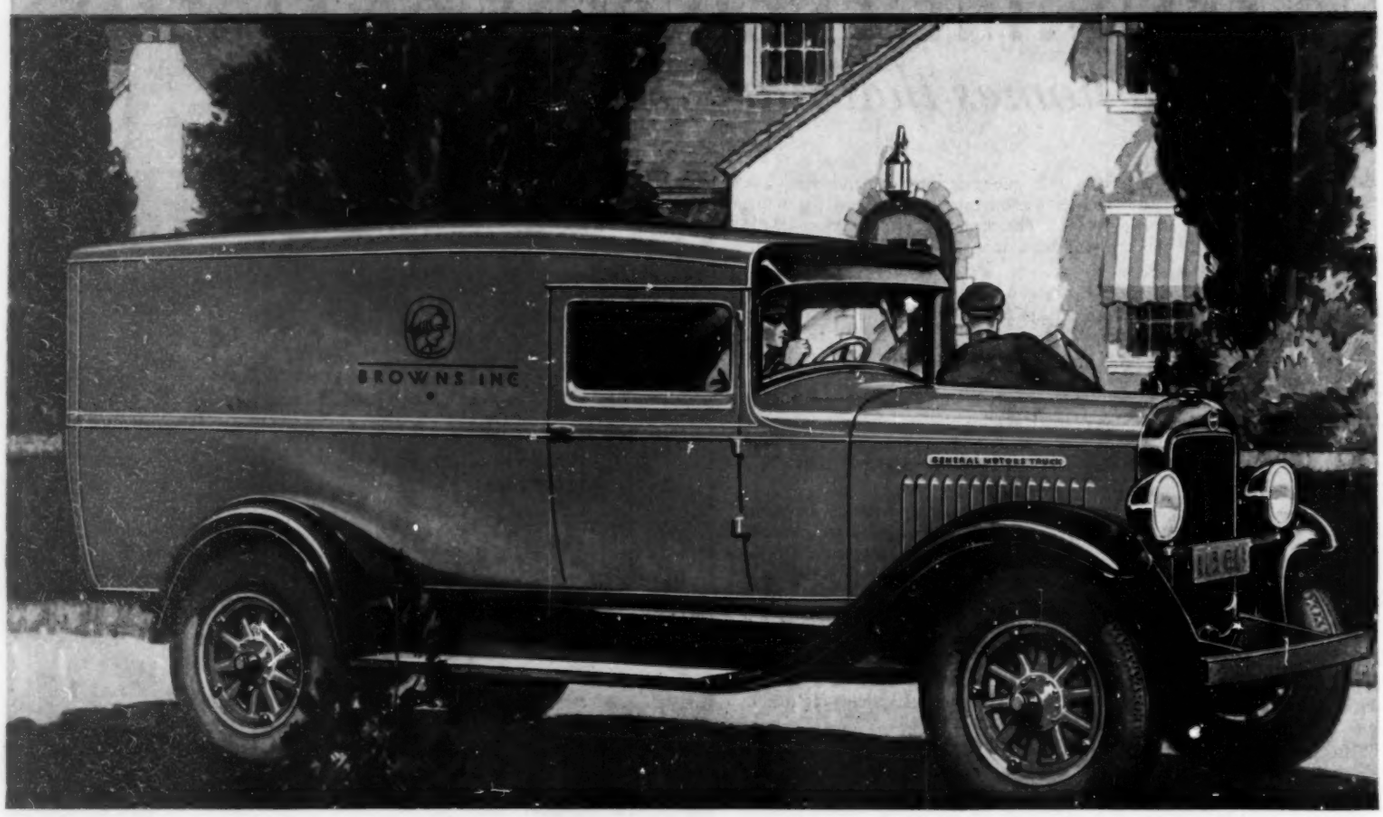

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THINK what it would mean to have trucks built to order for your work—*but at prices made possible by huge manufacturing volume and great engineering resources.*

That, in effect, is what 1930 General Motors Trucks offer *every* truck-owner. For *every* truck job there is now a model or type exactly suited, and soundly designed.

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½ TON	¾ TON	1 TON	1½ TON	1½ TON SUPER-POWER	2 TON
$625	$695	$745	$960	$1265	$1545

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MOTORS TRUCKS

33 CHASSIS
118 DIFFERENT *types*

great reserve power (increased in medium- and heavy-duty models) . . . sensational steering ease . . . effective 4-wheel *truck* brakes . . . magnificent cabs . . . tire equipment that insures maximum mileage . . . remarkable standardization . . . and many more.

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SIX WHEELER

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No one knows the value of regular and thorough lubrication better than the builder of your car. To impress you, he devoted a large part of his instruction book to the necessity of complete lubrication with high-quality products, such as—

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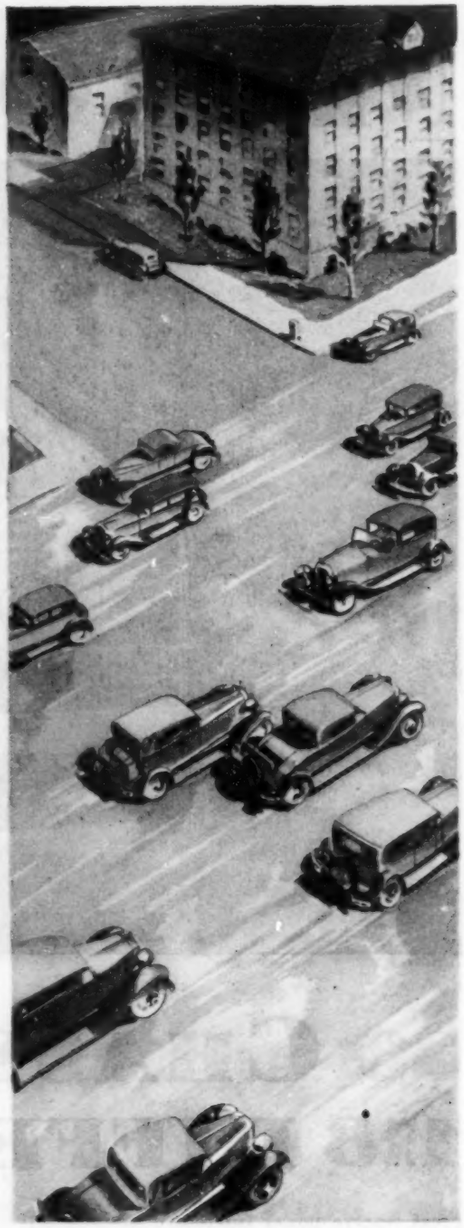

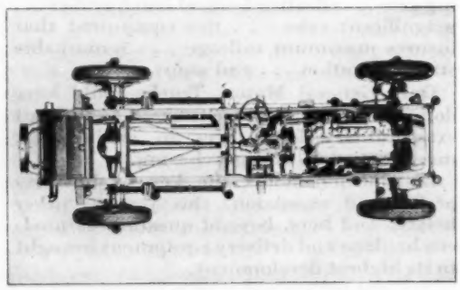

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A powerful, clean-burning motor fuel—always on the job—ready to go when you are. Starts instantly—picks up like lightning—delivers full power in all gears.

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Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

(Continued from Page 62)

ex-husband with the disdain due a butler and the frigid courtesy which is the lot of a social secretary, appeared not unpleased to see him and readily accepted his invitation for a drive.

Out on the Montgomery highway, Lexicon made his play for happiness.

"Coral," he announced, "you is doin' me wrong."

"You says?"

"I do. You is stealin' my job away."

"I ain't doin' nothin' of the sort."

"You know dog-gone good an' well that you is. Was you to make ma'iage with Magnolius, I couldn't keep on workin' fo' you."

She threw back her head and laughed. "What given you the idea that I was figurin' to ma'y Magnolius?"

"Ev'ything."

"Ev'ything ain't nothin', Lexicon. Ise just amusin' myse'f with that dark boy."

"An' wouldn't you ma'y him if you could?"

"M-m-m! Maybe so an' maybe not."

"Oh, Coral," he groaned, "that ain't no way to treat a gemmun which you has been related to by ma'iage. They's lots of other fellers in the world which is better'n Magnolius."

"You ain't tellin' me nothin' I don't know, Lexicon. I ain't never in all my life seen no feller which liked himself so much. All he talks about is how swell he is an' how all the gals is crazy 'bout him an' how he's the best pitcher actor in the world. But," she finished reflectively, "he sho has got social position an' plenty cash money."

"Them ain't the only things in the world," commented the miserable Mr. Vick.

"They sholy ain't," she answered softly. "An' Ise the gal what knows."

"So you won't ma'y him?"

"I ain't said such. Ise a lonely lady, Lexicon, an' I yearn fo' friendship."

"Why not try to find it in Atlanta or N'Yawlins? Them is swell towns."

"I like Bumminham better."

"Why?"

"There's reasons."

"What kind of reasons?"

"Nemmin' what kind."

"I do mind. An' I'd do anything in the world to git you offen this idea of ma'yin' Magnolius Ricketts."

"Not anything?"

"Uh-huh."

"Absolutely?"

"I said it."

She came very close to him. "Don't you like me no mo', Lexicon?"

"Yeh"—he was fearful of arousing her anger, and so went one step too far—"Ise crazy 'bout you."

"You ain't really?"

"I guess I know is I crazy or not."

"Oh, Lexicon! An' has you missed me since us got divorced away fum each other?"

"An' how!" he answered, with an enthusiasm which concealed his real meaning.

Just what happened after that Lexicon never remembered very clearly. A pair of arms were about his neck, lips were whispering honeyed phrases in his ear, and Mr. Lexicon Vick emerged from a daze to find himself reëngaged to his ex-wife!

As he reflected upon the situation later that night, after pledging her to secrecy, it seemed little short of catastrophic. Trouble had developed into disaster. Instead of jeopardizing his cherished job by finding his ex-wife married to his employer, he was now obligated to incur the fury of that employer by himself wedding the girl over whom Magnolius had lost his head.

But if Lexicon was worried, he was also thoughtful. Sad experience had taught him much about the lady in the case, and he seriously doubted the genuineness of her affection. Questions chased one another through his brain. Why had she come to Birmingham in the first place? Why had she been so sweet to him on the occasion of their first meeting? Why had she made a calculated play for the prominent and wealthy Magnolius, only to discard him at the first opportunity?

In desperation, Lexicon indited a confidential letter to a former buddy in Winston-Salem, and then, for one unhappy week, he acted in his various capacities while Coral continued to play around with Magnolius and at the same time remembered her promise to keep secret the fact of her engagement to Lexicon.

Then came a letter from Winston-Salem. In it was also a letter from a firm of colored lawyers, but it was the missive from his intimate friend which conveyed a full explanation to Lexicon Vick:

my dere Lexxicon: I rekon a gal like Coral wood shure want to perform marrige with you agane on acct. as the inclosed letter will show, you has fell hair to five thousand dollars cash monney wich was left to you by yore uncle at the very time he hapened to become compleetly deceased. I has seen these here lawyers an they say all you has got to do is prove you is you and money will be 4thcoming. I wish you lots of luck but if you marry Coral agane you is a dam fool. Affectly, yore frend,

WILLIE.

Lexicon placed one hand to a throbbing forehead and groaned. He realized clearly that he had been victimized by a clever woman. The play had been for him all the time, and Coral merely had used Magnolius to arouse Lexicon to the point of something which might be construed as a proposal. Of course she knew all about his inheritance, and equally, of course, the Winston-Salem lawyers had been unable to communicate with him in Birmingham, since they didn't know where he was.

The more Lexicon reflected upon the predicament in which he found himself, the more convinced he became that something drastic must be done to terminate his engagement. But he knew that the job would not be easy. Her well-laid plans had carried through successfully, and she wasn't the type of woman to relinquish her interest in a large sum of money without considerable battle and embarrassment. And in the midst of his misery, Magnolius Ricketts summoned him into conference as social secretary. One look at the unhappy countenance of his boss and Lexicon realized that more trouble was in the offing. Mr. Ricketts came right to the point.

"Whoa is me!" he commented sepulchrally.

"It sholy is," agreed the secretary. "But how come?"

"Ise in a mess, Mistuh Secretary."

"What kind of a mess?"

Magnolius' head rolled from side to side.

"I got uncautious las' night an' this mawnin' I finds myse'f engaged to ma'y that fool Coral Hench!"

Lexicon's eyes popped.

"Y-y-y-you mean you an' Miss Hench is engaged?"

"Uh-huh."

"Engaged to git ma'ied?"

"Say, listen, idjit! What does a man an' woman of the opposite sect usually git engaged to do?"

"I know. But it seems queer."

"Boy, it is queer, an' plenty. Honest, I never had no idee of gittin' engaged to her, nor neither to no other woman. Then the fust thing I knowed I was sayin' words which I didn't mean, an' now Ise in a fix." Magnolius glared at his employe. "You is my social secretary, ain't you, Lexicon?"

"Yas-suh."

"All right then. You got to git me out of this engagement."

"Me? Golly, Mistuh Ricketts, how?"

"I dunno how. Engagements is social customs, an' did I know a lot about 'em I woul'n't have you as secretary. You git me disengaged fum that gal, or else ——"

"Or else which?"

"Or else I gits me a secretary which comprehends how to git loose fum wimmin."

More trouble! Greater confoundment! But an idea was commencing to penetrate the brain of the social secretary.

"You is gwine leave me handle this my own way, Mistuh Ricketts?"

"Yas-suh. Any way which gits me clear fum that terrible female woman."

"Good!" snapped Lexicon. "I now commences to git busy."

All that afternoon and evening Lexicon Vick remained in executive session with himself. He and his boss were partners in misery, but he was developing a scheme; and the following morning, just before Magnolius went to the studio, Lexicon came to him.

"Heah," he announced, "is a letter I have wrote which is gwine fix ev'ything up just as soon as you sign it."

"Lemme see." Magnolius focused an eager eye on the document:

MISS CORAL HENCH

dere Lady: This is to notifry you formerly and officially that I an you ain't engaged to each other for the follering reasons:

1. I never did prepose to you.
2. I never had no mind to prepose to you.
3. I never said nothin which you had a right to think was a preposal.
4. You just grabed me an said we was engaged when we wasent, an I never said Yes, an what is more, I ain't goin' to.
5. I don't want to be engaged to you cause you ain't the sort of gal I crave to marry.
6. An last: even if we was engaged, which we wasent, we ain't now because even though we never was, I now call off our engagement.
7. Also all I want between us hereafter is distance, an I shore crave plenty of that.

Wishing you good health an happiness with some other feller (and that don't mean me) I am Yrs. truly

Magnolius was vastly impressed. "That seems like a noble letter, Lexicon. You reckon it will do the work?"

Mr. Vick smiled. "It's gwine do plenty, just as soon as you sign it."

"An' I won't have no mo' trouble with Coral?"

"Nary bit."

Eagerly Magnolius scrawled his signature. And then, immediately after he had departed for the Midnight lot, Lexicon Vick placed the letter before him and picked up his pen. In a firm, strong hand he added a postscript:

Miss Hench: All of what my boss has said herein above goes for me also.

LEXICON VICK.

For five days thereafter things moved serenely. Neither Magnolius nor Lexicon was afflicted with Coral and, consequently, both were happy. But on the morning of the sixth day there came a letter which struck terror to the heart of Mr. Vick:

EVANS CHEW
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR
PENNY PRUDENTIAL BANK BUILDING
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

MR. LEXICON VICK, ESQ.
℅ MR. MAGNOLIUS RICKETTS, ESQ.
CITY

Mr. Vick, Dear Sir: What are you trying to pull, anyway? Because no matter what it is, you are not going to be alowed to get away with it, not so long as their are Courts of Law an Justice in this Nobble & Soveregn State of Alabama.

This is to notify you ipso facto that my esteemed client, Miss Coral Hench, has instrucked me to institute suit against you for breech of promise of marriage in the sum of five thousand dollars ($5,000.00) and I write to inquire what are you going to do about it, if any?

If I can be suggestive, I would say that a quick settelment will save you a heap of trouble, worry, unhappiness, expense and a cetera. Yrs,

EVANS CHEW, *Lawyer.*

Instantly Mr. Vick was plunged into hitherto unplumbed depths of despair. He was hooked, and knew it. Also, his most ghastly suspicions were confirmed.

Coral knew all about his five-thousand-dollar inheritance and she was planning to extract it from him either by marriage or suit. No chance to protest that he was destitute; Coral knew better.

The only ray of hope lay in Lawyer Chew's mention that a settlement might be effected. And because Lexicon was terrified of lawyers, he went straight to the room of his ex-wife at the Cozy Home Hotel. Coral was cold and antagonistic, whereupon Lexicon grew angry.

"All right," he raved; "go ahaid an' see what you git."

"Ise gwine git plenty. My lawyer says so."

"He does, eh? An' I reckon he also knows you is engaged to Magnolius Ricketts, don't he?"

Coral's expression informed him that he had touched a vulnerable spot.

"I ain't engaged to Magnolius," she said in confusion.

"How come you ain't?"

"He written me a letter breaking off the engagement."

"Yeh! An' I signed that same letter; so if you ain't engaged to him, you ain't neither engaged to me."

"But I was engaged to you, an' you britch-of-promised me."

"I never done no such of a thing. You cain't be engaged to two men at the same time, else you ain't engaged to neither; so if you want to sue, go right ahaid."

"I will." He could see that his logic had struck home. "But I ain't cravin' to fight you in no co'ts."

"You mean you is willin' to settle?"

"Uh-huh."

"Fo' how much?"

"Thousan' dollars."

He gave vent to a raucous laugh. "Foolishment you talk with yo' mouf. Tell you what I'll do, Coral. I'll give you two hund'ed dollars."

Her case was desperate and she knew it. "Make it fo' hund'ed."

"Done!" he snapped. Immediately he busied himself with pen and paper.

His document, when completed, was a triumph of comprehensiveness. It released Lexicon from all claims which Coral might ever have had against him or ever would have; it stated, over her signature, that she never had possessed any claims anyway, and it furthermore bound her to remain away from Magnolius Ricketts, to refrain from any further talk of engagement to him, and, in the event that she broke her promise, the document was also a release from any action for breach of promise which she might consider that she had against the pompous actor.

The four hundred dollars was then paid to Coral, and Lexicon departed happily, after extracting from Miss Hench a promise to return immediately to Winston-Salem.

He rambled down Eighteenth Street feeling free as a bird. He dropped into Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor and ate luxuriously, but later in the evening he commenced to think. Of course he was net gainer to the extent of forty-six hundred dollars, thanks to his inheritance, but memory of the four hundred dollars he had expended on Coral rankled.

It occurred to him that Miss Hench might just as well have sued Magnolius for breach of promise, in which event that very financial gentleman would have been nicked for considerably more than four hundred. And hadn't he—Lexicon—saved Mr. Ricketts in the first place by becoming engaged to Coral? The double engagement had spiked her guns; only that slip on her part had made it possible to buy her off so cheaply.

Lexicon knew that Magnolius owed him a deep debt of gratitude, and that Mr. Ricketts would never hear of it. Furthermore, he owed Lexicon money. Magnolius would have been delighted to buy off at more than four hundred dollars.

"It's a dawg-bitted shame," reflected Mr. Vick, "that Coral didn't sue him 'stead of me."

Suddenly he stood very still. Then a smile creased his lips and he darted downtown to Semore Mashby's office. The skinny little money lender seemed glad to see his friend and readily permitted him to use the battered typewriter which stood in the corner.

Lexicon labored mightily. Using one finger of his right hand, he tapped out a perfect copy of the letter which Lawyer Chew had written to him threatening suit on behalf of Coral Hench.

Lexicon changed the letter in only two respects. Instead of addressing it to himself, he indited this one to Mr. Magnolius Ricketts, and just before reaching the amount of five thousand dollars he paused. That Magnolius should be forced to pay the

SLOW DOWN at street crossings for safety

THERE is a danger-point wherever one street crosses or joins another. The great majority of automobile collisions occur at such intersections.

All crossings should be approached with caution, shifting the right foot from accelerator to brake. Reduce speed so as to bring car under control before proceeding through the intersection. Do not depend upon horn to clear the way.

The observance of these and the few simple rules following will do much to reduce your chances of accident:

Brakes and steering-gear should be kept in good working condition and inspected at least twice a year.

Headlights should be maintained at proper focus; lights should be dimmed, as a matter of courtesy and safety, when meeting other cars.

When car is parked at a curb after dark, parking lights should be used to prevent a possible collision.

Do not pass other cars on curves or when approaching the crest of a hill—nor on straightaways when there is not ample distance between you and oncoming traffic.

Road courtesy forbids the forcing of an approaching motorist to slow up or turn out to allow one car to pass another that is going in the same direction.

Tires on which the serrated tread has been worn smooth are the principal cause of skids and of blow-out accidents. Tire chains should be used when roadways are slippery.

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Even with the exercise of greatest care, insurance is an economic necessity. The agent of this Company in your city will be pleased to study your insurance problems and assist you in arranging needed insurance.

Indemnity Insurance Company of North America

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and affiliated North America Companies write practically every form of insurance except life

four hundred dollars was a conclusion beyond argument. But now Lexicon recalled again the shrewd and unfair trick Magnolius had done him in the matter of domestic regalia. That four hundred dollars had long rankled in Lexicon's bosom. The clothes never should have been charged to him in the first place, and here, it seemed, was his chance to reimburse himself for an extravagant expenditure which had been thrust upon him against his wishes.

If Coral had settled a five-thousand-dollar breach-of-promise suit for four hundred dollars, then certainly eight hundred dollars would make a fair settlement basis for a suit of double proportions. Whereupon Lexicon notified his boss that suit was being brought for ten thousand dollars. Otherwise, the letter was identical with that received by him. And of course he was determined that Mr. Ricketts should never know that Coral already had been bought off.

The following evening Magnolius rang the buzzer in his apartment. Lexicon poked his head in the door.

"Which one of me does you want, Mistuh Ricketts?"

"I don't care which one, so long as his name is Lexicon Vick. C'mere."

Lexicon sidled into the room and gazed upon the spectacle of his lengthy boss being furious.

Beads of perspiration stood out on Magnolius' face, and his big body was trembling violently. He shoved into Lexicon's hand the very letter which Mr. Vick had written the previous evening.

"Read that!" he ordered. "Read it, an' he'p me weep!"

Lexicon read and made a clucking noise intended to convey sympathy.

"Dawg-gone, Magnolius, you sho is in one awful mess."

"Who says so?"

"Well, ain't you?"

Mr. Ricketts whammed the desk with his fist. "Yes, I is—an' whose fault is it? I ask you that, dumb-bell."

"Ain't it yourn, Mistuh Ricketts?"

"No, it ain't."

"Then it must be hern."

"It ain't neither of usses fault. It's yo' fault—just yourn. I tol' you to git me unengaged to that gal, an' right away you send her a letter which if she britch-of-promises me, I ain't got a leg to stand on. Ise gwine see Lawyer Chew ——"

"Wait a minute, Mistuh Ricketts; just wait a minute an' refleck befo' you do such a foolish deed. Minute you go to Lawyer Chew, you show you is scared."

"What is I gwine do else?"

Lexicon struck an attitude. "Leave me handle it."

"You! Fumadiddles! Look where I is on account of you handlin' it in the fust place."

"Just the same," announced Mr. Vick with convincing seriousness, "I has got the lowdown on that gal an' I can handle her plenty. Only," he finished, "she ain't gwine lay off you less'n she gits some money."

"An' if I won't pay?"

"Then the co't will mos' likely say you has got to ma'y her."

"Oh, Lawsy! How much you reckon she'll settle fo'?"

"I dunno, Mistuh Ricketts. But I got a hunch eight hund'ed dollars cash money will do the work, an' not ary cent less."

Magnolius groaned. He protested. But in the end he was sold on the idea that eight hundred dollars was a small enough price to pay for his freedom.

"You gwine see that gal, Lexicon?"

"Uh-huh. But you got to keep yo' mouf shut."

Mr. Vick played his cards cleverly. First he ascertained that Coral had indeed departed for North Carolina, and then he remained passive long enough for Magnolius to work himself into a ferment of worry. Daily Mr. Ricketts requested a report and daily Lexicon announced that he was doing as well as could be expected; with the result that within a week Magnolius entertained only one ambition, and that was to become incontrovertibly clear of Coral.

Eventually, when Lexicon figured that he had aroused sufficient despair in the bosom of his boss, he arrayed himself in the costume of social secretary and requested an audience. He found Mr. Ricketts wallowing in the slough of despond.

"You ain't so hot, Mistuh Vick," Magnolius announced.

"How come I ain't?"

"'Cause all this time you has been workin' on that gal, an' you ain't got me free till yet."

"Who says so?"

Magnolius straightened and his eyes gleamed.

"Has you?"

Mr. Vick strutted. "Boss man," he said, "when Lexicon Vick goes to work, he really does somethin'. An' maybe this wasn't a job. There was times when I was worried plumb to death, but ev'ything is all right now."

Magnolius leaped across the room and clutched Lexicon by the shoulders.

"You mean I is free?"

"Tha's the most thing I mean, Mistuh Ricketts. An' furthermo', on payment to Miss Hench of eight hund'ed dollars cash money, I gotten her to sign a paper sayin' she never was engaged to you an' woul'n't be if she could. Also that she ain't got no claims on you of ary kind whichsoever."

"Praise be! You say she signed a writin' to that effeck?"

"She sholy did."

"Where's that paper, Lexicon? I crave to see it."

Something smote Mr. Vick immediately beneath the belt buckle. In all his clever scheming for the refund of money expended for Magnolius' benefit, plus the amount he honestly believed due him for uniforms, he had overlooked this contingency.

Magnolius wished to inspect Coral's release and he couldn't. True, Lexicon did possess a formal quitclaim signed by Coral Hench, but the document was damning in that it proclaimed that Lexicon also had been involved. Terror struck at Mr. Vick and he visioned his best efforts gone to waste and himself very much out of a cherished position.

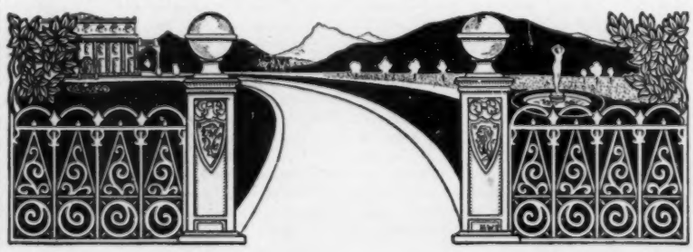
Necessity fathered swift invention. His brain functioned at lightning speed, and a desperately fantastic idea came to him. He stepped back, struck an attitude and spoke severely.

"Mistuh Ricketts," he inquired with dignity, "do you think I is such a rotten social secretary as all that?"

Magnolius sensed that he unwittingly had offended Lexicon, and his manner changed.

"I never said you was no rotten secretary, Lexicon. I just crave to feast my opticals on that release."

"Well, it posolutely cain't be done," said Lexicon sternly. "Because, Mistuh Ricketts, I ain't such a fool as to keep no such paper as that. I destroyed Coral's release immedjitly so as to get rid of every scrap of evidence."



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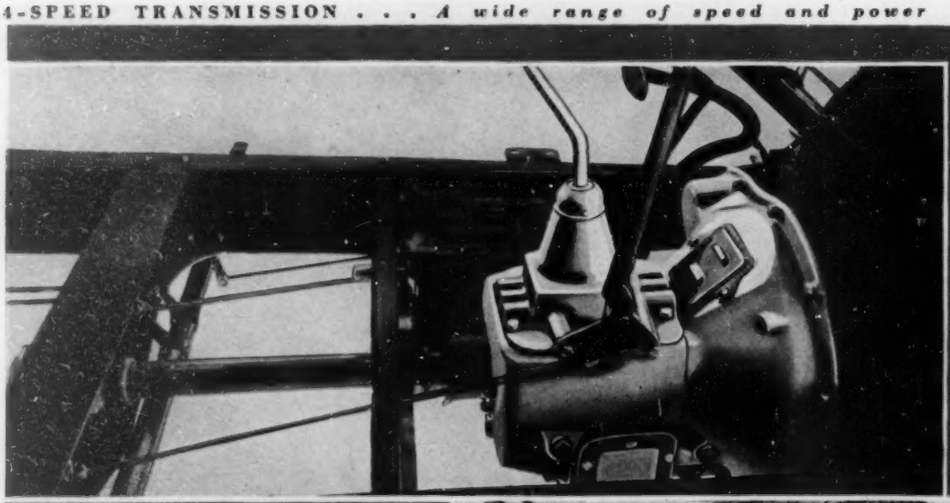

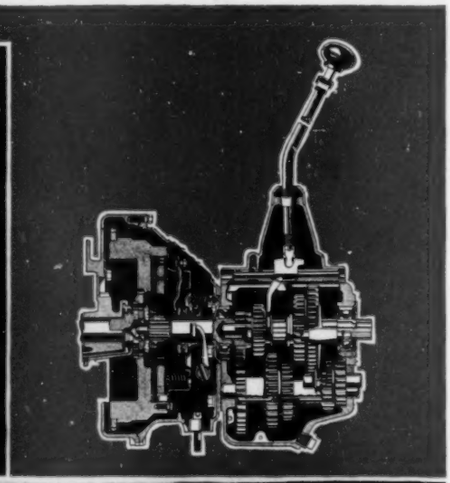

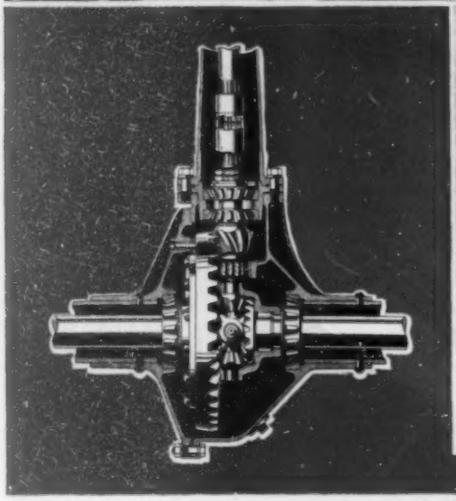

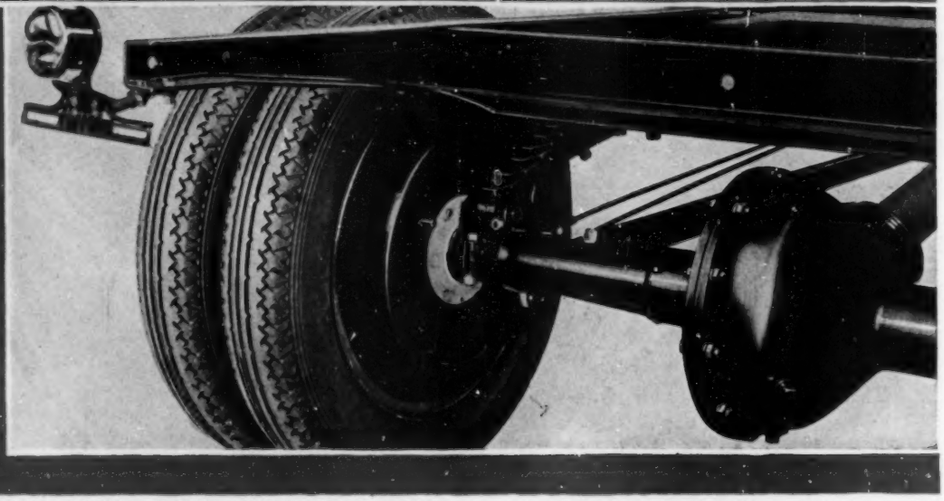

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THE Ford 1½-ton truck is a haulage unit carefully designed to provide unusual performance under a wide variety of conditions, and long, reliable service at minimum cost. With 4-speed transmission and 40-horse-power engine, the Ford truck has a remarkably flexible range of speed and power.

Rugged strength is a feature of the Ford truck. An important example is the new rear axle. It has a spiral bevel gear of special Ford truck design, with straddle-mounted pinions. The axle shafts are heavier than formerly, and because of the three-quarter floating type of axle construction, they serve only to turn the wheels, without carrying any of the weight of truck or load.

The new front axle and spring are stronger and heavier, as are front radius-rod, king-pins, wheel bearings and thrust bearings. Brakes on the front wheels have been enlarged to the same size as those on the rear wheels, providing increased braking area and a high degree of safety. Brakes are of the mechanical type, internal expanding, and all are fully enclosed. Controls have been redesigned, and operate with minimum effort.

Dual rear wheels are available at small additional cost. Balloon tires of one size are used throughout with the dual equipment, so that all six steel disc wheels and tires are interchangeable all around. Only one spare wheel and tire need be carried.

Ford

LARGER BRAKES . . . *Providing a greater degree of safety*

849

DIET AND BREATHING TO SWIM

(Continued from Page 54)

experiment with anything, the older person is tied up by fear.

At summer camps I have found it a waste of time to give the boys long talks on breath control and handling the body in the water. They are impatient to plunge in. It is best to give them a little instruction—as little as possible—and then get into the water with them.

One of the short cuts to teaching boys to swim is to put them to floating on their backs. This works like magic, especially for fat boys. They learn immediately that the water will support the body, and they are ready at once to learn something more.

Of course, my experience with instruction for beginners is fairly limited, owing to the fact that my career up to the present has been in the amateur field, and amateurs are forbidden to engage in teaching for pay. However, I have taught various friends and acquaintances here and there who have asked me for hints, naturally taking no compensation.

The Body Buoyant

Though I have not done much teaching, I have listened to my coach and others giving lessons times without number. Bachrach has taught thousands of beginners in his twenty-five years or more of devotion to the game, as well as developed championship-winning stars. So I think it may be permissible to borrow from him some hints on initiating beginners.

With older pupils he usually begins with a brief lecture on the fundamentals of breath control. This is logical, because it is the most important thing to learn; yet too many coaches, I think, yield to the impatience of the pupil to get into action, to do something with his arms and legs.

Large classes of beginners must of necessity be taught in shallow water, where they can look out for themselves. The individual, however, may be initiated even in deep water from the edge of a tank or wharf. Bachrach, who specializes on individual instruction, has evolved an interesting method of teaching body buoyancy in deep water. He maneuvers the pupil at the end of a stout bamboo pole. He keeps the swimmer close to the rail, to be grasped at any time. Also, he does not decoy the pupil far from the ladder. Instructing the beginner to grasp the pole, Bachrach has him push the pole out at arm's length. The pupil thus floats easily out from the ladder with his feet trailing, while Bachrach talks like this:

"Hold your breath. Keep your head up, your eyes on the ceiling. Do not move your legs. Keep the pole away from you, at arm's length. Ease your grip on the pole; don't hold it so tight. Blow out your breath, inhale and hold your breath. Do not draw the pole toward you; keep it at arm's length. Head up; don't kick with your feet."

Bachrach keeps up this line of chatter, stopping the swimmer now and then, making him recite every point of the instruction, until he begins to show signs of discipline. Then he is encouraged to let go of the pole with one hand, then to change hands. Thus the coach tows him up and down the tank for a distance of about ten feet, going through all motions slowly.

Next comes an important step. Instructing the swimmer to take a deep breath and hold it, he leads him to let go of the pole with one hand, then with both hands, slowly and easily. Any sudden movements are instantly penalized by a halt in the instruction while the swimmer is given a rousing bawling out. If he gasps for breath he is bawled out for that also.

When he lets go of the pole with both hands slowly and without a sign of panic, holds his breath, and just rests there on the water, moving arms and legs gently, Bachrach shouts for joy.

"What have you done?" he cries.

"I held my breath," the swimmer states.

"What of that?"

"I didn't think."

"Hooray! Eldorado! Eureka!" shouts Bachrach, calling upon everybody in the bath to come, gather around, witness and marvel; for here is another swimmer who has discovered for himself the most important thing to know in the water.

The body floats! Without effort! All you have to do is hold the breath and refrain from movement! The body floats!

It transcends the value of anything else a coach can teach—that the human body cannot sink in the water provided the breath is held, unless movements are made to pull it down, or unless head or hands are raised out of the water to force it down.

This method of teaching body buoyancy is not so well adapted to classes of large numbers. It is one point in which the individual type of instruction has a decided advantage over mass drill. However, the idea may be altered to the extent of turning the exercise over to the back. It is easy to teach a group lined up in shallow water how to float.

A person ignorant of the principles of navigation may learn to float without much trouble. Select a place where the water is waist-deep. Take a long breath, almost completely filling the lungs, and hold it. Extend the arms sideways, cross fashion, turn the palms down on the water, and lean slowly backward.

When the head is well back in the water, push off gently from the bottom and raise the legs to the horizontal position, so that the whole body rests flat upon the surface. Imagine that you are lying stretched out, completely relaxed, upon a bed. It is the softest bed you ever reclined upon.

If your push off from the bottom was both upward and backward, a slight momentum will be imparted to the body, adding to the buoyancy. Once off in this manner, you relax every muscle, except that you are still holding your breath. You hold it until the bobbing incident upon dropping backward ceases.

Then start breathing again. Perform the exhale and inhale very quickly, then hold the breath for a brief period. This makes the deflated period, when the body will be susceptible to sinking, too short for the decline to get under way.

Holding the breath for a period recovers any altitude you may lose in the respiration process. Thus the inflated period is always about four or five times longer than the deflated period.

Another Way to Float

Those having small bones, small muscles, and lots of fat will be able to learn floating very quickly; possibly at the first trial if they follow instructions.

It is important not to become frightened if water washes over the mouth as you lie stretched out. Water in the mouth should not bother anybody, as far as breathing is concerned. You drink a quantity of it daily through the mouth. When water enters the mouth, you can do one of three things—swallow it, hold it or expel it, just as you like. In the meantime, hold your breath. As soon as the body rectifies its position, your mouth will come clear and remain above the surface.

Those having large bones, large muscles, or long bodies, marked by an absence of fat, may encounter a tendency for the feet to lower in the water. This tendency may be equalized somewhat by moving the hands slowly forward in the water until they extend in advance of the head. Also, air may be sucked lower into the lungs, thus shifting the center of buoyancy in a manner to lift the legs. If these two maneuvers are not enough, the hands and feet may be employed in gentle, undulating paddling to support the body.

Some coaches advocate a still further adjustment. They say it is beneficial to bend the knees, separating them sidewise and bringing the feet together up toward the crotch. Some swimmers may be able to benefit from this reduction in the leverage of the legs.

Conscious Breathing

After the body buoyancy exercises, you may learn the principles of breath control. It may be pointed out that the fear which makes it hard for some people to learn to swim—the fear of strangulation—is overcome by learning how to avoid this unpleasant experience.

Bachrach has a very good illustration of how our lungs work, bringing out the value of this understanding in learning the method of breathing which insures against strangulation.

"Under normal conditions," he states, "while on dry land, our breathing apparatus works automatically. It requires no thought or direction on our part. The process is like that of a soft rubber ball with a hole in it—when squeezed, the air rushes out through the hole. When you release the ball, it does not fill up by sucking air in. The outside pressure of air forces the air in to fill the empty space, for 'Nature abhors a vacuum.'

"It is the same with our lungs. Contrary to belief, we do not suck air through our noses. All we actually do is to force air out of the lungs; air pressure takes care of refilling them. The air is forced out by the action of the diaphragm, a broad, flat muscle situated at the base of the lungs. When the diaphragm relaxes, air rushes in through the nose to fill the empty space created by the relaxation.

"On land in our familiar environment this diaphragm works unconsciously. Upon entering the water, however, you come to grips with a strange element. You find yourself in an abnormal situation. Fear enters the mind, preventing normal, unconscious functioning of brain and body. You must then force the diaphragm to work. To know that you must regulate your breathing by voluntary effort is the first thing. How to do it is the next thing."

The instinctive thing for a beginner to do is to hold his breath. As soon as he learns to overcome this, half his fight is won and he is ready for the finer points of swimming.

It has been more than a year now since I retired as an amateur, but I can't keep away from the water. Of course, there is no professional swimming competition, and I have not tied up with any coaching job yet. I've been in Florida, Bermuda and New York, swimming as much as ever for recreation, because I couldn't feel right without a daily workout in the water. I haven't decided yet what career I shall follow, but I have a hunch it will be that of an airplane pilot on one of the big transport lines. I've had an offer of a scholarship in a flying school, and I think I'll accept.

Anyhow, I've certainly had a great time swimming, and if I had my boyhood days to live over again, I can't imagine anything more interesting to do than just what I've done.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Weissmuller and Mr. Bush.

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TWIN-IGNITION EIGHT • TWIN-IGNITION SIX • SINGLE SIX

PLEASURES AND PITFALLS OF DIPLOMACY

(Continued from Page 52)

Baroness von Neurath, the new German Ambassadress. She is a delightful and dignified woman, half American, who has found Rome in many ways a difficult post, due to racial animosities held over from the war, not by the Italians but by certain of the Allied diplomats. It was extremely gratifying to those of us who admire her to have Queen Mary single her out so conspicuously. The baroness said, later in the evening, that they had spoken of mutual friends in Germany, and the Queen, born Princess of Teck, had been most gracious. It was plain to all the spectators that she was more animated and interested in this conversation than in any of the others.

It was not late when our hosts told us good night and shook hands with their royal guests, who retired through the door from which they had entered, immediately followed by the Italians through the other.

A gala opera was given the next night, a splendid spectacle, with the royal box attracting the attention away from the stage to such an extent that many of the audience stood up during it, turned their backs squarely on the performers and faced the kings and queens.

The next night the four royalties dined at the British Embassy, which, according to convention, became the temporary residence of the British rulers, who were, because of the necessary precedence, counted as the hosts, with the Italian King and Queen as their guests. At ten o'clock the other guests arrived, and Lady Sybil presented a number of distinguished Romans to Their Majesties, while one of Queen Elena's ladies in waiting singled out the people to whom she wished to speak.

All manner of rumors sprang into being before the visit ended. But as Rome is the source of endless rumors, many were undoubtedly without foundation. There was, for instance, the story that the King and Queen of Italy arrived from their country place at the British Embassy ahead of time, and King George was not there to receive them, which Umberto thought lacking in proper courtesy, but which irritated the British monarch even more, and he is said to have complained that if the Italian King had as efficient a staff as he had, this breach of etiquette of being early could not have occurred.

There was also a story to account for the fact that the Queen Mother, Margherita, was not in Rome to welcome the King and Queen of Great Britain. This was attributed to a luncheon party said to have occurred last year at Buckingham Palace, when her granddaughter, Princess Yolanda, was being entertained by Queen Mary, who, having exhausted the usual inquiries about the girl's family, finally, in desperation, said, "And tell me, my dear, just how long is it since your dear grandmother, Queen Margherita, passed away?" "So I thought it might embarrass her if I were resurrected," the very much alive Queen Mother is quoted as saying, when she heard of the approaching visit.

The usual crowded routine of the embassy has not paused during this time of royal entertainments; we've dined, lunched and gone to balls and musicales, and an occasional fancy dress party, and given innumerable parties here. Never have there been so many visiting Americans, probably due to the new interest in Rome stimulated by the Fascist régime. Our largest party for our compatriots was an afternoon reception for the American delegates to the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce and their families. Mussolini was good enough to attend this, and the several hundred guests seemed so eager to meet him that, if only he could attend every party, entertaining would be greatly simplified.

This afternoon we gave a tea for the American members of the International Women's Congress and those of our Italian friends who are interested in this movement. We have had a stream of other visitors, some of whom we knew before and many of whom had letters of introduction to us. In most cases we've had to concentrate on giving luncheons, including with our fellow countrymen Romans and foreign diplomats; for our evenings have been filled long in advance with formal dinners.

It is, on the whole, a genuine pleasure to see Americans here; the only difficulty is that, despite an apparent theory on the part of the inexperienced to the contrary, this is far from being our first social duty. Our arbitrary obligations are to the Court, our diplomatic colleagues and the Italians themselves. Except for the occasional visit of an admiral, a general, or a person of official prominence, our entertainment of Americans is largely a matter of personal prerogative. The representatives of other countries, even though they are given by their governments much larger salaries—often, in addition, an entertainment allowance, and usually splendid residences—do not feel impelled to extend personal hospitality to their countrymen to nearly the extent which we enjoy doing. Usually our guests are warmly appreciative; occasionally someone turns up who feels it is his or her right to be entertained, but they are people who've plainly never given the matter thought, or they would see the lack of dignity implied in a nation sending ambassadors to a foreign capital merely to give parties for tourists who happen to appear there.

June 28th.

Mussolini came to luncheon today, alone with Dick and me, and it proved a delightfully informal and pleasant occasion for both of us, and, I think, for him. After the two men had concluded their talk of politics and we had had coffee, the children were sent for. We had not told anyone in advance who our guest was, for the obvious reason that he, even more than the King, is at the mercy of cranks and political foes.

When Anne and Connie came into the drawing-room, having been informed only that there was a guest who wanted to see them, they stopped short, astonished and exuberant at finding it the Fascist leader. He wouldn't let us tell them his name, but said in Italian, "You don't know who I am?" And when they answered in chorus, "You're Mussolini!" he was naïvely pleased. He was so sweet and gentle with them—they are now just three and five—and told them stories of his children; the eldest of whom is thirteen, and, one hears, a remarkably able girl, and the youngest five—that I formed a new impression of him. It was the first time I've seen him when he's not been attended by at least one of his subordinates; usually there have been a number of people around, and I am convinced that he is fully conscious of putting on, like a mask, the facial expression and mannerisms he believes suitable for appearance in public. I remembered an argument he and I had less than a year ago, when he was not even a minor part of the government and, having discussed the three heroes of the Risorgimento, he insisted that Mazzini, as the dreamer, had been the greatest; I held out for Cavour, as the man who both planned and executed. Then we switched to the Fascisti, and I asked him what was the exact practical function in that organization of D'Annunzio.

"Perhaps Anglo-Saxons cannot understand the appeal to us his personality makes," he answered. "He has the power of words; he is poetic; he is dramatic. To us that is stirring. It has actual power."

I have often thought of this analysis as I have watched Mussolini in his own dramatic moments, and after seeing him today in his completely natural, unposed contacts with the children, I am more than

Then..it was a long stemmed clay for coolness

"The fact is, squire, the moment a man takes to a pipe he becomes a philosopher."
—Sam Slick, the Clockmaker

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ever convinced that he is fundamentally simple, completely sincere in his passion for his country's advancement, and—as proved by his refusal to accept the highest honors, the collar of the Annunziata, for instance, which would have conferred on him the honorary cousinship to the King; and his own personal lack of fortune, for he has been scrupulous in not taking for himself or his family any material gain—he is, above all, a patriot.

He is called a colossal egotist; so is every other powerful man. I believe, however, that he regards himself as an instrument, and Italy's advancement, not his own, is his underlying ambition. Whatever steps he may take toward it are not my concern; it is not as a politician but as a human being that he interests me profoundly. I believe his delightful sense of humor, his keen appreciation of irony, never desert him, and are strongest at the very moments when he infuriates his enemies by acting the character part of a reincarnated Cæsar. But whatever he may do, at least he does not commit the unforgivable sin of many lesser men in public life—of posing to himself.

VILLA APUANA, FORTE DEI MARMI, ITALY.
September 4th.

Our blissfully quiet and almost dutyless two months at this small resort on the Ligurian Sea reached an unexpected climax last night, when the King and Queen of the Belgians dined alone with us.

This summer we felt an even stronger need to get away from the overwhelming social program which has filled the past year and given us no free moments, but we could not go too far from Rome; so, at the suggestion of our great friend, Salvatore Cortesi, we rented a charming villa here, a mile from the village, with a cool, shady garden at the back and a stretch of white, sandy beach in front. Never have days been more pleasant; we brought the pile of books which the past ten months held no time to read; Dick has gone to the capital when business necessitated, but except for this, has worked in a study opposite mine, off the big high-ceilinged main salon, every day after an early breakfast until noon, when, with the children, we've gone in swimming. After luncheon, more work until four, when we've played tennis with various Italian and American friends who are staying near here.

A great many of the families who make this their summer home come from Florence or Siena, and are unlike the Romans and the cosmopolitan Italians we see during the winter. By the mere choice of Forte dei Marmi rather than the more popular resorts, they prove their liking for quiet days, with sports and picnics as the chief diversion. We have been delighted by the opportunity of acquaintances made under these circumstances, and of enlarging our knowledge of the country as a whole.

We brought a comparatively small domestic staff, for we knew there would be no formal entertaining, and our chef, who needs three assistants for his culinary triumphs of the winter, suggested that the second cook could do nicely here with only one kitchen boy.

Last week we learned that the Queen of the Belgians had arrived at the hotel in town, with Crown Prince Leopold, Prince Charles, and the Princess Marie-José, who, according to the inevitable rumor, is to marry the Italian Crown Prince when she is old enough. As Her Majesty was here incognito, I did not know whether or not she wanted to see any of the diplomatic corps, so I had a letter sent to her lady in waiting stating this, and adding that if it were not the case, I should be most pleased to call upon her.

A prompt reply came back, saying that the Queen would be glad to see me on either of the next two mornings at eleven.

Upon my arrival at the hotel, an aide met me in the lobby and took me up to a small sitting room, where Countess van den Steen de Jehay, the lady in waiting, greeted me. After a moment the Queen came in, in a cool gown of sheer white linen with a small white straw hat, and a bright pink carnation pinned below the collar. Perhaps the highest tribute I can pay her is that I forgot she was royalty while we were talking, and regarded her only as one of the most interesting women I've ever met. She explained the reason for asking me to come at such an early hour, by saying that when they had first come to Forte dei Marmi they had really believed they were incognito and had gone serenely down to the town beach, only to find, after putting on their bathing suits, that a mob of curious spectators were waiting for them. She painted a most amusing picture of her own reactions; her sudden consciousness, under these staring eyes, that she had arms and legs, and the almost paralyzing difficulty of plunging into the water.

"I knew then," she said, "how Eve felt just after she'd eaten the apple."

The result of this unpleasant experience was the prompt search for a secluded beach at some distance away, to which they now motored every morning, taking a picnic luncheon and books, and staying until late in the afternoon. She spoke of one of the tricks her son played on her—the same crown prince Lord Curzon had suggested be sent to Eton—who, as a superb swimmer, would go almost out of her sight in the water and then dive under and refuse to answer when she called. We talked of all manner of things, until, much as I enjoyed it, I felt as if her morning would be too far gone, but of course could not suggest leaving. When she indicated that the call was ended, I suggested that if her secluded beach was discovered, it would be a great pleasure for us to have them use ours, but that we had no desire to interrupt her quiet. She said she would enjoy seeing my husband and me again, but they had had to make a rule not to go out while here.

We were therefore doubly surprised when, two evenings ago, Countess van den Steen came to our villa and told us that the King had just arrived and Their Majesties would be glad to dine with us on either of the two following days.

Even as I assured her that we would be delighted to have them the next night, I was counting mentally the number of dishes which had been furnished with the house, regretting that our chef was not there, and wondering what I would wear, for we had not brought our most formal evening clothes. Most of these questions were solved by the countess' statement: "Their Majesties would prefer to come alone, without any of their suite. They will be here at eight. The King will wear a dinner jacket and the Queen an informal dinner gown with sleeves." Just before she left, she said, "And Her Majesty would like to see your two little girls before dinner. They are not to be kept up, but could they come down for a moment in their dressing gowns?"

The next morning our usual routine of work was interrupted by a hasty motor trip to Viareggio, the nearest large town. I had consulted with the butler and the cook, and it was necessary to search all the shops for the long lists they declared essential for a worthy meal.

A short time after eight we heard the motor coming down the drive; Dick went down the steps of the terrace and escorted them up to the salon. The King, whom I had not met before, proved as simple and delightful in manner as his wife. He was upset about their lateness, and apologized profusely, adding, with a glance at the Queen: "But it was not my fault."

She explained, even as she took off her light wrap, revealing a gown of white, again with only a bright flower for color, that on their way back from swimming, late that afternoon, the car had broken down and it had taken her longer to dress than him. She spoke of the relief of dining in a private house after her stay in a noisy modern hotel, and asked to see the children. They appeared, in kimonos, visibly awestruck, for their Italian playmates had talked so excitedly of the King and Queen that they expected crowns at the very least. But their timidity quickly vanished as the Queen, before they had finished their curtsies, picked each one up in her arms in turn and kissed them.

After they had been taken upstairs we went in to dinner, and the King, instead of going first, which is the prescribed rule, stood aside for the Queen and me. Two places were set at each side in the center of the candle-lighted refectory table, and as the various courses came on I had a housewifely feeling of relief that the servants had been inspired to heights of which I had not supposed them capable. We talked of politics and personalities, both European and American, with a freedom which was possible only because there were no other auditors. The Queen, in all matters touching upon diplomacy or economics, insisted upon the King expressing his opinion; when music, painting, or people were the topics, she talked animatedly and with conviction.

Afterward we went back to the drawing-room, and at perhaps eleven they left. It was one of the pleasantest evenings I've known, and never have we had guests who seemed more appreciative; they noticed even the smallest things—the flowers on the table, which were difficult to obtain at this season; the frescoes on the wall, painted, as it turned out, by a friend of the Queen's; the dry wine with the fish, which the King declared his favorite—all of which goes beyond mere technic and is part of the innate courtesy and graciousness which has made them the most popular crowned heads in Europe today.

They sent, this morning, their cards, a bouquet of carnations, and a note thanking us for a delightful evening.

We are now preparing to go down to Rome before sailing for the United States early in October. Our original decision to stay in Italy only two years had already had to be altered, for at just the time we planned to return, President Harding died. Mr. Coolidge wrote Dick urging him to stay on, and saying that it would be a personal favor not to resign when there are so many complications involved in a new régime. Our present trip will, therefore, be considered as official leave, but unless something unforeseen arises, we shall come back only to wind up matters over here. We have not renewed our two-year lease on the Palazzo Orsini, which expires the end of this month.

In addition to a nostalgic longing to be again in our own country, we are more convinced than when we came over, twenty-seven months ago, that except for times when there is a vital diplomatic job to be accomplished, an ambassador's post, no matter how interesting as an experience, when considered as a life career, is best suited for men whose personal fortune is large enough to remove all financial considerations, and who as individuals enjoy a formal and strictly prescribed social life.

PHOTO. BY A. C. SHELTON

Spring Flood Near the Headwaters of the Cuyahoga River, Ohio

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Maude Parker.

"Do you mean I'll SAVE money by putting in brass pipe?"

Certainly, you'll save . . . just as you save by putting in copper leaders and gutters, and bronze screens. Those things are exposed to the weather. You know it's real economy in the long run to have them made from rust-proof metal.

You practice the same wise spending when you put in Chase Alpha Brass Pipe. Pipe has water running through it all the time. And water means rust sooner or later—unless the pipe is rust-proof.

Chase Alpha Brass Pipe *cannot* rust . . . will never rust as long as your house stands. It saves its cost many times over by preventing repair bills that rustable pipe is bound to produce sooner or later.

Then there's the saving on damaged laundry . . . hard to estimate in dollars and cents—but rusty water can ruin a lot of fine linens and lingerie!

And that tremendous saving of personal discomfort! Do you like to wait twenty minutes for a bath to run? Or see the flow drop down to a thin trickle when a faucet's opened downstairs? Chase Alpha Brass Pipe makes these annoyances impossible.

And Chase Alpha Brass isn't expensive . . . only about ¾ of a cent per building dollar more than rustable pipe. For example: approximately $75.00 more for a $10,000 home.

Your plumbing contractor knows all about Chase Alpha Brass Pipe. It's made from a special Chase brass that plumbers like to work with.

Chase Alpha Brass Pipe is available everywhere—through plumbers. Be sure it's specified for your new home. You'll see the name and Chase-mark stamped every twelve inches on every length.

CHASE

This mark is stamped on all Chase plumbing products.

FOR REPLACING rusted pipe in your present home, Chase Copper Water Tubing and Chase Copper Water Tube Fittings.

READ THE ACTUAL COSTS

for these buildings designed by Laurence M. Loeb, architect, of New Rochelle, N. Y.

A DIFFERENCE OF $43.00* between rustable pipe and Chase Alpha Brass Pipe for this 6 room & bath house.

ONLY $85.00* MORE to equip this 7-room, 2-bath home with Chase Alpha Brass Pipe.

9 ROOMS and 3 BATHS—yet Chase Alpha Brass Pipe adds only $175.00* to the total building cost.

A 25-FAMILY APARTMENT HOUSE—Chase Alpha Brass Pipe costs only $1,350.00* extra throughout.

**Amounts will vary slightly in different localities, but are usually about ¼ of 1% of building cost.*

CHASE *Alpha* BRASS PIPE

A PRODUCT OF CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.—Incorporated—Waterbury, Conn.

Chase Leaders and Gutters — Chase Bronze Screen Cloth — Chase Plumbing Supplies — Chase Copper and Brass in Sheets, Tubes and Rods for every industrial use

THE WORLD IS A SHOWCASE OF DU PONT FINISHES

EVERYWHERE you see sparkling and enduring beauty made possible by du Pont. Leading manufacturers use du Pont enamels, varnishes, lacquers, to obtain finishes that protect their products and add to their value.

Duco is one of these du Pont finishes you know well. On furniture and other wood products, Duco gives a lustrous finish that does not check, crack, or craze . . . that does not become tacky. On all metal objects, as on automobiles, it supplies a hard, waterproof finish that stays beautiful.

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To be sure that the product you buy will retain its original attractiveness, ask if the finish is "by du Pont" — or look for the Oval Duco Seal. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Industrial Finishes Division, Parlin, N. J., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, Calif., Everett, Mass., or Canadian Industries Limited, Paint and Varnish Division, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Just a reminder that Duco to be applied with a brush for household use can be purchased at good paint and hardware stores . . . that there is a No. 7 Duco Polish for protecting and beautifying the finish of your automobile . . . that Duco Household Cement is now available for making and mending.

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What if a DUCO FINISH on a metal bed does cost the manufacturer a little more? You get a better-looking bed - that serves you longer

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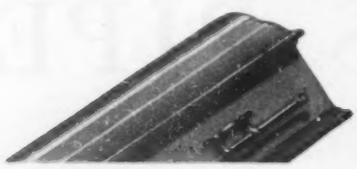
DUCO FINISH increases the value of modern bedroom suites, by adding to their beauty and retaining their original charm.

DUCO on washing machines is evidence of the maker's desire to give you the best and most durable finish possible.



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AUTHORIZED AUTO RE-FINISHING STATION
2200 DUCO FINISHED signs like this indicate Authorized Refinishing Stations appointed by DU PONT to give automobiles the enduring beauty of DUCO.
Through stormy weather and clear — DU PONT FINISHES protect airplanes with visible colors.
DUCO FINISH gives enduring protection and beauty to the steel flanks of giant locomotives and the exterior and interior of all passenger equipment.
DUCO FINISH enables ten wagons to retain their fresh appearance... that look of smartness which helps to make afternoon teas a success.
Farm machinery need not be beautiful. But it may be kept safe against rust and corrosion. DU PONT FINISHES help keep it workin
DUCO FINISH on refrigerators, kitchen cabinets and tables, knife handles, etc., is evidence of the enduring qualities of much household equipment.
DU PONT FINISHES are as enduring on and in the water as on land. They protect and decorate the ocean liner as well as small sport craft.
You can rely on desks to look their best and keep their good looks longer if they are finished in DUCO.
Radio manufacturers seek to satisfy your ear with fine reproduction ...and your eye with cabinets made enduringly beautiful with DUCO and other DU PONT FINISHES.
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ut DUCO FINISH on clocks retains its freshness and beauty
The DUCO-FINISHED typewriter retains its bright and shining appearance through years of pounding.
On whirring lathes...on drill presses...and other heavy machinery DU PONT FINISHES stand the gaff of strenuous day-in and day-out service.
d durability of DU PONT FINISHES cially valuable in protecting and decorating radiators and radiator covers.
FINISHED WITH
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LOOK for this symbol on articles you buy. It is your assurance of a lasting finish which industry uses to protect its own investments and to keep its faith with you.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

(Continued from Page 27)

support as far as possible the administration of which he is a part. The general counsel of a great corporation sees things from the corporate point of view and you call him a corporation lawyer. The legal adviser of the League of Nations must naturally and properly function as the attorney general of the League. He must effectuate its policy as far as this may conscientiously be done.

Not Too Late to Act

It is this semipolitical function which leads Judge de Bustamante to say that "the Court is the advisory organ of the League of Nations." No amount of indignant assertion that judges cannot be thus drawn into politics suffices to relieve the situation. The instant you impose upon a Court the duty of advising a political body, you inject into the Court the germ of disaster. It is this dangerous and unwise attempt to combine the judicial function performed by the Court for litigants with the advisory function thus to be performed for the League which prompted that distinguished American jurist, John Bassett Moore, lately a judge of the World Court, to say that the advisory function is "admittedly inconsistent with and potentially destructive of the judicial character with which the Court has undoubtedly been invested." In England an ancient usage gave the King and the House of Lords the right to demand an opinion of the King's judges upon legal or legislative questions. The attempt of the political end of the government to assert supremacy over the judges wrote many unhappy chapters into English history. The effort to transfer the practice of advisory opinions into the American judicial system has happily failed. In only seven states did the practice gain a foothold, and even in them the governors have never had such a call upon the courts as that to which the World Court is subjected by the Fourteenth Article of the League Covenant. The people of the United States have definitely decided that their Government shall not enter the League of Nations. The same reasons which prompted that wise decision make it imperative that if we adhere to the World Court we should do so only upon terms which protect us against the political consequences of supporting the legal adviser of a body with which we have decided not to become entangled.

No such effort at protection was made by President Harding when, on February 24, 1923, he sent a message to the Senate calling attention to the question of adherence to the Court. As part of his message he sent a letter from the then Secretary of State, proposing four conditions of adherence. No one of these conditions dealt with the point now in controversy. If we had adhered to the Court upon the terms thus proposed, we should today be involved in the entanglements against which it is happily not too late to protect ourselves.

It was in order to secure for the United States that which the Harding proposals failed to provide that the Senate, on January 27, 1926, when adopting the resolution of adherence by a vote of 76 to 17, included among others the following condition of adherence:

> V. That the Court shall not . . . without the consent of the United States, entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest.

There is no room for misunderstanding the meaning of the resolution of adherence with this condition embedded in it. The United States thereby plainly expresses its willingness to support the Permanent Court and to leave it free to discharge the great and useful judicial function for which it was created. With equal definiteness, however, the United States declares that in a case in which we claim an interest, the League of Nations is not to be allowed to work its way into the controversy by a demand upon the Court for its advice. The real significance of the Senate condition is not that it imposes an arbitrary limitation upon the Court but that it protects both the Court and the United States from the use of the Court by the League as an opening through which the League may intermeddle in a controversy between sovereign states.

From the day the Senate laid down this condition to the present time no responsible person has, as far as I know, advanced any reason whatever why the parties to the Protocol should not be satisfied with this condition. In making this assertion I have in mind the fact that the amendments recently made to the Protocol and to the statute of the Court are alleged to have an effect equivalent to the effect of the Senate condition. If those who make this contention are right, then the Senate is being asked to rescind its own resolution, drawn in language of its own choosing, and pass another resolution, wordy, obscure and ambiguous, but asserted by those who favor it to have the same meaning as the one which it is to supersede. It seems to me that the time has come when senators of all shades of thought should have the courage to refuse to make such an unreasonable substitution. If, as I contend, the proposed substitute falls far short of the protection afforded the United States by the Senate condition, that is a still stronger reason why senators should refuse to accept it. The best way to test the efficacy of the substitute is to picture a future international controversy and then compare the Senate condition and the substitute in their application to the facts thus pictured. In stating such an imaginary case it is hardly necessary to say that the designation of the disputants is merely for the purpose of illustration and contains no implication that the particular controversy thus imagined will ever become a real one.

Suppose a dispute were to arise between Mexico and Japan respecting a large amount of territory in Mexico, near our border, claimed to have been acquired by Japanese subjects. Suppose that feeling ran high and that the dispute was not referred by Mexico and Japan to the World Court. Suppose that the Council of the League of Nations, sitting in Geneva, should be of opinion that it would conduce to the peace of the world to have the World Court advise whether Japan or Mexico was right and were to call upon its advisory organ to act. Further suppose that although no protest was forthcoming from either disputant, yet the United States were to believe that action by the Court—no matter what its decision might be—would be like dropping a lighted match into a powder magazine. Finally, suppose that the United States were to claim a neighbor's interest in the question and were to register with the Court a formal objection to the League's call for advice. From the point of view of the United States, what effect is it desirable that our objection should have?

Potential Danger

Under the operation of the Senate condition the Court would be deprived of power even to entertain the League's request. This is clear to the point of demonstration, and it is precisely the result which common sense would dictate. There would be no temptation to the League or any of its members to bring pressure to bear upon the Court or to create atmosphere favorable to any particular solution of the problem involved. The Court would be relieved of all this and could never have anything to do with the dispute unless and until the disputants, of their own free will and accord, were to submit the controversy to the Court for orderly hearing and determination.

As compared with this clean-cut and effective way of dealing with a dangerous situation, the recent amendment to the Protocol provides for notice to us of the request by the League for advice from the Court, for the respectful consideration of our protest against such request, for an opportunity to present our reasons in support of it, for our right to withdraw our support from the Court "without any imputation of unfriendliness" if our protest is not sustained, and proceeds to leave the Court free to apply the match to the powder magazine. It is hard for me to understand how anybody with worldly wisdom can possibly be of the opinion that to risk a destructive explosion is as likely to preserve the peace of the world as to prevent the explosion from occurring. I note with something like indignation the disingenuous language in which this amendment to the Protocol is framed. Its preamble recites that the signatories "have mutually agreed upon the following provisions regarding the adherence of the United States of America to the said Protocol subject to the five reservations formulated by the United States in the resolution adopted by the Senate on January 27, 1926."

The Eastern Karelia Case

Article 5 of the amendment begins thus: "With a view to insuring that the Court shall not, without the consent of the United States, entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest. . . ."

The incautious reader is by this language led to assume that the amendment is about to write the Senate condition into the Protocol. Instead of doing this, however, the amendment proceeds to emasculate the Senate condition by leaving the Court free to disregard our protest and, by emasculating it, falsifies the very declaration with which the amendment itself begins. It is significant that our own State Department was evidently misled by this trick of language, for in the Department's letter of November 18, 1929, to the President, the latter is informed that the conditions set out in the resolution of the Senate had been accepted at Geneva by the amendment to the Protocol. It is subtlety which results in such a mistake as this against which the Senate should be on its guard when it comes to examine the amendment to the statute of the Court to which I next invite attention.

I have specified the danger to be guarded against. I have pointed out that the Harding reservations wholly failed to provide a safeguard. I have shown that the condition of adherence insisted upon by the Senate deals effectively with the danger by preventing it from occurring. I have further shown that the recent amendment to the Protocol of the Court wholly fails to prevent the danger and merely gives to the United States a right which it would have had at any rate—the right, namely, to withdraw its adherence if its solemn protest were disregarded. I now come to the contention that the inadequacy of the amendment to the Procotol has been effectively supplemented by the following amendment to the statute of the Court: "In the exercise of its advisory function the Court shall further be guided by the provisions of the statute which apply to contentious cases to the extent which it recognizes them to be applicable." By a "contentious case" is meant a case which disputing nations have voluntarily referred to the Court for hearing and decision.

Since the jurisdiction of the Court to entertain and decide contentious cases depends upon the consent of the parties to the contention, it is now gravely asserted by the framers of this amendment that the language above quoted binds the Court not to entertain a demand from the League of Nations for an advisory opinion unless the nations claiming an interest in the controversy consent that the Court shall comply with the demand. If language means anything, the language of the amendment leaves the Court free to determine whether or not it recognizes this element of consent as applicable. There are many provisions in the statute which apply to contentious cases. The amendment declares in so many words that in the case of its advisory function the Court shall be guided by these provisions "to the extent which it—the Court itself—recognizes them to be applicable." This necessarily means that when called upon for an advisory opinion in a particular case, the Court is to determine for itself whether one, two, three, four or all of the provisions applicable to contentious cases are to be applied to the case that is not contentious. If the Court, upon a given state of facts, declines to recognize the element of consent as applicable, it is left as absolutely free to comply with the demand and give the advice as if this amendment to the statute had never been written.

It is argued, however, that in a case decided by the Court some time ago it actually recognized the necessity of general consent by refusing to render an opinion in the absence of the consent of one of the parties to the dispute. In other words, it is solemnly asserted by the proponents of the amendment that because in one case in the past the Court has recognized consent as necessary, it is deprived of the freedom given it by the amendment to determine in future cases the extent to which it will recognize the element of consent as applicable. Other people may be satisfied by such reasoning. To me, it sounds like the merest sophistry.

The case relied upon as depriving the Court of the element of discretion plainly given to it by the amendment was what is known as the Eastern Karelia case. This was a dispute respecting the effect of the treaty of Dorpat between Finland and Russia. The disputing nations did not refer the dispute to the Court. The Council of the League of Nations, however, called upon the Court for an advisory opinion. The Russian Soviet Government, with an acumen which might be imitated by governments in better standing, sent a telegram to the president of the Court refusing to take any part in the proceedings because it considered them as "without legal value either in substance or in form." An acute difference of opinion thereupon arose among the judges of the Court whether, in the face of this protest, they ought to comply with the demand of the Council of the League. If all the incidents of this controversy among the judges of the Court were ever made public it would doubtless make interesting reading. On July 3, 1923, the Court, by a vote of 6 to 4, declined to give an advisory opinion, "believing," as Judge de Bustamante says, "that the refusal of the Russian Government to lend its assistance made it impossible to complete the investigation of the case which presupposed the consent and the cooperation of both parties." Judge de Bustamante himself was one of the four who voted to entertain the request to render the opinion in spite of the protest of Russia. Recognizing as a general principle that a nation has no obligation to submit its disputes to a tribunal without its consent, he and the other minority judges were of opinion that that principle was not applicable to a demand emanating from the League.

Censured by the League Council

"The Court," he declares on page 278 of his book, "is the advisory organ of the League of Nations and it is not easy to understand how it can refuse to give an opinion that is asked for when it is a question of international law that is involved. It is not enough to say that one of the interested parties believes that its intervention is unjustified. A person who is consulted by an organism or a person that has the right to consult him, cannot fold his arms and sit back because of the will or the desire of some other person who may be affected by the consultation, whether or not

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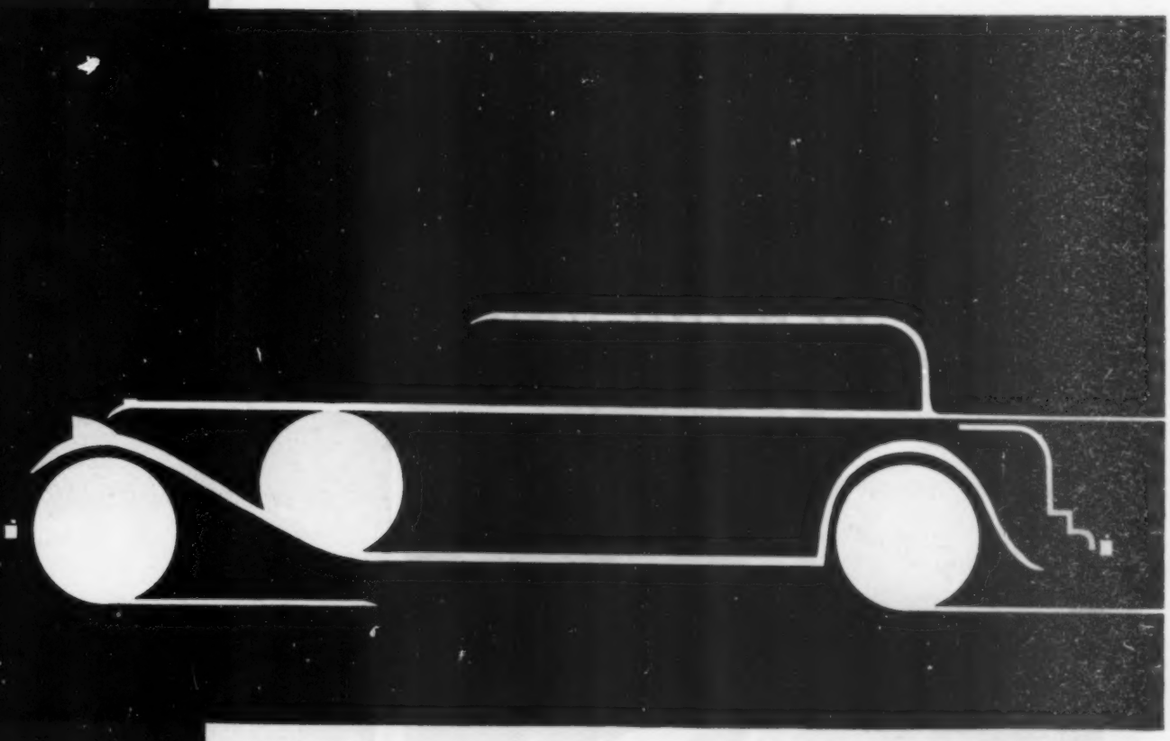

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There is a brand new performance quality in the majority of modern motor cars known as pistonpep. Basically, the reason for this newest development is the light alloy piston—the Nelson Bohnalite Piston. △ △ The application of this light alloy piston overcomes inertia—engine sluggishness—for the metal from which this latest piston is made is Bohnalite—a new alloy which is 62% lighter than iron. △ △ Lighter pistons permit a corresponding weight reduction in related engine parts. Less metal weight, for exploding gasoline to keep in rapid movement, creates pistonpep—that stimulating new quality so desired by everyone. △ △ Nelson Bohnalite Pistons are responsible for pistonpep which means snappier acceleration—a quieter engine—smoother operation—increased riding comfort—a new economy—longer engine life. △ △ Be sure that you get pistonpep in the motor car you select. You can be certain of this by asking for Nelson Bohnalite Pistons. △ △ Over 50,000,000 of this new type light alloy pistons are in use.

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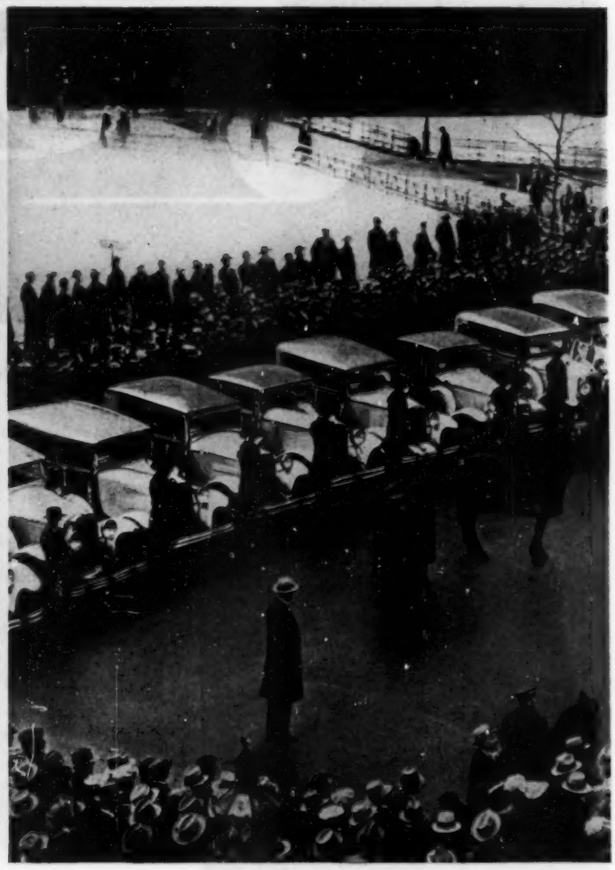


New 1930 Goodrich Silver Fleet Leaves Today on Demonstration Run Even More Grueling than Last Year's 30,000-Mile Tour

BULLETIN—*Akron, O., March 29—Leaving widely separated bases simultaneously today, the new 1930 Silver Fleet in separate units begins a demonstration run that outstrips even last year's tour for concentrated tire wear. Cars of the new Fleet will keep to the road constantly . . . traveling 600 miles each day, 6 days a week, reporting mileage figures to Akron. These facts will be broadcast to tire buyers through thousands of Goodrich dealers.*

• • •

Again . . . they're off! Headed over the country's roads, just like the 1929 Goodrich Silver Fleet. But facing a grind even harder, even longer, than last year's record-breaking 30,000-mile tour.

For the cars of this year's Fleet must travel 600 miles *every day*. They must be out on the road 6 days each week. They will take no time off for receptions, parades and ceremonies, but keep constantly on the job providing tire buyers with up-to-the-minute, straight-from-the-road information on how Silvertowns perform!

At this rate, these cars will concentrate a year's road experience of the average car owner into a period of a few short weeks. The total distance traveled will reach 60,000 . . . 70,000 . . . possibly 80,000 miles before the cars return to Akron.

Each car in the new Silver Fleet will be weighted down to duplicate actual driving and load conditions. No passengers will be carried because of these load calculations.

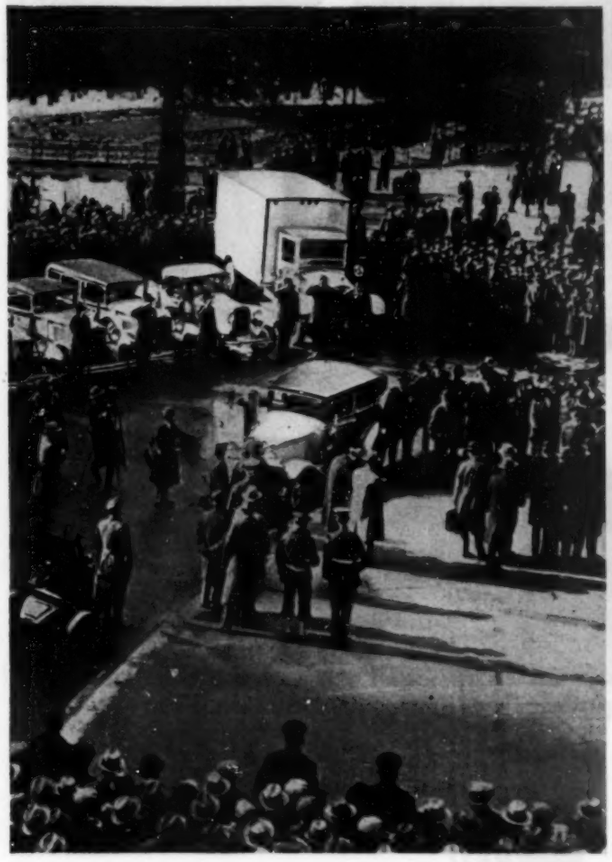
In addition to this, cars will travel in separate units, each confined to its own section of the country. Thus tire buyers in the south, the west, the populous middle west and east will know, from the record of their respective units, just how Silvertowns perform under conditions exclusive to their own section of the country!

This year's Fleet, like last year's, is organized

take the Road!

SILVER FLEET HOPS OFF...

performance facts



Inasmuch as this publication goes to press 8 weeks in advance of the date you receive it, we could not show you pictures of the new Silver Fleet on the road. Therefore, 1929 Fleet photographs are used here to give you an idea of what this dramatic tour is like.

to bring you performance facts on Silvertowns!

Records of what Silvertowns do on your kind of car. How they stand up on your kind of roads. Specific information on tread wear, tractive power, side-wall stamina. . .

All of these things will be reported by the 1930 Silver Fleet...and broadcast from Akron so that all tire buyers may know when they buy Silvertowns just what mileage they can honestly expect.

Go see your Goodrich dealer. Talk to him about tires. Talk performance . . . ability to stand punishment. Get at the meat of tire buying . . . which is what you get for the tire dollars you spend.

You'll find tire buying an entirely different matter when you talk to someone who deals in terms of what you get rather than what he is trying to sell you. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Established 1870, Akron, Ohio.

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Only 1¢ a meal per person to cook *electrically*

Hotpoint's New HI-SPEED CALROD element. One of the reasons why Hotpoint ranges are so economical and so amazingly FAST.

Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range

OF course every woman knows that electric cookery is far better, easier, cleaner. But here and there we find women who think it *must be* expensive.

Here are the facts: Almost a million women are now cooking electrically. They live in practically every part of America. Their average cost per family is approximately 15c a day. For the average family of five, this represents only one cent a meal per person.

This may be even less than your present fuel cost—or at most, but a few pennies a day more. For so small a cost you can be forever free from scouring sooted pots and pans. *Hotpoint electric heat is as clean as sunshine.*

THE MODERN MAID FOR MODERN MOTHERS

It is actually like having a maid at no cost. Complete meals cook themselves, though you may be away from the house all day. Here is *modern, carefree* cooking. Perfect meals, always ready on the dot, yet you have time to *live* with your family, time for social activities, or for healthful recreation.

Only Hotpoint Automatic electric ranges have HI-SPEED CALROD, the saving Thrift Cooker and many other points of superiority. There are many models, in sizes, types, and at prices to meet every requirement. See your electric company, or write us for catalog and full information.

Hotpoint

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5600 West Taylor St., Chicago

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(Continued from Page 78)

he is the opponent of the consultant, and whether or not he has some legal or official connection with the person consulted." The decision of the Court was so unwelcome to the Council of the League that in a subsequent report of the Council to the Assembly of the League there was actually included a censure of the Court for its assertion of independence.

The Council thus took precisely the position which the President of the United States might take if he called upon his attorney-general to give him an opinion and the attorney-general declined to comply with the request. When it is remembered that the judges are elected by the League, that they are paid by the League, that the right to demand advice from them is specified in the Fourteenth Article of the Covenant of the League, that the Council believes that the Court is under a duty to act when directed to do so, and that what may have been but a purely temporary minority of the judges of the Court agreed—and presumably still agree—with the view held by the Council, how can any man in full and functionable possession of his faculties believe that the incident thus narrated constitutes such a recognition by the Court of the necessity of general consent as will deprive it in future of the liberty of decision expressly given to it by the amendment?

Even if the discretion freely allowed to the Court by the amended statute were held limited by the Eastern Karelia decision, the decision itself covers only a part of the field of controversy. In that case the dispute was between Finland and Russia, and it was therefore one of the parties to the dispute that objected to the advisory opinion. There is nothing in the case which indicates or even suggests that the Court would have acted as it did if the protest had come from a nation not a party to the controversy. In the supposititious case suggested earlier in this article, neither Mexico nor Japan protested. The protest came from the United States, which claimed no other interest in the dispute than our desire to prevent trouble from arising across the border. The Court might be absolutely consistent with its former decision and yet, on this altered state of facts, hold that the principle of consent was inapplicable in the case of a protest by a third party.

I have now stated my reasons for believing that neither the amendment to the Protocol nor the amendment to the statute, nor both of them in combination, can possibly afford to the United States the reasonable and necessary protection against League intrusion secured to us by the Senate's condition of adherence. It is interesting to reflect that, at the time the Senate acted, a storm of protest was aroused among League advocates and that the Senate condition was denounced as one which other nations could not possibly be expected to accept. Now the method of attack is changed, and is more dangerous because more insidious. It is now said that instead of refusing to accept our condition of adherence, the other powers have accepted it with merely a change in the form of expression. This method of approach has carried League advocates past the executive barrier. The Senate is our last defense.

I have in this article discussed the World Court controversy as a single problem in international relations. No international question can, however, be wisely considered without assigning it a proper place in our whole scheme of foreign policy. The foreign policy of the United States can be summed up in three sentences:

1. Interfere as little as possible in the affairs of European nations.

2. Discourage as much as possible interference by European nations in the affairs of the Western Hemisphere.

3. Settle our own disputes peacefully and encourage the peaceful settlement of the disputes between other nations as far as we can do so consistently with the two foregoing propositions.

More specifically, these three propositions mean that we should keep out of the League of Nations, stand by the Monroe Doctrine, support the Hague Tribunal, and if we adhere to the World Court, do so upon condition that the League of Nations is not to worm its way into our controversies by referring them to the judges of the Court without our consent.

The foreign policy thus summarized is usually characterized by people who have what is called an international mind as a policy of provincial aloofness from world affairs. By Americans it is recognized as the course of national conduct most likely to preserve the peace of the world.

CLUBS AND DAGGERS

(Continued from Page 12)

nice people will fall easily into a brawl on the first trick played, and men who would protect fair womanhood on most every other occasion use generally now the methods of argument which were once reserved for the wife alone. The last shred of chivalry has been torn away.

Much of the turmoil can be laid to the teachers who are reaping enormous profits from the desire of everyone to play contract. Some start teaching after having taken a short course of instruction. All one has to do, it seems, is to get set on which authority on contract one likes best, buy his or her book, and let it be known that, for $2.50, a nice chatty little lesson can be enjoyed in the back parlor. As each teacher instructs her pupils according to her own predilections and favorite contract authority, and as there are now more authorities on contract than one can shake a stick at, each with rules which conflict with the rules of the others, the effect of throwing the new players out on the world is similar to the chaos which followed the opening of Pandora's box.

A Free-for-All

In the days of plain bridge and, later, of auction, there was little confusion. Even the first years of contract were pleasant enough. All one had to do was to remain a conservative bidder and use the intelligence, or to learn, after losing a hundred or so dollars, that it no longer paid to be jaunty and offhand in the matter of bidding, and that one must have ace and king or queen at the top of five, instead of the old poker bid of anything from the jack down. There was no guesswork about contract then. Everyone went along bidding carefully, and it looked as though, at last, here was a game with positive information, which, with a little common sense, would tell you not only what your partners had but also give some inkling as to what was held against you. It was a pleasant era, substantial, peaceful, except that now and then a husband, wearying, as men do, from the confines of uniformity, and being unable, as are women, to sit for hours waiting for cards to come, would dash recklessly into an inadequate bid. But there was no general disorder over this. The ones who were not in the fight sat back, pretending they were watching the moon rise over the Atlantic, until the storm dissipated.

Now, with everyone at odds, and each sure he or she is right, contract is not so much a game of cards as a contest of argument. A man, thoroughly saturated with the rules and conventions of one authority on contract, will get as a partner a man or woman dominantly controlled by a totally different set of rules and conventions. Mr. A makes an original two bid. This bid says, according to the authority he has followed, though slightly exaggerated by the player's own interpretation: "I have a powerful hand, with the possibility of going to a slam. You must take me out, no matter how poor your hand is." Mr. B, who is A's partner, has learned from another authority that a two bid means seven probable tricks, and they may all be in one suit, without a quick trick on the side, purses his mouth dubiously and passes. Fireworks!

"But you had no right to pass," declares A hotly. "No matter what you had, you should have taken me out. Bid two no trumps if you have nothing, but keep the bid open."

"But that's ridiculous," spurts Mr. B. "Why should I take you out if I have nothing? That's the most asinine thing I ever heard of. Rigmarole says a two bid means ——"

"I don't care what Rigmarole says. When I bid two of a suit, you take me out."

"I'll do nothing of the sort. Who are you to tell me what I shall do? My judgment is as good as yours."

"You haven't any judgment. You haven't the sense you were born with."

"Blank says ——" interrupts a distant relative of a delegate to the Peace Conference, and then the harangue veers to Mr. Blank and what he knows about the game.

And so it goes.

The one really disastrous result of the heated arguments which arise over contract is the almost total loss to a hostess who has bought refreshments. Likely as not, at twelve o'clock she stands alone in her living room, looking gloomily down at the neat tray of sandwiches, peanuts and potato chips which have not been touched. From the elevator shaft the noise of battle wafts into the room, and later rebounds, from the street below, through the window. If the game is not broken up violently, the players are, as a rule, too nervous and excited to eat. The wise hostess will supply nothing more than a good strong jug of water and some glasses.

The most exasperating element of contract is the method of counting the hand which has been compiled by the millions of writers on contract. Everyone is counting. After a declaration, the players fall into a stupor; then, audibly, the little wheels of reason click, and a curious sound issues from red or white lips: "Two and a half tricks—that's ace and king and—or is that two tricks—no, that's ace and queen and—oh, dear, I'll have to look in the book." And out comes one of those little blue books which everyone is carrying.

These books of counts, or card valuation, are to contract what the Japanese beetle is to agriculture. A half hour after the play begins, the room is swarming with them. In the old days bridge players sometimes wrote things on their cuffs they were apt to forget, and peeped at them on the sly. But not today. Blue books of every shape are boldly opened, not for a little peep but to read aloud long passages and to count long counts; some of which have nothing to do with the question at large—but that doesn't matter.

"You don't mind if I just peep into my book, do you?" smiles an engaging beginner.

"It's quite all right with me," returns an opponent, "but I do think, as long as we are playing for a stake, it is not quite—ah—ethical."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," murmurs the novice, having found the place and taking a good look, "but you see I'm just learning."

"Wouldn't it be better, perhaps, if you waited until you knew something about the game before you tried to play?" asks the soft tongue with the steel palate.

"Oh, no. My husband says one never learns if one doesn't play from the beginning, and with good players."

Another factor shows clearly the social elasticity of contract. That factor is "sister." Years ago, before contract was even dreamed of, sister, unless she had learned bridge as a girl and was on intimate terms with her majors and minors, would no more have been urged to learn the game than been allowed to sit on the far side of one's beau and hold his other hand. Sister was a pleasant person to whom you said "good evening" when you came in, and whom you didn't see again until she appeared at midnight with the ice cream and cake.

Pulling the Wrong Card

The gnawing urge for an omnipresent fourth is responsible for the advent of sister in the game.

"You won't mind playing with sister, I am sure," you are told when you arrive at the home of more or less competent players. "She is so anxious to learn, and you are such a good player. And it's so nice having a fourth in the house."

And so you play pleasantly, not because you are pleasant but because you were born at the tail end of the Victorian era, and still have it, with its demands for decency in the house of a host, clinging to your soul. Sister looks admiring into your eyes as she plays second hand high, instead of second hand low, trumps your high card, because she doesn't know it is high, and time and again pulls the wrong card. The reason you haven't taken sister by the scruff of the neck and thrown her out the window by the end of the evening is only because the idea of life imprisonment is so much more depressing than the electric chair.

Pulling the wrong card is a simple example of defense mechanism, and a psychologist will save much time in examining a patient if his first question is, "Do you pull the wrong card at contract?" It is the subterfuge of a timid spirit who has not the courage to say, "I played badly. Now, what are you going to do about it?" The excuse deceives no one. It simply adds an extra count to the high blood pressure of the partner.

But when all is said and done, the man or woman who is learning to play is much less irritating than one who knows all about the game. Few people know much about the game of contract as it is played by their partners, and all the argument in the world won't change an opinion one iota. At best, the game itself—with its confusing and varied conventions, and the elasticity of the bids, which may mean anything at all, or nothing to you, unless you have had the good luck to be a pupil of the same contract authority as your partner—is hard for anyone to play satisfactorily. The only positive remedy is a stabilization of conventions and methods of bidding. This could be easily accomplished by a conference of the million authorities on contract, and a willingness on the part of each to come to some not too complicated agreement whereby all contract players will have the same conventions. If Germany and England and America and the other powers of the world can get together and agree, it seems little enough to ask of men and women who have only cards, instead of battleships, to play with.

As the game stands today, there is too much brain work involved to keep sanity on a level keel. It is not only necessary to remember how to play a hand according to Hoyle but if the three players with whom you are faced at the table are strangers to you, you must immediately take on their individual preferences, no matter how arbitrary they are to your own. You must remember to take A out of a two bid, and not to take B out of a two bid. You must keep in mind that C plays the Vanderbilt convention, and that A does some funny trick with a lone ace. You must believe that two queens, under certain circumstances, are potent factors, whereas you had thought them dead as door nails.

It is not at all surprising if you become muddled, leave A in a two bid, take a lone ace for a fine long suit, and altogether go berserk and tear off someone's waxed mustache before the evening is over.

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THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

(Continued from Page 42)

Quintana Roo. Did you ever hear of it? She thinks he left Quintana Roo and went to Mexico for this revolution that's on now. I'd be worried to death, wouldn't you? But she's not a bit. She just said, 'I'll be hearing from Mr. Geraghty in a week or so.' She told me he comes home every two years, regularly, and it's about time for him to show up. Junior, will you please leave the room? I want to talk to your father about something private."

I had to threaten Junior with a whipping to get him out of the kitchen.

"If it was any other woman but her, I'd say she wasn't fit to live in this neighborhood, and complain to Mr. Jenkinson. You know she had three of the strangest men callers this afternoon! One looked like a Russian general, real distinguished, with a white beard. He came in a taxicab. The second was a Mexican who drove up in a big foreign car. Both these men kissed her on both cheeks. They went inside and talked. The third was an enormous negro; he had a big car, too, and wore a high silk hat."

"They were probably friends of her husband," I said.

I could see that Emma wasn't really suspicious of Mrs. Geraghty at all.

"They all looked like important men," my wife went on, "and aren't these Haitians black? Mrs. Geraghty says her husband was in several revolutions in Haiti. That could account for it. Anyway, I'm sure she's all right, just from the way she talks about him. To hear her tell it, he's the greatest man on earth. Imagine. She told me—is Junior in the front room?—she told me she wants him to come back so she can have another baby. She certainly is a character. You should see her house."

I suggested that we wait and talk about Mrs. Geraghty after supper was on the table.

During supper, Emma was too busy describing the house next door and our new neighbor to eat much of anything. I never saw Emma so excited about anybody.

"He must steal everything he lays a hand on. I wish you could see the things. She's got jade and ivory and silver statues. She's got one plate she says is made of solid gold, and a coffee set that came from some president's house in Central America. Santo Domingo, I think she said. She calls it loot. She says looting is all right; everybody does it in those countries. You should see her clothes. She takes silk hangings and shawls and tapestries that must be worth a fortune and makes dresses out of them. She's so huge she can't get anything to fit her at the stores, she says. I believe it too. And——"

The doorbell rang. I had started to eat my pie and Emma hadn't finished her steak. Junior was through, and he went to the door.

"It's Mrs. Geraghty," Junior reported. "Shall I ask her in?"

My wife jumped up and went to the door. I heard her asking Mrs. Geraghty into the living room. I hurried through my pie.

When I got there, Mrs. Geraghty was sitting on the settee showing Emma a spangled Spanish shawl. The settee was creaking as Mrs. Geraghty moved around on it. She broke off when she saw me, and came across the room to shake hands like a man. I noticed Emma looked kind of embarrassed.

"I'm trying to sell your wife this shawl," said Mrs. Geraghty, cool as you please. "I'll let her have it at a bargain because you're Irish. Take a look at it."

She held up the shawl. She had left some other truck on the settee.

"Those are blood spots there on the fringe," Mrs. Geraghty went on. "Mr. Geraghty got this out of General Loma's camp. He was raiding with Arrias and jumped a Hernandez outpost. I don't remember exactly, but I think some nigger shot the woman that was wearing this shawl and Mr. Geraghty killed him for shooting the woman. I keep trying to remind Mr. Geraghty to soak blood spots in water as soon as he can, so they won't get set in the goods. But I expect Mr. Geraghty was in a hurry." She sort of heaved a big sigh. "That was a nice show. Mr. Geraghty enjoyed every minute of it. But the Marines came in and spoiled it. Mr. Geraghty always quits when the Marines come in. He used to be a Marine himself, you know."

"How much are you asking for the shawl?" I said, not because we would have bought it, but just because a man found it hard to think up things to say to Mrs. Geraghty. Emma frowned at me and gave me the high sign to lay off.

"It ought to be worth three dollars, don't you think?" Mrs. Geraghty said. It looked like a great bargain to me, but Mrs. Geraghty didn't give me a chance to ask Emma if she wanted to buy it.

"I'm selling some of my things to buy grub with," she explained. "Mr. Geraghty has run behind on money, fooling around in revolutions. They only pay in loot; and that's hard to get out of the country after the Marines come in. I'm hoping Mr. Geraghty is in this Mexican show, now. Mexican juntas pay a hundred dollars gold a day for Mr. Geraghty's services. At least, that's what General Chamorro paid last time."

"Is Mr. Geraghty a general?" Emma inquired.

Mrs. Geraghty laughed. It jarred the room.

"He wouldn't be a general for love or money," she said. "Borno, down in Haiti, wanted him to be a general. Offered him a thousand dollars a month, a palace, ten barrels of rum, and I don't know how many women. But Mr. Geraghty had enough of that general business with the A-rabs. Mr. Geraghty was general with the A-rabs against the Spaniards in—let's see—'22, wasn't it? No, '23. I remember now because I had Aloysius that spring, and Mr. Geraghty sent me a stack of linens to make a layette out of. Anyway, Mr. Geraghty had a row with Krim over plans to take a place called Taounat."

"That's very interesting," said Emma.

Mrs. Geraghty nodded. "Sort of," she said—"sort of. At least, I always get a kick outa Mr. Geraghty's letters. He writes the swellest letters and poems. Especially the poems. If you like, I could run over and get some poems."

"What does Mr. Geraghty do when he's not a general?" I spoke up, catching the wife's eye.

Mrs. Geraghty looked surprised.

"Why, he's a machine gunner! I thought I told you. General Neville called him the best machine gunner in the world. That was when the French got into the A-rab show and General Neville wanted Mr. Geraghty to join the Foreign Legion."

"I read a book about the Foreign Legion," said Emma. "It was Beau Geste. They made a movie out of it. Did Mr. Geraghty join the Foreign Legion?"

Mrs. Geraghty said, "Hell, no. They send you out with a shovel to build roads under a sun hot enough to fry your brains. Besides, Mr. Geraghty comes home every two years regular, and the frogs make you join up for five."

Emma said, "Junior, isn't it your bedtime?"

Junior was lying on the floor with his eyes almost popping out of his head. Mrs. Geraghty looked at him and said, "Oh, excuse me; I said a bad word, didn't I? Well, I must be running along home."

My wife picked up an ivory box Mrs. Geraghty had left on the settee.

"I might be interested in buying this," she said.

Mrs. Geraghty shook her head. "Couldn't sell that," she said. "Mr. Geraghty risked his life to get that for me. I brought it over to show it to you. Pretty, ain't it? Them birds could almost sing a song. I like to run my hands over it. Smooth, cool. . . . Feel it. See?"

"Where did he find it?" I asked, covering up for Emma.

"Let's see." She turned the box upside down. "Mr. Geraghty always scratches some name on things. That's so he can remember when he's home. He likes to pick up odds and ends and jest sit by the fire and remember. This says, 'Souk el Arba de Tissa.' I remember, now. That was a A-rab kazbah Mr. Geraghty raided when he was with Krim."

"You needn't rush away, Mrs. Geraghty," Emma said. "We'd like to hear how your husband risked his life."

"It's a long story," said Mrs. Geraghty on her way to the door, "and doubtless it ain't fittin' for Junior to hear."

She picked up her shawl and box and other truck, and backed out in a sort of flurry. It wasn't any use trying to stop her. She was too big; I don't mean that, exactly, either. It's kind of hard to say. Mrs. Geraghty always moved in a grand sweep from here to there. Just as if some big thought or notion had got hold of her. I guess you can see what I mean.

"Oh, I almost forgot. Here's a little pin that would fit your dress swell," she said on the porch.

Emma hardly got a chance to thank her, let alone say she couldn't take it.

When the door was closed, Emma looked at the pin. It was some kind of outlandish pin that resembled a bloodshot tiger's eye. That's as near as I can get to describing it.

"I can't keep this," my wife said. "It must be worth a hundred dollars at least."

"You'd hurt her feelings if you made her take it back," I said. "Besides, I don't know whether I believe that story about her needing money to buy food. I don't know why she came. Was it because she wanted to sell a shawl for three dollars, or to tell us that story about her husband, or to give you a pin?"

My wife is pretty slick when it comes to understanding other women. She studied over it a long time.

"I think she wanted to tell about her husband," Emma said finally. "The shawl was a dodge to get talk started, and she gave me the pin because she couldn't give or sell me the box."

"She's a queer one," I said.

"I feel sorry for her," Emma said. "That husband of hers ought to come home and stay home and be good to her. The idea of any man traipsing all over the earth murdering other men with machine guns for pay! It's sickening!"

I could see fire in Emma's eyes. My wife never looks that way unless she's made up her mind to do something.

"Now, Emma," I said, "that's their business. Don't you go interfering between a husband and wife."

Emma pretended she didn't hear me. "He's filled her head with a lot of lies about war—that's what he's done. He's made her think it's terrible romantic. Risking his life for an ivory box. H'mph. More than likely he stole it from some store. She thinks he's the noblest creature on earth, when the truth is——"

"Now, Emma," I said, "you don't know the man."

"The truth is," said my wife, "that he's a cold-blooded murderer. If he was my husband he'd come home and stay there, or I'd know the reason why. The idea. Four children. And she wants another. What a father!"

"Now, Emma," I said, "don't you meddle in it."

She didn't say anything more, but I noticed her later, rummaging in the bookcase for those war books of mine. I didn't get to France myself, being stuck in Camp Upton when the Armistice was declared. But my next-to-youngest brother, Paul, was with the A. E. F. He died at St.-Mihiel. So I've always been interested in soldiers and war.

(Continued on Page 87)

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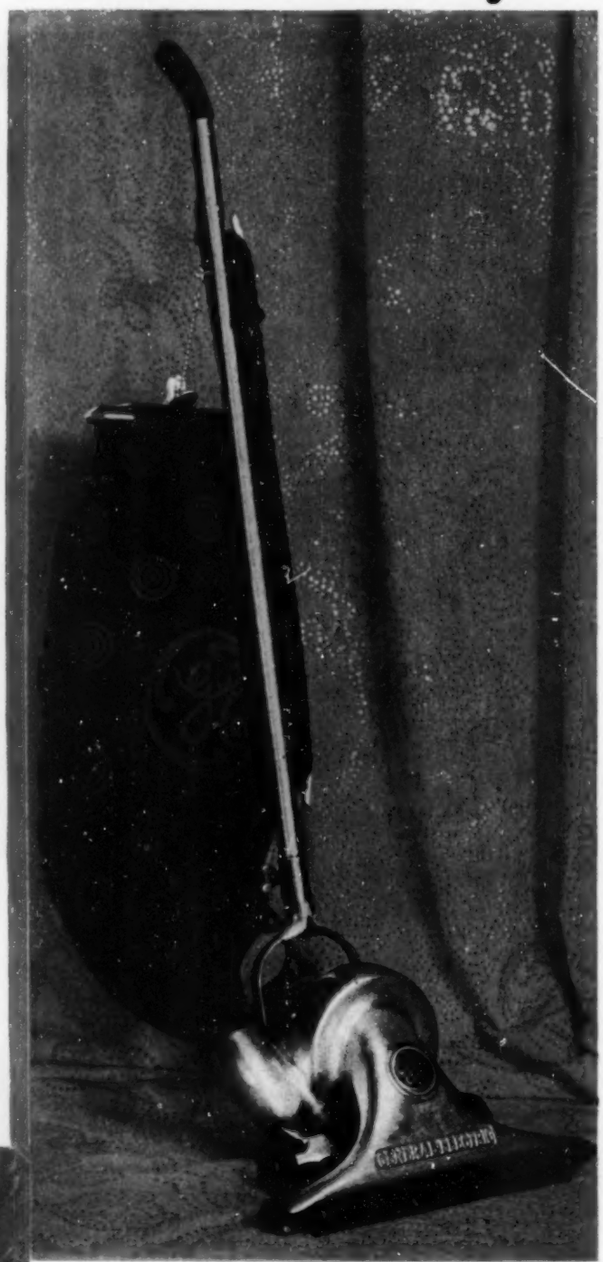

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(Continued from Page 85)

Well, we didn't see much of Mrs. Geraghty for several days. Emma told me that odd-looking men kept coming next door to visit. It wasn't until Saturday afternoon that I had another talk with Mrs. Geraghty.

My wife had gone to L. A., leaving me in charge of Junior. He disappeared and I went over to the Geraghtys' to make sure he wasn't up to mischief. Mrs. Geraghty hailed me from the dining-room window.

"The boys are playing in the kitchen. Won't you come in a minute? Maybe you'd like to see some of Mr. Geraghty's things."

I went in. It was right interesting. It was just like walking through a museum of some kind. Mrs. Geraghty sure liked to tell about everything. "That's a chunk of sycee silver," she'd say. "Mr. Geraghty was with the Marines in Tientsin during the Boxer War. He was just a kid then, and gambled away most of his loot." Or: "That's a water bottle like the Cacos used in Haiti." She told me a lot of stuff about other things, but I don't remember much.

We stopped alongside a big globe. It stood near a goldfish bowl in the dining room. I noticed it because of its size and because it had a lot of different-colored inked lines drawn around it.

"They show where Mr. Geraghty has been," his wife told me, right proud. "I used different colors for different years. The light green is this year."

I followed that line up from South America. It stopped at a place called Pao Obispo. Down southeast of Mexico. There were lots of other lines; they went all around and all over that big globe—Africa, China, South America, India, everywhere.

"Have you got a picture of Mr. Geraghty," I said, almost without knowing it. I wanted to see the man. I knew he must be some man. I remember thinking that most of us think we live in the world, but we don't. We live in a little piece of it, which is different from living in it, if you get what I mean.

Mrs. Geraghty shook her head.

"He never would have any taken, he's that modest," she said. "But he's sent me lots of war pictures. Would you like to see some? Or maybe you'd like to see his medals? He's got the Congressional Medal of Honor. Now, where did I put that? I took it away from Joey and put it under the coffee can on the shelf in the kitchen. . . . No, that was that A-rab star I put there."

"Some other time," I said.

She stopped me. "Anyway, I want to show you Mr. Geraghty's poems. He writes swell poems. I want to get 'em printed if Mr. Geraghty has a good year in Mexico. I'd like to ask your advice. I think they've got Edgar Guest and them other poets beat a mile. Here, you set down and make yourself comfortable."

There wasn't any help for it. She fished out a stack of letters. I said to myself: "I wish I collected stamps." Most of the envelopes were tattered and dirty; some didn't have envelopes, but were folded scraps of paper. One I saw was written on what looked to me like a piece of drum head. She pawed through these papers and got several poems.

"I like this one to Jenjene, Mrs. Geraghty said. He wrote it before he knew how to rime very good, but I like it swell."

Jenjene was a Arab,
And he sure did love his home.
In his beard he had a scarab
His wives give him for luck.
One day at Ain Aicha
We was laying in the sand,
And the frogs with 75's
Was raising hell to beat the band.
A big shell come along
And blew Jenjene all to pieces.
I hunted 2 hrs, for Jenjene's head,
Like I promised I would do when he was dead,
To take the scarab back to Jenjene's wives.
"My home must have luck," poor
Jenjene said.

"Mr. Geraghty was under heavy fire all the time he hunted," said his wife. "He done a kind act for his friend."

"He must have a lot of good friends," I said.

"He's got more real friends than any man you ever saw," said Mrs. Geraghty. "Mr. Geraghty claims you never know a man unless you've fought with him shoulder to shoulder. Take Mr. Komroff, that White Roosian general that was here to see me the other day. Or poor Mr. Ortega, that lost his home in Sonora for guessing wrong in the Villa show. Or that nigger Perrault from Haiti—he's Charlemagne's first cousin—or Hassin Ali, that's running a tobacco store in L. A. They've all fought with Mr. Geraghty, and I jest wish you could hear how they talk about him!"

"I guess your husband's saved a lot of lives," I said.

Mrs. Geraghty sighed.

"I wished I could see 'em all marching past this window," she said—"all the friends Mr. Geraghty has made. They'd be a hellish-looking lot, I guess. But I'd like 'em. Here, read these."

She handed me two more poems.

"That Snuffling Joe was a character," she said.

They called him Snuffling Joe.
In Morelos, Old Mex,
Zapata's gang was on the go
From Jalapa to Tex.

Joe got ten dollars gold
For every greaser killed;
He snuffled like he had a cold,
With tears his eyes was filled.

Joe counted up the dead
After each charge, and cried;
Although he got ten bucks a head,
Joe wasn't satisfied.

"I'm growing old," he'd say.
"I'm wasting shells like sin;
I should have had eight more today,
Counting those women in."

"I'd better be going now," I said. "I've got to mop the back porch before the missus gets home."

Mrs. Geraghty followed me to the front door. She kept talking about the poems and asked me if I thought she could get them printed. I stalled her off. I noticed there were some books on a table in the hall. They looked familiar.

"Your wife lent me some books," she said, grinning down at me. "Your wife thinks I ought to persuade Mr. Geraghty to stay home for good this time."

"Oh, have you heard from him? Is he coming?" I said, not wanting to be drawn into the Geraghtys' business.

"I ain't heard, but he'll be coming in pretty soon now. In two weeks or so at the latest."

She looked at the books. They were German and French and British books describing how terrible the war in France was.

"I lost a brother in France," I said to Mrs. Geraghty—I don't know why—"and books like those kind of get my goat. They tell you what he went through, all right, but they don't tell you—well, what he thought when he wasn't having dysentery."

Mrs. Geraghty nodded like she understood. My wife never would have nodded.

"War makes more men than it breaks," she said, "and for every guy that was blubbering around with shell shock, there was two or three that stuck to the job and knew they'd never be as fine as that in peacetime. That's what Mr. Geraghty told me the last time he was home. He was with the Marines in the Belleau show."

I got to thinking about Paul then, and sort of choked up. I guess I said more than I should have let out. I guess it sounded pretty sentimental and hoorah-ish, but I told Mrs. Geraghty:

"They can't tell me Paul died like a fool. He died helping to win a war that needed to be won. He didn't make the war; it was here and he faced it. I'm for peace, and propaganda is all right, just so they don't go too far with it and get to sniveling and dirtying the memory of every boy that died over there." I said a lot more I don't remember. Then I saw I was making a fool of myself and started to walk off.

Mrs. Geraghty ran after me. She pulled at my arm.

"Don't pay no attention to them, Mr. Gibbons," she said. "They don't know what war does for a man. Look at Mr. Geraghty. He says every meal he eats tastes better because it may be his last. He says you don't know how nice the sky looks until you see it from a trench. He says war changes him. . . . It changes me. He loves me a lot more when they're shelling him pretty hot and he may never see me again. Don't you think he's right? Don't you?"

I could see she wasn't any too sure herself. I guess my wife's talking had sort of got under her skin. Maybe the other women in the court had been talking too. But I had made up my mind I wasn't going to take any part in the argument.

"That's up to you and Mr. Geraghty," I said. "I hope he shows up soon. I'd like to meet him."

Then I went to mop up the back porch.

That night my wife started the same old talk about poor Mrs. Geraghty this and poor Mrs. Geraghty that. She said it was a crime the way her husband treated her. She said that Mrs. Trowbridge across the court and Mrs. Lemkemier at the end of the court and Mrs. Bevans across the street felt the same way.

It wasn't any use for me to say anything. Emma and the other womenfolks had made up their minds they would persuade Mrs. Geraghty to get her husband home and keep him there. I don't know what angles they worked on or how they went about it. Women move in sly little circles that a man never thinks about.

One evening about a week after my visit with Mrs. Geraghty a messenger on a motorcycle roared up to her house. Junior, who was watching through the hall window, said the messenger was carrying a bundle into Mrs. Geraghty's. It wasn't long after that when Mrs. Geraghty rang our bell. I went to the door.

"I've heard from Mr. Geraghty!" she said. "He's in jail at Juarez, old Mex. He'll be home next week." Then, before I could get a word out, she held up a bundle she was carrying: "Do you happen to know where I can sell fifty tins of opium in a hurry?"

I sort of stammered that I didn't; that it was against the law to sell opium. She shrugged.

"I'll have to get Lee Sung to sell it to the Chinks on First Street," she said. "What day is today?"

"Thursday," I told her.

"Tch, tch, tch! The Federals are planning to shoot Mr. Geraghty next Monday. So I'll have to take this opium right over to L. A. tonight."

My wife had come to the door. She got excited when Mrs. Geraghty mentioned the shooting. She fired a lot of questions, but Mrs. Geraghty laughed and calmed her down.

"It's all right. I ain't a bit worried," she said. "Mr. Geraghty can get out of jail for twenty-five hundred. I got to sell this opium and send him the money. Pat Brannigan is going over the border with it tomorrow night if I make the sale."

"Isn't it dangerous to sell opium?" my wife kind of gasped. Mrs. Geraghty always took her breath away.

Mrs. Geraghty laughed again.

"I got good friends among the Chinks," she said. "I've sold tougher things to sell than opium. Mr. Geraghty got into a banana war in Honduras a couple of years ago and come out with a boatload of rifles. They was all the poor man could get. I sold the hull caboodle in New York for five grand. And another time—but I got to get over to L. A. See you in the morning."

Emma thought I ought to stop Mrs. Geraghty from selling the opium. I told her it wasn't any of my business. Emma carried on something awful.

But the very next day I heard her telling Mrs. Geraghty she ought to spend part of the opium money for some made-to-order clothes, now that Mr. Geraghty was coming home. Women's ideas of right and wrong always did stump me.

Sure enough, my wife and Mrs. Bevans took Mrs. Geraghty to L. A. and got her all dolled up. They were bent on seeing to it that Mrs. Geraghty kept her husband at home this time.

I was right anxious to see this man Geraghty. You know how you form ideas of a man you've heard a lot about but never seen? Well, I had a picture of Geraghty in my mind. I could see a big, hulking fire-eater galloping up on a horse and turning loose a couple of six-shooters to let Mrs. Geraghty know he had come home. Something like that.

Mrs. Geraghty was over at our house the night before he was to arrive, trying on a lot of new clothes. My wife told her the new clothes looked darling. They were black and brown silk, and very plain. I liked Mrs. Geraghty better in the loud ones she made herself. But I didn't say anything directly. I just wanted to find out if Mrs. Geraghty had taken the womenfolks' talk seriously.

So I said, "How long will Mr. Geraghty be home this time?"

Mrs. Geraghty looked sort of worried and flustered.

"Well," she said, "I guess I ought to ask him to stay home for good this time. It's for the children's sake. Of course if he——"

"It's for your sake, too," my wife butted in. "You have a right to a little peace of mind and happiness after all these years."

"I been plenty happy and I ain't worried a single minute," said Mrs. Geraghty, "but I guess the children oughta know their dad better."

She saw me looking at her right hard, so she changed the subject to clothes. It sure was funny seeing Mrs. Geraghty mess around with these flimsy silk dresses women wear nowadays. They didn't belong to her. She was so big and strong; she looked sort of like she'd been carved out of marble. It was like pinning do-funnies on a statue or something. My wife and Mrs. Bevans had even talked her into frizzing her red hair. Its natural curl looked a darn sight better. But I didn't say anything.

Well, the big day came.

I sort of hoped Geraghty would show up before I left for the office. But he didn't. It was in my head to ask Emma to phone me when he arrived and give me the low-down on everything. But I was ashamed to do that.

Emma phoned me anyway. It was a little before noon.

"Oh, Jim," she said, kind of laughingly, "the famous Mr. Geraghty got here. You should see him! You just ought to see him!"

"What's he like?" I said. "What's the joke?"

"I don't want to spoil it for you. Hurry home!"

"Is he big or little? What does he look like?"

"You come home and see!" And Emma rang off.

I left the office half an hour early. I couldn't stand the suspense any longer.

Well, sir, you could have knocked me down with a feather.

I had just turned the corner into the court when all the Geraghtys piled out of their house to get into a taxicab—Patrick, Johnny, Aloysius, Joey and Mrs. Geraghty. All dressed to kill. Geraghty, himself, came last. You could have knocked me down with a feather.

The famous Geraghty was a little sawed-off, bow-legged runt of a man. He was dressed in a cheap gray suit that looked as if it had been in the water a long time and just dried. He wore a gray Mexican felt hat. He was so brown he looked like a Mexican himself. He wasn't much taller than his biggest boy, Johnny. Alongside of Mrs. Geraghty he looked ridiculous.

I guess I must have stood there and stared like a fool. At first I thought there might be some mistake: that this was some

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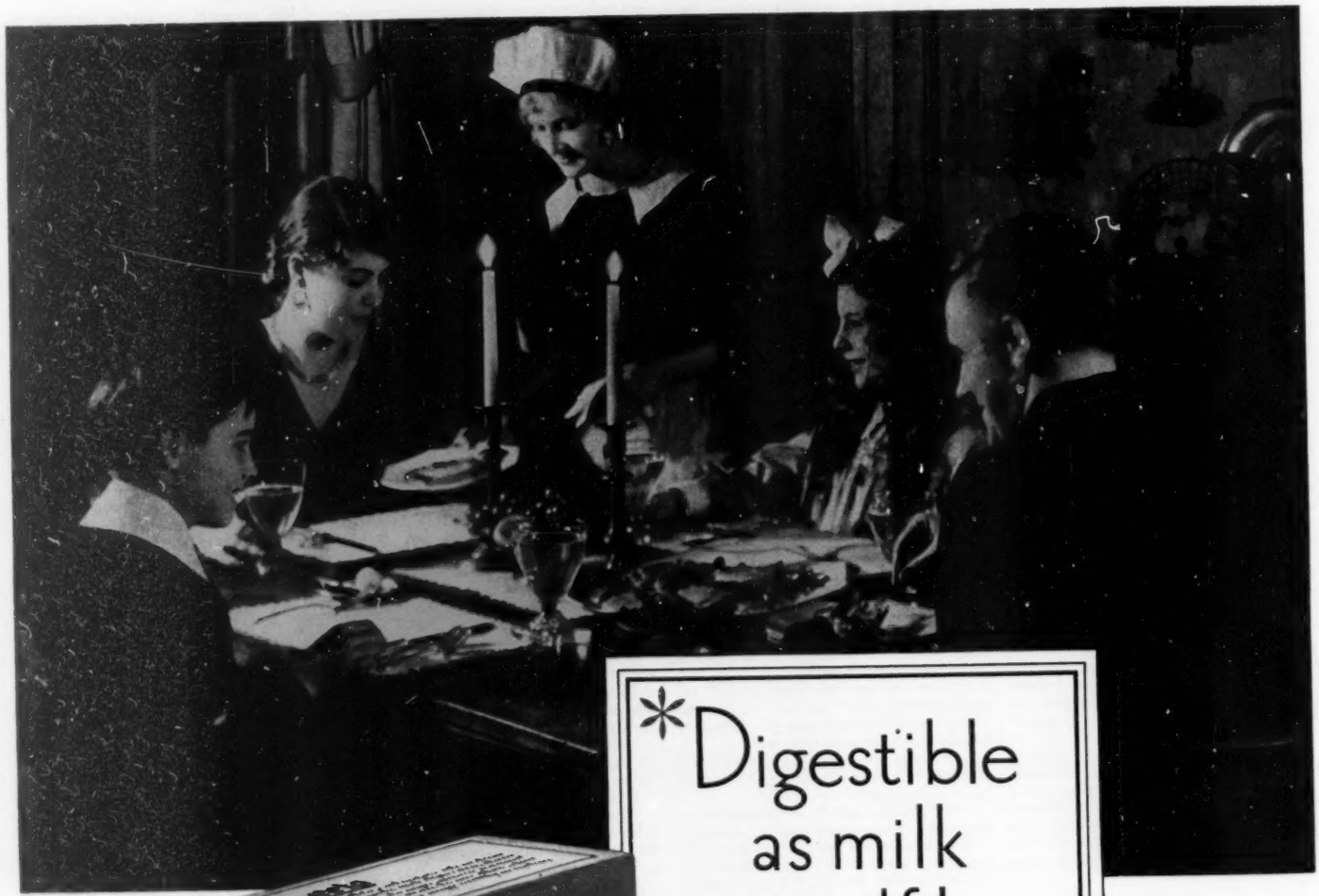
A new delight



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Velveeta is a product built up as the result of scientific research. This research was carried out in the laboratories of Rutgers University, Newark, New Jersey, in the College of Pharmacy, under the direction of Dr. L. K. Riggs, Ph. D., Director of Research, in association with F. H. Clickner, M. Sc., Nutritional Research Professor.

The elements of original milk are in Velveeta—the milk-sugar, calcium, phosphorus and other milk minerals; also Vitamins A and D. It is easy to digest. Children can eat it freely.

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Makers of famous "PHILADELPHIA" Cream Cheese
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Velveeta gives delightful new flavor to any dish where you would use cheese. Particularly good, toasted to a tempting golden color

KRAFT Velveeta

The Delicious New Cheese Food

(Continued from Page 87)

buddy of Geraghty's. But Mrs. Geraghty saw me.

She called out, "Oh, Mr. Gibbons; come here a minute!" I walked over. "I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Geraghty," she said. Then she turned to Geraghty, who was lifting Joey into the cab, and said: "Mr. Gibbons is Irish. He's been mighty kind to us."

Geraghty turned and looked at me.

It was a funny thing. The closer I got to Geraghty, the bigger he looked. Maybe it was because I remembered all the things he had done. Maybe it was something about his eyes. They were the strangest eyes I ever saw in a man's head. They were colored like a rifle barrel that's been worn a little—not blue or not gray exactly; just a worn solid color with lots of wear left. They had wrinkles at the corners, and the queer thing was that these wrinkles went away when he smiled. With most folks, it's just the other way around.

We shook hands.

I said, "I'm proud to know you, sir."

He hesitated as if he were shifting from a lot of different languages he knew into English. His voice sounded that way; it wasn't American or English or Dutch or German.

"Mrs. Geraghty says you're all right, Mr. Gibbons," he said, "and any man who gets her okeh is a friend of mine."

Mrs. Geraghty looked awfully proud. It was a funny thing. Standing there in front of them, it struck me that Geraghty was just as big as she was. Not inch for inch or pound for pound. In a different way.

Well, you know how a man does in introductions. He gets embarrassed at pauses and fills in with the usual hokum. I said: "I'm glad to see you back, Mr. Geraghty. I hope you'll be here permanently. We like your family as neighbors, and this is the healthiest town in California"—stuff like that. It sounded extra foolish, said to a man like Geraghty.

He just said, "Mrs. Geraghty wants me to settle down. I'm thinking about it. I'll see you again, Mr. Gibbons."

"Sure," I said. "I live right next door." He knew that. He waved his hand, got into the cab and took Joey on his lap. The three other little Geraghtys scuffled for the place next to their dad. Mrs. Geraghty climbed in and settled the argument by saying: "That's my place." I saw Geraghty lean over and hand the driver a big bill.

"We'll ride that much worth before we eat," he said. They drove off in great style.

Emma was waiting for me when I went into the house.

"Isn't that the richest thing you ever heard of?" she wanted to know. "After all the bragging she did? To have him turn out to be such an insignificant little runt?"

"He isn't insignificant," I said. "He just looks that way."

We had quite an argument. It ended up with her saying Mrs. Geraghty ought to turn Mr. Geraghty over her knee and spank him, and me saying I didn't see anything funny in it at all.

I didn't see much of the Geraghtys for several days. They were always out somewhere celebrating—Mr. and Mrs. Geraghty and all the kids. During the times they were home, Geraghty and his wife would be sitting on the back steps or in the kitchen, talking. I was minded to go over, but I didn't want to break in on their talks. They hadn't seen each other for two years. I guess they had a lot to talk about. It seemed to me that one night they sat in the back yard and talked until morning. I saw them there when I turned in at midnight, and when I got up early I saw several cigarette butts still smoking on the patio walk. I sort of envied them being able to talk so long to each other. I love my wife and all that, but twenty minutes or so talks us out, unless we happen to be quarreling.

When Mr. Geraghty had been home a week, his wife invited us and the Bevanses and the Trowbridges and the Lemkemiers over to dinner.

It was sort of an odd evening.

I think Mrs. Geraghty suspected what all of her guests but me were thinking about Geraghty. They were judging him by his looks, and he did look little and unimportant. He had slicked what was left of his black hair with water and pulled it over the bald spot on the top of his head. He wore a celluloid collar too big for him. He wasn't embarrassed; I don't think he would have been embarrassed eating with President Hoover. But he was restless and absent-minded, as if all this truckle of sitting at a table and making talk was tying him down to a kind of life he wasn't meant for.

Mrs. Geraghty seemed to catch on to all this, as I said, and she tried to build her husband up in the estimation of the Bevanses and Trowbridges and Lemkemiers and Mrs. Gibbons. He didn't need any building up in my estimation. But anyway, Mrs. Geraghty started telling about the things her husband had done.

Charley Bevans said: "Say, that was a stunt," and Clem Trowbridge said: "I certainly envy you your thrilling adventures, Mr. Geraghty," and the women folks oh-ed and ah-ed without much sense to their remarks.

They all tried to get Geraghty started on a yarn, but he'd just look at his wife and say: "Mrs. Geraghty remembers more about that than I do." It was a very good dinner, but I noticed Geraghty didn't eat much and didn't seem to enjoy what he ate. His hands kept moving on the table around his plate. They looked like two leopards or something—that kind of moving around.

Right after dinner, Geraghty ducked. Nobody seemed to notice it but me. They were all looking at the trophies and medals and stuff in the living room. Mrs. Geraghty was talking.

I found Geraghty in the back yard.

"Well," I said, "I'm afraid we talked your arm off in there."

He looked up, surprised. He moved over on the lawn swing and I sat down. He offered me a cigar. It was the best cigar I ever smoked.

"I guess I'll get used to it," he said.

His feet were restless. He'd kick at the swing floor with one foot and stop the swing with the other.

"So you've decided to settle down?" I said.

"I promised Mrs. Geraghty I'd try it for a month," he said.

It was a funny thing. I got the impression, as we sat there, that his nerves were keyed up. It seemed that he was waiting for something to happen. I don't know what.

"Your wife would like to have you home all the time," I said. "I guess it gets lonely for her."

Geraghty didn't say anything for a spell.

"I'm afraid I wouldn't be much good around home," he said finally. "It's quiet. Ain't it?"

I nodded. I said not much ever happened in Glendale.

He gave me a queer look. His eyes, in the moonlight, looked like the eyes of a man who has lived a thousand years. I had a funny thought. It occurred to me that Geraghty and his wife had done as much real love-making in this short time he had been home as the average married couple does in two years. I don't know why I thought that. I guess I remembered the cigarette butts in the patio.

"Two weeks ago tonight," he said suddenly, "I was in Juarez. They were going to shoot me in the morning. I didn't know whether Mrs. Geraghty's money would get there in time. You know"—he sort of laughed—"I've eaten nine last suppers in my lifetime. They always tasted extra good."

"I can imagine so," was all I could think of to say. "I've never been that close to death once."

Geraghty took a deep inhale.

"Death's a buddy of mine," he said. "Yes, sir. The old boy with the sickle is all right."

I did some of the hardest thinking over that I ever did.

"I think I see what you mean," I said after a tussle. "You think a man appreciates everything in life more with death at his elbow all the time."

"Something like that," Geraghty said.

We smoked awhile. Geraghty got more restless. Finally he said: "It's quiet. Ain't it quiet? Let's go inside." They had turned on the radio inside.

That certainly was an odd evening.

Geraghty had been home a little over three weeks, when one night about 11:30 Mrs. Geraghty rang our bell. She looked terribly upset. I'd never seen her so worried.

"Oh, Mr. Gibbons," she said, "they've arrested Mr. Geraghty. I'm nearly out of my mind. They've got him in jail over in L. A. Can't you do something for us?"

I asked her what had happened. She said she didn't know. A professional bondsman had just telephoned her from L. A.

Well, I got right into my car and drove Mrs. Geraghty to the police station in L. A. There the desk sergeant told me about it.

The police had arrested Geraghty in a car with three notorious gangsters. Geraghty had a machine gun. The police claimed Geraghty and the gangsters were lying in ambush ready to murder five members of a rival gang as soon as they came out of a pool hall across the river.

Mrs. Geraghty burst into tears. They came hard, and I think it was the first time she had cried for years.

"It's all my fault," she sobbed. "He couldn't stand it. He jest couidn't stand it. I might of knowed he couldn't." Then she got mad. She walked over to the desk sergeant and shook a big fist in his face. "You let my husband outa here," she yelled, "or I'll tear down this jail!"

About five of us had to hold her.

Well, I remembered that Geraghty was an ex-service man and a Congressional Medal of Honor man besides. I got busy with Tobey Smalling, our Legion-post commander. The charge against Geraghty was carrying concealed weapons, and rather rocky at that, because he had made no effort to hide the machine gun. A bunch of us fellows put it up to Judge Smith, man to man. We let on, of course, that Geraghty was suffering from shell shock. The judge was a good fellow. He fined Geraghty two hundred dollars and let it go at that.

The morning after Geraghty was released there was a farewell scene on the Geraghty porch. All the little Geraghtys were crying and holding up their arms to be kissed good-by. Mrs. Geraghty wasn't crying. She looked proud and happy.

I walked out as Geraghty started to get in a taxicab.

"Leaving us?" I said.

"Yes. Manchuria. Sorry I forgot about saying good-by. You've been mighty white, Gibbons."

I said that was all right. Geraghty turned and waved to his wife. I never saw his eyes so soft. I never saw Geraghty look such a man. I knew all of a sudden what made Geraghty go. He had to be doing big things to live up to that wife of his. He had to send home stories and poems and loot. He had to get back to his old buddy, Death.

Mrs. Geraghty and the children moved to San Francisco a week later. She told me the reason. I've never repeated her words to my wife. Emma never understood the Geraghtys.

"We're going to live in Chinatown," said Mrs. Geraghty. "The women there don't give you advice all the time."

I read the news from the Manchurian war zone every day. I'm thinking I may see Geraghty's name.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 28)

mamma'll bring him a dog biscuit, by and by. . . . There! Now, boy friend, what's on your mind?"

"Betty, remember last night at the dance, when we were sitting out on the porch in the moonlight? I was going to tell you then ——"

"You know, I wondered what ailed you! You sort of groaned. I thought probably you had eaten too many of those fancy cakes or something. Say, Bill, wasn't that some party? Boy, oh, boy! I was so tired today, I could hardly move! And you should of seen my new silver slippers. Ruined! But, gosh, it was worth it. Such a peppy orchestra. Remember that swell piece they played: If I Could Think, I'd Think of You? I went downtown and got the record today. And is it hot? Babee-e-e! I'll play it for you."

"No, we can listen to that later. I have something important I want to say first."

"Well, spill it."

"Betty, you know when we were sitting out there on the porch, I was afraid to tell you then. You looked so beautiful and mysterious, with that moonlit pillar in back of your head, and your face shining in front ——"

"Yes, it's a funny thing about me: My face is in front! I've often noticed that! Ha-ha! Oh, Bill, I'm sorry, but it did sound so silly!"

"Don't laugh at me! I'm serious! Listen, Betty; for weeks and weeks I've dreamed of the night when I'd get up the nerve to tell you this, and now you sit there and joke about it!"

"Good grief, Bill, go ahead and unload. Nobody's stopping you, are they? Wait a sec. Hand me that vanity case. Thanks. Now shoot!"

"Betty, perhaps I'm being presumptuous, but there is this thing I must say to you, and I want you to believe that I mean every word of it with all my heart. Look at me, Betty! I want you to be looking straight into my eyes when I say this."

"Oh, gee whiz! All right."

"Betty, my dream girl, my adorable glorious queen—Betty, I love you!"

"Well, for goodness' sakes! Is that all? Why, I've known that for simply ages! Be yourself, big boy! Come on now; let's play this good hot record. Vo-do-de-oh —— Bill! Stop! William Jones! Stop it! You dare hit me with that record! Help! Papa! Mamma!" —MARGE.

Strategic Retreat

HUMBLY, darling, I mention this:
Before we ever had kissed a kiss,

Before we ever had even met
I got along, in a way, my pet.

I grew through childhood, I went through school,
And wasn't exactly a perfect fool.

I even managed, as I do now,
To earn a salary check somehow.

Modestly, dearest, these facts I cite
To show my judgment at times was right,

That now and then, ere I wedded you,
My bean worked wisely a time or two.

And now that we're married, one might expect
That once in a while I'd be correct.

All right! All right! I won't prolong
The controversy—again I'm wrong!
—Berton Braley.

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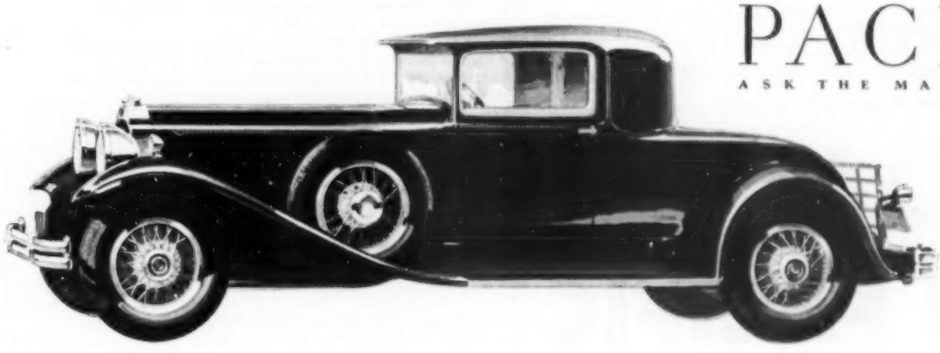
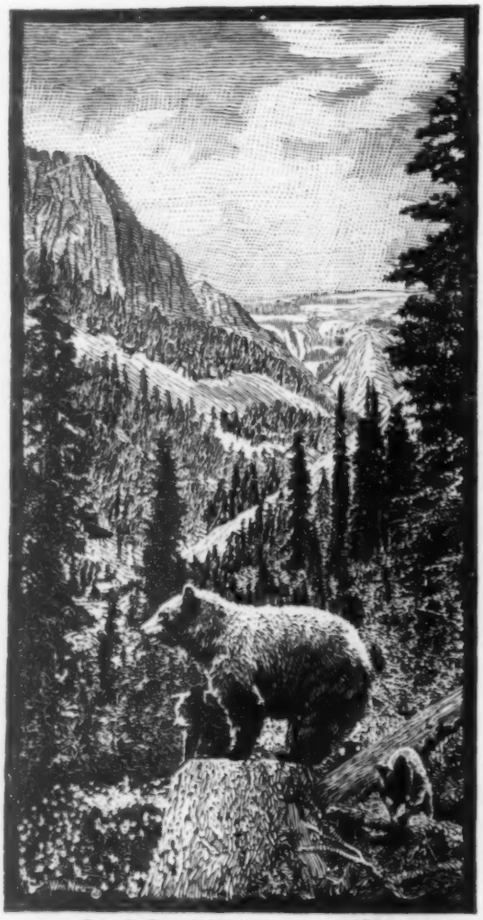


PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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THE OVERLAND ROUTE
UNION PACIFIC

HAPPY LANDINGS

(Continued from Page 5)

see if the papers don't give you a big hand, even on this. I was talking to Gilbert during the third act ——"

"Did he stay for it?" inquired Len Thomas amiably.

Sutherland flared up with a touch of jealousy. "Say, what is this—a frame-up? Are you two trying to get my leading woman away from me?"

Thomas said soothingly, "You won't need her long, Jimmy."

Disregarding thunder in the air, Timberlake continued pleasantly, watching Eve's eyes: "Have you ever taken a voice test?"

"No, never," said Eve.

"Shouldn't you like to take one?" asked Timberlake.

Sutherland emitted a scornful groan. "You're kidding yourselves all over the lot with those damned talkies! A barrelful of squawks and cackles ——"

"What was the last sound picture you saw, Sutherland?" suggested Timberlake. His heavy, reddish eyebrows came together. His heavy, handsome mouth set itself in a hard line.

With a trace of reluctance, Sutherland mentioned a title.

"Exactly!" said Timberlake contemptuously. "Made over a year ago. Our later releases would surprise you and some of the other amateur critics."

"No foolin', Jimmy," argued Len Thomas languidly; "you boys backstage have got to do a little serious thinking if you want to keep your playhouses open."

Sutherland struck back with a kind of tired savagery: "All the talking pictures in the world will never take the place of flesh and blood. Laugh that off!"

"Brains and innards is what the theater's short on," said Timberlake. He disposed of the discussion with a gesture briefly arbitrary. "How about tomorrow afternoon, Miss Adams; are you free, then?"

Eve hesitated, fingering a yellow envelope, taken from the little heap on the corner of her dressing table. Through its transparent oblong, she reread, automatically, the message it had brought her:

ALWAYS KNEW YOU WOULD GET THERE SOME DAY STOP BEST OF LUCK STOP WE ARE CHEERING FOR YOU JESS AND BILL

There were other yellow envelopes, one or two blue ones, which said about the same thing; matter now for sardonic amusement. She was terribly tired. Her sardonic amusement took the form of a menacing ache at the throat, a feeling like hot sand along the edges of the eyelids. Defeat—all along the line, defeat. Was the best of luck waiting for her anywhere? Was it worth while to go on fighting? After all, a woman—any reasonably attractive woman—could always go home—in this case, back to Atlanta, Georgia—and marry someone. Marriage—what every woman knows—the easiest way of living. Not beauty, unless you loved where you married. Not high adventure, unless you loved. Just safety. Safety first, or last? Was one doomed to be beaten into safety? Did one come to it sooner or later, inevitably.

With the instinct of the drowning clutching at the rescuer, she lifted her eyes to Timberlake's face. Until then she had scarcely seen him. Was this man part of the hidden pattern of her existence? Did his coming into her dressing room that night, as dozens of others had come, without in one way or another altering either her or their routine of living—did it, in his case, mean something? Did it focus the shifting shadows ahead? She sensed in him something to which she could hold—power, the habit of command. His mouth was chiseled to the giving of orders which he would see obeyed. His eyes were deeply far-seeing.

Eve caught herself back from those strange eyes. "Am I free," she repeated, "tomorrow afternoon? Yes, quite!"

She dropped her eyelids, retreating to an inner dark. What had the other two seen? She glanced at Sutherland—he looked drugged with weariness—at Thomas—he seemed only gently bored. She drew across her face the charming mask of her smile. Whatever possessed her had, so far as she could discover, possessed her unobserved. Nevertheless, she shrank back into herself, startled. What she needed, she supposed, was sleep. Her nerves must be pretty well shot.

Timberlake was watching her with his deliberate, inscrutable smile. He said: "Let me take you out to the studio, then, about 2:30, tomorrow afternoon. I'll make all the arrangements."

"I'm at No. — West Sixty-seventh Street," said Eve with a touch of formality. Purely defensive.

"A test doesn't commit Miss Adams to anything," said Timberlake, to Sutherland's disgruntled frown. Timberlake could be courteous, apparently, when he had got his way.

"Oh, no!" said Sutherland. "Oh, no! She won't be in Hollywood inside of six weeks!"

"Less than that, my boy," Thomas assured him with saturnine indulgence. "Can't you read the writing on the wall?"

Timberlake said, "Maybe Sutherland's taste in literature is a bit above writing on walls, Len."

Eve said, "I think if you'll all forgive me —— I'm really fearfully tired. Call a cab for me, Jimmy, will you?"

"I'll take you home myself," said Sutherland, "when these Greeks have packed up their lousy gifts and departed."

After all, his tired grin said, the theater could turn a phrase, when necessary, along with any of them.

III

WAITING in the drafts and shadows of the National Players studio next day, with Timberlake preserving a kind of leonine watchfulness beside her, Eve considered her unfamiliar make-up with a grimace of distaste.

"It changes my whole personality, doesn't it?"

"Merely intensifies you," said Timberlake.

"Do I need intensifying?"

"Not for the footlights. For the camera, a trifle, perhaps. You're pretty subtle, Miss Adams."

"I loathe all this stuff on my eyes! I've never used so much."

"You've got unusual eyes. Why not make the most of them?"

She laughed nervously. She felt as if the pounding of her heart must be audible in her voice. Like a drum-beat offstage.

He assured her, "Richardson—the man who helped you with your make-up just now—knows his stuff. Your eyes ought to screen splendidly."

He was seeing them as eyes on a screen, not as eyes in a woman's head. He was as impersonal as an Assyrian deity—as any deity at all. He wasn't only a man, he was luck, he was fate, he was a break. And Eve needed a break badly. She smiled at him suddenly and drew her breath in a long sigh, relaxing.

"That's right. Take it easy," he said. "Nothing about a test to worry a good little trouper like you." His own smile was steady, infinitely reassuring. "I think," he mused, "I'm going to ask you to do a bit from the first act of Lovers' Lane."

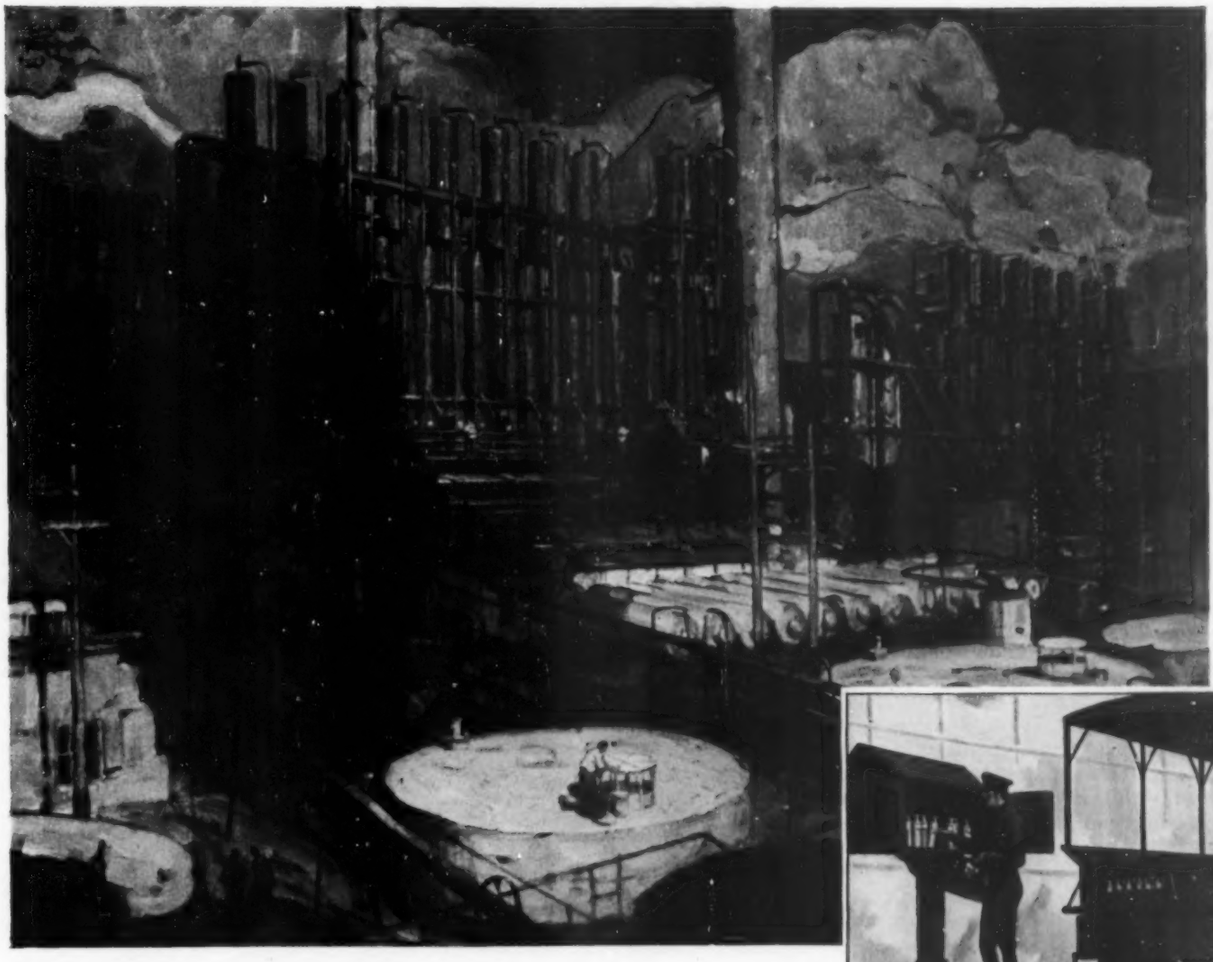
She said, amazed, "How did you know I'd been in that?" She had time to ask questions, time to ease her nerves in talk, because they were waiting for someone else to finish a test, waiting for some especial cameraman Timberlake wanted.

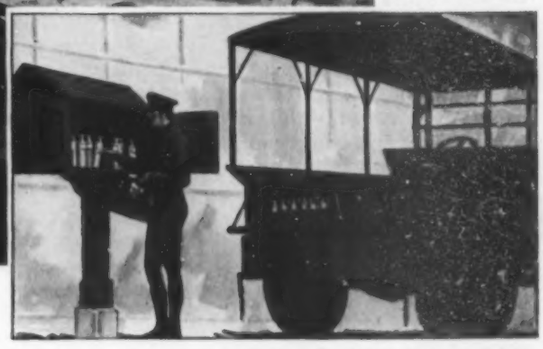
He told her pleasantly, "I know everything you've done."

"It isn't very much."

"That doesn't matter. It's what you're going to do."

(Continued on Page 94)





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Long hours of undisturbed sleep at night and periods of rest during the day help to ward off tuberculosis in later years.

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THE tuberculosis deathrate has been cut in half in the last twenty years largely by better living conditions among the working population and the successful treatment of active cases. Now medical science has an even more brilliant victory in its grasp—the checking of the disease in children before it develops.

Children who come in frequent contact with anyone who has active tuberculosis are in grave danger, though they may look the picture of health and have none of the familiar warning signs—underweight, a cough, fatigue and poor digestion.

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Contrary to the old-time belief, heredity does not plant the germs. Close contact with the disease in active form is usually responsible. The disease may lie dormant for many years and then flare up and become active following physical or mental strain, too heavy or too prolonged.

But there is no need to guess whether or not a child who has been exposed has picked up the germs. Modern science can now discover whether any damage has been caused by them. No longer are doctors compelled to rely merely upon such tests as tapping the chest, listening to the breathing, examining the sputum. They can be reasonably sure of correct diagnoses by including X-ray and tuberculin tests. Results from tuberculin tests are especially significant in children.

All children should be kept away from people who have tuberculosis. They should have regular, thorough physical examinations. If tuberculosis is discovered, modern restorative methods should be applied immediately.

Every child, no matter how healthy or sturdy, needs plenty of sleep, plenty of proper food, plenty of sunshine and fresh air. But the child who has picked up the germs of tuberculosis and is beginning to react to them needs additional care and a scientific health-building program under wise medical direction.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, without charge, its booklet, "The Care and Prevention of Tuberculosis", to anyone who requests it. Ask for Booklet 430-E.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 92)

"You think I'm going to do anything worth mentioning?"

Why should he waste time on her? Why should he take the trouble to lie to her? He must see something in her, else why ——

He said: "My dear girl, I'm a busy man"—as if he read her thoughts. He didn't trouble to go further along that line. He picked up the matter of what she was to do in her test, where he had dropped it. "That bit you did at the piano in Lovers' Lane—that's just about what we want."

Eve wanted to ask him how he knew she had done a bit at the piano, but, of course, Len Thomas—anyone—might have told him. So she said what was really more important: "I can't sing, you know, really." Making no bones about it. Warning him in advance.

"I'm told," said Timberlake, "you've got a certain quality —— Now what I want you to do is this ——" He fingered his chin with a big muscular hand. Eve felt a faint inward quiver of distaste at sight of the reddish hair on the back of it.

"You're sitting at the piano," he went on, looking at her keenly; "the man you love is walking out on you. You know he's going to the other woman—d' y' see?—but you're too proud to try and hold him. He's breaking your heart, but let him go! So, looking over your shoulder and playing very softly all the time—— By the way, you did play, in Lovers' Lane?"

"Oh, yes; I play," said Eve.

"Good! . . . Well, playing softly, you say: 'Must you go, Bob? Nice to have seen you!'—whatever the lines were. You're up on them, aren't you?"

"Perfectly." She felt her made-up eyes, enormous, fixed on his face, listening. She picked up the scene, feeling it develop in her mind under his curt suggestion, that yet gave her just the word, just the slant she needed. She told him eagerly: "After 'nice to have seen you,' I begin to sing, still softly."

"That's it!" said Timberlake. "That's it exactly. You hear the door close behind you, but you don't stop. You go right on singing. . . . What was it you sang?"

"Oh, the silliest stuff!" said Eve. "That's what made it so good, really." She sang a bar or so of the heartbroken song in a small, throaty voice, just above a whisper:

"In a time, sometime;
In a place, somewhere;
There's a man that's waiting for me.
And I can wait, if that's my fate;
But, Lover, if you love me,
Don't you come too late."

"O. K.!" Timberlake said to her quickly. "Fine!"

Eve's eyes began to shine. "Not bad, is it! Then, while I'm singing, the other man comes in. I'm horribly startled, but I'm game. I know I've got to keep my chin up or have everybody know Bob's let me down, so I turn on the piano bench and I look at him and laugh, and I say, 'Hello, Jack! I didn't know you were in town!'"

"Say it just that way and I'll be satisfied," said Timberlake. He glanced up at a grubby young man in a green pull-over and brown trousers who had come up and was standing waiting, in an attitude of respectful attention. "Ready for us, Griff?"

"All ready, Mr. Timberlake."

"Come along," said Timberlake, rising; and Eve followed with a queer feeling of ankles and knees suddenly thawing like those of a snowman.

"Just be yourself," Timberlake comforted her casually, "and we'll get something good."

Just to be herself before a camera, in the midst of a silence which would magnify her very breathing. Eve had heard vague, terrifying stories of the synthetic silence of sound-picture studios. She followed doggedly.

There was a piano waiting for her, darkly shining, implacable. There were men everywhere—tinkering with lights, tinkering with cameras incased in sound-proof cabinets—cameras looking absurdly like ice boxes on wheels. To Eve's arrival, both cameramen and light men appeared comparatively indifferent. One more candidate for Hollywood—that was all.

Timberlake, on the other hand, created a perceptible tension merely by walking across the little stage, giving an order or two briefly.

"That lamp a little farther back there. . . . Lower the mike a little—not too much. That's about right."

"That O. K., Mr. Timberlake?"

"O. K., Jimmy. . . . Just a minute, Miss Adams!"

On a sort of signboard placed before the camera, Eve read, startled absurdly by the impersonal gravity of the chalked-up facts: "Eve Adams, height five feet, four inches; color of eyes, brown; color of hair, brown."

Timberlake, coming back to her, observed in an undertone: "Brown's not just the word for your hair, but we'll let it go at that. Now, if you'll sit down at the piano, Eve ——"

She sat down with her heart racing in her breast. The signboard was taken away. The camera—two cameras were turned upon Eve herself. Lights blazed on her suddenly.

She was wearing a flesh-colored chiffon frock, arms and throat bare, hair waved softly back from her face. The glare of the lights stripped her. She felt stripped to the bone. She felt lone as a single sail on a sea that would would never lip land. She heard that deep, plangent voice, with its overtone of compulsion: "Sit down at the piano, Eve."

In a panic, as sudden as it was overmastering, she looked about for him. He had brought her here, he had subjected her to this—was he leaving her to go through with the ordeal alone? All at once she saw him. He had seated himself in a chair just outside the range of the cameras, but from which he could see Eve's face, could look straight into her eyes. He was leaning forward, elbows on his knees, hands linked, watching her. When their eyes met, he smiled.

Cool, his calling her Eve, like that. But comforting—like a hand to hold on to.

He said to her thoughtfully—not as if it mattered enormously—"Want to rehearse that bit we spoke of, or just go ahead with it? After the camera starts, you know, I can't do any directing."

"Just go ahead," said Eve, touching the keyboard with the tips of chilly fingers.

"Good girl!" said Timberlake. "Now, there'll be three bells for silence. After that, watch me. When I put up my hand, let's go."

Eve nodded. She kept her hands on the keyboard, so that when she began she would seem to have been playing already. Presently three bells sounded. Presently silence came. It beat on the ear like an air swell, recurrent and relentless. Eve fancied she could hear her own heartbeat. She thought the drawing of her breath must cut the air like a snake's hiss. Then she saw Timberlake's hand—his powerful square-fingered hand—with the reddish fell on the back of it, lift slowly, and she began very softly to play. Began from somewhere deep within her to evoke the girl whose man was walking out on her, was leaving her for another woman; and she was too proud to try and hold him. Touching light, mocking music from the keys, smiling, with her head up, her mouth slightly unsteady. "Must you go, Bob?" asked Eve.

She saw Timberlake nod. She played more softly yet, but with a certain delicate bravura. Playing to his nod, without knowing it. He sat so that, looking at him, she might have been turning to look at her inconstant lover. His eyes, across the space between them, shone deeply, holding hers. Pride twisted his mouth—pride and defiance. On Eve's own mouth, pride quivered. Timberlake, for one moment, lowered his eyelids, as if unable to bear a thing he saw. Eve's eyelids dropped, fluttered, then lifted. Her shadowed eyes deepened. "Nice to have seen you," she said.

(Continued on Page 96)

DISTINCTION... Everywhere in America where great achievement is appreciated, people are unhesitatingly acclaiming Franklin. The introduction by Franklin of the first airplane-type engine in a motor car—an engine which in tests has flown an airplane—is heralded as a great forward step in the automobile's march of progress. A vision of the future—the turning point of a new era.

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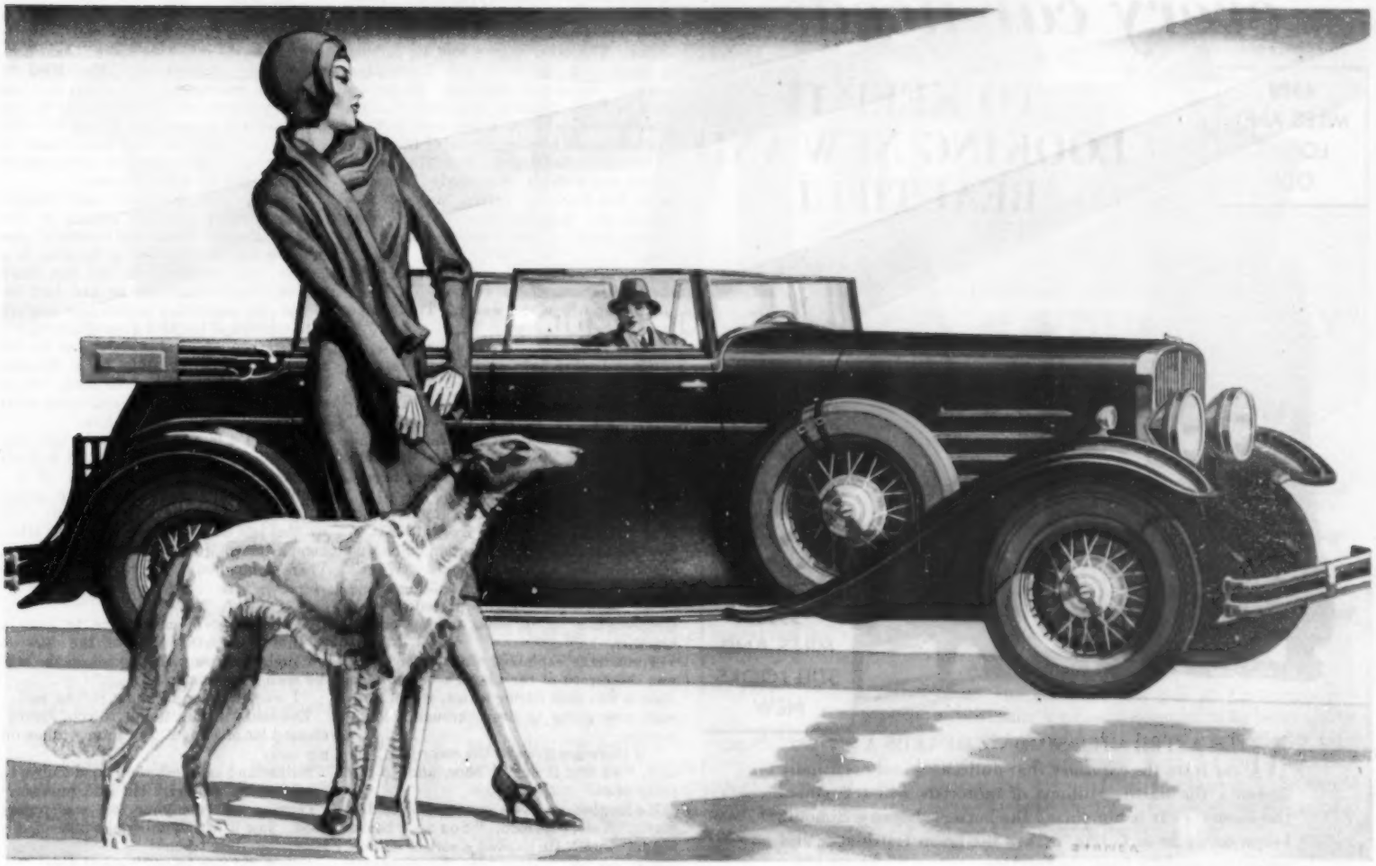

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(Continued from Page 94)

Timberlake nodded again, vehemently. Excitement streaming high in her, Eve began to sing. Very softly, still mocking:

"In a time, sometime;
In a place, somewhere;
There's a man ——"

At the sound of a door closing, with some detached corner of her mind she thought fleetingly: "Be like a stick on a rain barrel. . . . Won't be good ——" But she went on singing. Even singing, she was conscious that Timberlake's eyes were on her. She felt his will breaking her heart for the camera to record. She felt his will breaking it beautifully, showing her the way. There were tears in her voice; under the stress of this extraordinary experience, there were tears in her eyes. When she had sung a verse and a half, she turned her head, listening. The other man would be coming in about then, wouldn't he? Timberlake nodded. He turned, listening. He turned back swiftly. Surprise and consternation flowed from his deep, ardent eyes to Eve. She felt herself tensing, picturing the thing he indicated, holding it; then Timberlake smiled suddenly, a charmingly ingenuous smile, and Eve's lips parted, her eyes narrowed, she laughed sweetly; she said: "Hello, Jack. I didn't know you were in town!"

"Cut!" said Timberlake sharply. And the cameras stopped.

Eve sat where she was till Timberlake came to her.

"O.K.," he said. "That's that!"

"Was I all right?" asked Eve, absurdly trembling.

"We'll hear a play-back," said Timberlake; "then I'll tell you more about it." But he put a hand on her shoulder and shook her gently. "You take direction beautifully, young lady. I thought you would."

He had said he couldn't do any directing after the cameras began. Eve put that to one side for future consideration. She was still trembling with excitement. "What's a play-back?" she asked, walking along beside him, followed and preceded by a conglomerate lot of men, talking noisily together.

Timberlake explained that a play-back was the record of the player's voice made upon a wax disk during a test, which they were now going to hear through a loudspeaker.

"If there are flaws in the recording," he said, "we find it out at once, and do the thing over."

He laughed at Eve's uncontrollable dismay. "Wait!" he said. "You ain't heard nuthin' yet!" He showed a sort of elation almost boyish. Going into the recording room, a long, narrow, pallid place like an overgrown cell, he squeezed Eve's arm and laughed again.

He must be pleased with her, she supposed. There was a confused mutter of voices. A man fumbled for a moment with a sort of switchboard.

Someone said, "Ready, Mr. Timberlake!"

"Meet Eve," said Timberlake softly at Eve's ear. She didn't know what he meant till the piano began.

When her own voice first came to her out of the air, she felt her hair prickling upon her scalp. Nothing so ghostly ever in this world! Out of the void. Out of empty space. A woman speaking. Not with the brassy unreality of a phonograph—this was life! The least soft shading of the lightest tone was there—the wooing break, that faint endearing husk: "Must you go, Bob?" Here was a stranger and yet oneself. And Eve had never heard herself before. If she had not been told it was indeed herself —— The self she knew in mirrors, had waved bronze hair upon its head, eyes incurably a little sad, above a mouth, incurably a little amused—by the eyes' sadness likely. Eve tightened her fingers suddenly upon Timberlake's arm, standing next to him. She had a terrifying sense of being adrift from her own flesh and blood, of losing hold of herself. This woman singing was surely magnolia white and dangerous. Her hair would be black as a crow's feather. Her eyes would be velvety black with sparks of unholy fire, sparks of laughter in the dark, pricking through. She would be eager, she would be ardent, she would be live—as a woman deep in a jungle.

All that wasn't in the silly song; it was in the unseen woman singing it.

"Pretty good, I think," said Timberlake, patting Eve's fingers, gripping his arm. The play-back was over. He said to the man at the switchboard: "Pretty good, eh? Nice tone!"

"I can't believe it!" said Eve, breathless. "I can't believe ——"

"Modest girl!" said Timberlake. "Now, if you'll get your make-up off and get out of that dress, I'll drive you home."

"I mean—I mean the voice!" said Eve, ridiculously stammering. She tried to make him understand what it was that had so overwhelmed her. "All this may be just commonplace to you, but to me it's—it's ghostly—it's terrible! She doesn't seem to be me at all. She's someone quite outside me—someone I—I don't know!"

"She's in you, my dear," said Timberlake, smiling to himself; looking at Eve with a curiously thoughtful intensity. Appraising her like something hanging in a gallery, like something he had just heard played, like a fragrance he had just detected, like something he had just touched with the ends of his strong spatulate fingers. She felt his senses appraising her for his mind—servants reporting to a strange, powerful master. When he said, "She's in you," it was the master approving what the servants had found for him.

"Then I'd like to know her!" said Eve recklessly; all shyness burned off by that amazing self meeting.

"You shall," said Timberlake pleasantly. He added, by way of detail: "I'll see that test here with you, tomorrow afternoon at three, if that's convenient for you. There's no doubt in my mind, however ——"

IV

SUTHERLAND asked Eve to have a bite to eat with him after the show on the night following Eve's visit to the studio with Timberlake.

"I want to hear all about it," he said.

Eve said, "I want to talk to you, Jimmy, about a lot of things. I'm simply taken off my feet."

Sutherland said feet were good things to keep on the ground. He said morosely: "Thomas tells me your test was pretty good. Saw it with Timberlake himself this afternoon, didn't you?"

"How did you know?" asked Eve.

Sutherland said there were still a few little birds left on the telegraph wires. He patted Eve's shoulder and grinned at her skeptically, but with an authentic affection. That was just before the curtain went up on the third act. "I'll wait for you," he said. "Suppose we drop over to the Chop House."

So, when the curtain had fallen on that appalling and increasingly futile third act, they dropped over to the Chop House—its dark walls papered with rare old programs, frescoed with slim clay pipes and distressingly demoded steins—and above a club sandwich and a pewter mug of nowhere-near beer, Sutherland admitted that, all things considered, the talkies might now be Eve's best bet and Timberlake's interest a thing for which she had perhaps as well give thanks.

"Because," said Sutherland in grim conclusion, "at the end of two weeks you'd be out of a job in any case."

"Is the play closing in two weeks?" asked Eve incredulously. Even for a flop, two weeks was pretty short shrift.

"After the panning we got in yesterday morning's papers, it's a wonder to me," said Sutherland, "we're open tonight."

"Jimmy, they were terrible, weren't they?" said Eve.

(Continued on Page 99)

"IT IS THE ONLY PART OF YOUR BODY THAT MUST BE FITTED PERFECTLY"

WHEREVER successful men gather you hear it discussed. Health, Health, Health! How can you keep yours? You can't unless you'll take the necessary steps. And one of the first steps is to see that your feet are fitted perfectly.

The first and only shoe with "The Saving V"

Three years ago "The Saving V" was an idea. Today, Footsavers—the only shoes with the Saving V—are a remarkable success. Thousands of men are frankly enthusiastic about them.

But what is there *so different* about Footsavers? What does this "Saving V" add to your comfort, health and the smart and lasting style of Footsavers?

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All shoes are made over a wooden form called a "last". That's where we started. Studied thousands of feet. Noted every normal curve and arch. Then created the Footsaver human last. Natural, normal, perfect.

Note the difference in these heels

To illustrate: Heels will never fit smartly and snugly if made over crude lasts. Look at your own heel. From the ankle down, it curves in, then out, then in. Exactly what we did with Footsaver lasts. Duplicated Nature. And what a difference it makes in Footsavers' fit.

Twins—soles of feet and soles of Footsavers

You know your own feet are not perfectly flat, for you've seen their imprint in sand. They're down along the outer edge of the foot—and curve up along the inner.

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* * * *

And speaking of perfect-fitting soles, did you know your shoes can't fully fit you unless they support your "little arch"? Where is it? Right behind the ball of your foot—a small depression that Footsavers support perfectly, with layers of soft, buoyant leather.

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* * * *

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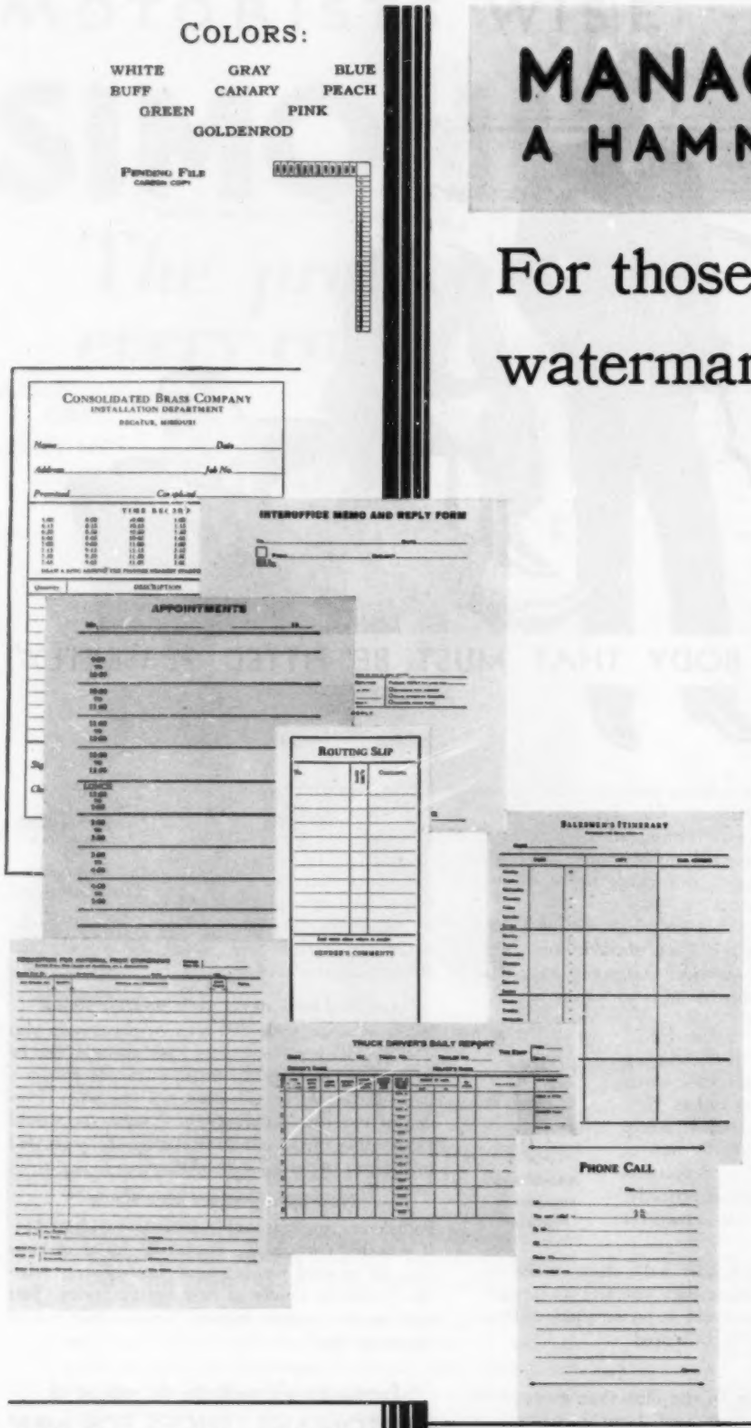

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(Continued from Page 96)

"Not half terrible enough, if you want my real opinion."

"Why didn't we know? Why didn't any of us see how bad it was, before we opened in it?"

Sutherland said: "The lady with the single-stringed instrument—y' know, the blindfolded female, sitting on top of the world—in some of our best hotel rooms—she's still an artist."

"Hope?" said Eve, quirking a lip, her eyes unsmiling.

"That one!" said Sutherland. He buttered a bit of toasted roll with a vicious swing. "You got a kind word or two, darling, but I'm afraid to tell you to stick around on the strength of it. Now, this guy, Timberlake—I've been checking up on him ——"

"Jimmy, he's good, isn't he?"

"If by good you mean he's a kind of little czar with that outfit, you're darned right he is! Thomas says there's nothing he can't have with National Players. For the asking."

"Jimmy," said Eve, in a half-apologetic murmur, "he says he'll get me a contract."

"Was that after you saw the test with him this afternoon?"

"Yes. He was terribly pleased, apparently. He says I screen unusually well. And my voice—he says it's made for sound production."

"Those fellows hate themselves!" said Sutherland bitterly. "I suppose the world was made in seven days for a movie set."

"Well, they're gradually using it up, aren't they?" said Eve. She laughed suddenly. She put an appealing hand on Sutherland's arm. "Jimmy, I don't give Hollywood any more than you do. I think it's cheap, I think it's tawdry, I think most of the stuff you see in pictures would bore a ten-year-old idiot to tears. Maybe the talkies are going to be different, but I don't see it yet. What I do see is this, Jimmy: Ladies must live!"

"Rainbows in your tears. You do that like Coquette!"

"No, please, Jimmy; I mean it. I'm up against it. I've got absolutely nothing to live on, outside of what I make."

"Thought you had a family somewhere down in Dixie."

"Only one or two prospects," said Eve, burying her nose in her pewter mug and making large eyes above it.

Sutherland guffawed unexpectedly. It was what she had been working for. She waited till he had stopped. Looked at him in deadly earnest, feeling him ready to listen now without antagonism. "It's absolutely true. I've got to get something, and I've got to get it soon. So, what I'm asking you, Jimmy, is this: If this man Timberlake thinks I've a chance to do something in Hollywood, wouldn't I be a fool not to take that chance?"

"Sure you would," said Sutherland, surrendering unconditionally. "I hate to see you thrown away on a lot of ham photography, but, as you say, darling, the ladies—God bless 'em—must eat from time to time."

"Also," said Eve, "grass skirts are more or less expensive."

"And glass houses," said Sutherland, "have cruel landlords, always coming around for the rent."

"Jimmy," said Eve, with a long sigh, "you're awfully sweet! Now tell me what to do about What Luck."

Sutherland beckoned the waiter. "Two chocolate éclairs," he said, having had supper with Eve before, "and two black coffees." Then he lit a cigarette and watched a bluish ring melt into air slowly.

"How soon does he want you to go out to California?"

"As soon as I can make it," said Eve. "Saturday, maybe. He thinks he can use me in a picture that's starting the end of this month."

Sutherland said: "Well, as you know, if you want to forfeit two weeks' pay ——" He looked at Eve. She looked back at him. He shrugged. She shrugged and laughed.

"Why not?" she said. "If I'm going to be broke, that won't make it much worse. If I'm going to get going, I shan't miss it."

"You're a good little sport, aren't you, Eve?"

"I'm afraid to be anything else, Jimmy. If you keep your chin up, the witty gods may let you by. I say they may!"

"Where did you learn your mythology?"

"Between heaven and hell," said Eve. Tears came into her eyes, remembering that blessed limbo. She took a bite of roll. She took a mouthful of the flat acrid liquid in the pewter mug. She said, "Go on; I'm out two weeks' pay ——"

"And I put another girl in your place," said Sutherland. "You can leave in a couple of days, if you want to."

"Timberlake wants me to leave Saturday," said Eve.

"He's a fast worker," said Sutherland.

The chocolate éclairs came, and the two black coffees. People had come and gone while Eve and Sutherland talked. The Chop House was almost empty. Midnight—the unreal, sallow midnight of Forty-fourth Street—looked in at the windows. An occasional automobile horn, passing, cried a four-noted phrase like the theme of some strange tone poem in jazz.

"Eve," said Sutherland suddenly, "it's none of my business, of course ——"

"I want to hear no bad news," she quoted apprehensively.

"All right. But you want to know what you're going into, don't you?"

"I don't know that it ever did me any good, so far."

"No foolin'," said Sutherland stubbornly. "How much do you know about Timberlake?"

Eve stiffened like something in a deep forest hearing a twig break. She said: "I think he's quite wonderful—I do, Jimmy, really. As a director, you know. It was the strangest and most interesting experience, making that test with him."

"Yeah, he's supposed to be a crack director," said Sutherland; "but outside of that?"

"I know nothing at all about him," said Eve. "He hasn't murdered anyone lately, has he? Or is he just Bluebeard in person? Either way, what difference does it make? He's offering me a job, not a place at the head of his table. I don't even know if he has a table, Jimmy. Don't directors always eat on the lot?"

"I'm talking sense," said Sutherland coolly, "and you'd better stop wise-cracking and listen."

"Yes?" said Eve, at once penitent. "I'm sorry!"

"All right," said Sutherland grudgingly. "I merely thought it might interest you to know that your friend Timberlake has the name of collecting any woman he takes a fancy to."

"Oh, directors always have that!" said Eve, unimpressed. "That's the oldest hokum in the profession. It's just publicity, isn't it? I expect, as a matter of fact, Timberlake has a wife somewhere he's devoted to."

"He hasn't had her lately," said Sutherland grimly. "That's the rest of the story. About two years ago, when he and his wife were coming home one night from a party at a place called Los Verdes, he ran the car over the edge of a cliff and killed her."

"Jimmy," said Eve sharply, "that's too horrible!"

"It's not too horrible to be true," said Sutherland, with the kind of noble relish which the best of us at times display in combining fact with drama, to the detriment of a prosperous competitor.

"You don't mean he did it on purpose?"

"I never said he did it on purpose. Nobody knows how he did it. He crawled a mile and a half for help, with a broken ankle. They found her with a broken neck. She'd been instantly killed."

"Some have the luck," said Eve simply. She had turned very white.

"I'll say women are the devil!" said Sutherland. "Now you're sorry for him, aren't you?"

"Terribly, terribly sorry," said Eve.

"Even when you hear it had been a wild party and he was probably driving like a bat out of hell?"

"Poor bat!" said Eve. "He didn't get very far out of hell, did he?"

Was that the deep shadow that lurked at the back of Timberlake's eyes? Had that night, on the side of a cliff, with the woman he loved dead by his hand—however innocently—had that set his mouth in its strange slow smile?

"Who was his wife?" asked Eve, wondering. "Was he much in love with her, Jimmy?"

Sutherland snorted bitterly. "How do I know? I hear she was a girl he met in France during the war. Anyhow, there you are! That's the low-down on your red-headed friend. Believe it or not. I thought I ought to pass it on to you."

"He must have had a rotten time, forgetting," said Eve. She picked up her bag and gloves while Sutherland paid the check.

"Oh, I don't know," said Sutherland. "Probably hasn't hurt his Art."

Going down the steps, he slipped his hand inside Eve's arm, turning her toward Broadway. "You're a sweet kid," he said, "and I'd like to see you get along, but watch your step, darling! Thar's wolves in them mountains."

"I'm sorry, Jimmy," said Eve, with a tired chuckle of defiance, "but you can't sell me any wolves tonight; and anyhow, if the mountains are on my way, I've got to keep going, haven't I?"

V

WHEN Eve told Anne next morning that she was going out to Hollywood to go into the talking pictures, Anne first gasped, then sat down on the foot of Eve's bed and stared. With eyes like gentians. With her pink mouth, with its long Irish upper lip, half open. With a wisp of light brown hair trailing across her ruddy cheek and her damp, roughened hands twisting a fold of her blue print skirt amazedly.

"Save us!" said Anne, and: "Since when? I thought you was in a show already," she added prudently.

Eve, emptying drawers of blouses and stockings, taking stock of underthings and frowning over a chaotic collection of rubbish which couldn't be thrown away without being sifted for possible valuables, stopped to laugh at Anne's startled face.

"My show's a flop," she said.

"Now, ain't that just the way!" crooned Anne.

"It may be a piece of luck for me," said Eve, "because it leaves me free to try this other thing."

Freedom, said Anne, was sometimes good and sometimes not.

"And isn't Hollywood," she inquired doubtfully, "just the sink of the earth?" Even Anne, it appeared, had heard of wolves in the mountains.

"Oh," said Eve boldly, "that's just talk, I expect."

"Well," said Anne, "ye see it in the pictures they makes themselves. Marble bathtubs and gold beds with a thousand and one cushions; dancing daughters," said Anne with a Cassandran glint between her eyelashes, "and wild parties."

"As if," said Eve, "there weren't wild parties anywhere you went. You know better than that, Anne. You can go on a party anywhere or you can work anywhere. It depends on what you're after."

"Yes, but when work is goin' on a party!" said Anne somewhat stubbornly. "Jack Carman, now—would ye call it work, bein' made love to by that one?"

She got to her feet and stood looking about her with a slightly dazed expression, as if she saw Eve already in Jack Carman's arms; that prominent screen lover's smooth black head and bright, conquering eyes already menacing Eve's swooning form.

"Save us!" she muttered again.

"Don't be a goose, Anne!" said Eve, laughing in spite of herself. "I'm not Kalanova, nor Gerda. I'll probably never even see Jack Carman."

"Ye're better-lookin' than that Russian woman any day," said Anne stoutly. "And as for the other, ye'll never make me believe men likes a woman to be caved in about the chest, without a sign of a hip on her. Them passionate string beans may be all right in the pictures ——" said Anne. She began to dust with vigor and extreme deftness. "How long is it ye've been in this house, now?" she inquired.

Eve, sorting stockings, answered absently, "Almost three years, isn't it, Anne?"

"We never thought, the day I came in here and found ye unpacking your trunk by that window, I'd be taking care of ye all this time, did we, Miss Adams?" said Anne mournfully.

Eve's hands dropped in her lap. She sat and looked at Anne out of dark eyes, misting with memories that had not lost their power to torture. Anne had seen Eddie sitting on the couch against the wall, with a cigarette between his fingers, with a glass on the little table at his elbow. . . .

"Have ye wrote yer fam'ly ye're going out there?" asked Anne suddenly.

"There's nobody to write," said Eve She matched two stockings and rolled them together with hands that shook a little. Stating it as nakedly as that, one couldn't help wincing a little from the fact that there actually was no one in the world who had a right to question Eve's comings and goings. Jimmy Sutherland's warnings, Anne's highly dramatic premonitions about marble baths and golden beds—that was the most Eve could muster in the way of either protest or godspeed. She said: "You know perfectly well, Anne, I'm all alone. I've told you that heaps of times. And I much prefer it!" she concluded, lifting her chin in braggadocio.

"Sure. It's the best way to be," said Anne soothingly—almost too soothingly. "Fam'lies," said Anne, "is nothin' but a care and a trouble. If ye've got anything, they want it off ye; if ye haven't got anything, they're forever after ye to get it. It's far the best to be alone," said Anne.

"Now I'll tell one!" said Eve sweetly.

She and Anne understood each other fairly well. It was strange to think that out of a city full of people in which Eve had been living for three years, the only human being upon whose sympathy and affection she could absolutely count, upon whose loyalty she utterly relied, was an Irish maid who, for about an hour each day, swept the rooms, made up the bed, washed out the tub.

Anne had the sweetness and the health of her own shamrocks; with a sense of drama stemming strongly from tabloids and advertisements; with a first-hand knowledge of the human comedy that would have made the fortune of a novelist. She had been in "the house"—as she invariably termed No. — West Sixty-seventh—almost eight years. Before that, she had been in other houses. The crimes of Clapham may be chaste in Martaban. Anne, with a personal chastity strong as yellow soap, found no crime inconceivable, having contacted so many varieties and nuances. She had at her finger tips the intimate history of hundreds of artists and actors who had passed into and out of the several houses she had served in, as well as any number of more conventional, if apparently no less human, folk. "That's an old New York fam'ly," she would say proudly of the latter; "they think they can do anything they please." Of the former, remarking merely, "Professionals, ye know. Ye can't tell what they'll do!"

Watching Anne at work about the place, so competent, so real and comforting, Eve had a strange impulse to confidence. The ferment of her mind boiled over.

"Anne," she said.

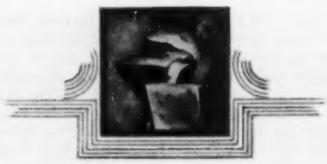
"Yes'm," said Anne dutifully.

"Did you ever hear of a man named Michael Timberlake?"

"I never did," said Anne.

Eve was oddly disappointed. "You've worked for so many stage people, I just wondered ——"

(Continued on Page 102)



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(Continued from Page 99)

"Is he an actor, or what?" asked Anne, at once deeply interested. Her concern with the cosmic stage was unfailing. Vicariously, she lived a thousand lives.

Eve said, "He's a director with National Players—the studio I'm going out to work for. He's the one that got me to make a test."

"Wouldn't he have to be an actor himself, to be a director?"

"Oh, no. He was a newspaperman, I think, until about five years ago."

Anne said, "A newspaperman." Thoughtfully straightening a pile of books on the table beside Eve's bed, she said, "Michael Timberlake? Here in New York?"

"Why, I suppose so," said Eve. She rolled a final pair of stockings together, put them in the drawer and closed it. "He was in France during the war. I don't know very much about him, Anne. He's supposed to be a marvelous director."

Anne's light brows puckered determinedly. She stood searching an inner card index and scowling. She bit her lip. She scratched her head. All at once her eyes began to shine. She broke into a triumphant smile.

"Is he a good-looking, reddish man with a little mustache?"

"He hasn't any mustache," said Eve perplexedly. "But of course that doesn't —— Anne, did you ever work for him, really?"

"Wait till I tell ye!" cried Anne, triumphant. It was her habitual town-crier call. "Wait till I tell ye! If it's the one I think it is, I took care of his wife at the Norman Arms, on West Seventy-third Street, before she married him. It was in France she met him. She went over there for a canteen worker. . . . Was his wife's name Doris Leonard?"

"I haven't the least idea," said Eve. But she felt in her bones that Doris Leonard had been the name of Timberlake's wife. Amazing Anne, a Boswell of the West Side. Carrying about in her tidy brown head the *dossiers* of people who had forgotten she ever existed. Who had probably, for that matter, never been acutely aware of her existence.

"She was a wild one," said Anne, "but pretty as any picture. She had big gray eyes with long black lashes, the cutest little mouth"—gesturing with a roughened, but appreciative, forefinger toward her own—"and natural blond hair with a wave you could put your two fingers in. The men that was after her!" said Anne. "She used to pose for magazine artists. She had the sweetest clothes you ever saw, and the year before she went to the war she was in a musical show. I forget the name of it."

"What did she do in the war?" asked Eve, arresting Anne in full flood.

"That one!" said Anne, with a noise in her throat compounded of pure scorn and derision. "She needed excitement all the time. Nothing but a war was big enough to satisfy her! She had a sweety way with her too. She used to say to me: 'Anne, ain't nature grand?' Then she'd give me a hat she'd bought and didn't like. She was always broke," said Anne, remembering. "Everybody gypped her."

"Poor kid," sighed Eve. Thinking how, even at the last, there had been certain gypping done. A broken ankle for a broken neck.

"Ah-h, she knew what she wanted!" said Anne. "Wait till I tell ye! The day she came back from Europe, she came up to the Norman Arms to look for something she'd left stored there when she went away, and she brings this red-headed man with her, and the housekeeper sends for me, and I go up to the storeroom with her while he waits in the lobby downstairs. And she says to him, 'Tim, darling, I won't be a minute.' And she wasn't. She just takes the box and opens it with a little key she takes out of her purse and looks into it, and then she locks it again and I gets her a piece of paper and she wraps up the box in it—a nice clean-looking package—and down she goes to him again. And on the way to the elevator she says to me: 'Anne, ain't nature grand? I'm so crazy about my husband. I could push this whole town right into the river just to see him smile.' And the housekeeper called him Mr. Timberlake," wound up Anne. "And she called him Tim. So there you are! Was he a newspaperman or not, I don't know, but it sounds like the same one, don't it?"

"It does, for a fact," said Eve. "Did she die in an automobile accident"—she could not bring herself to say it as Jimmy had—"in California, about two years ago?"

"That I dunno," said Anne briskly. "I never heard anything more of her from that day to this. . . . And he's the man ye're going to make pictures for? It's a small world!" she marveled, destroying the small world of a fly on the table with one sweep of her capable hand. She added, over her shoulder, proceeding toward the uncleaned bathroom: "In the box she had in the storeroom was letters from other men. She was a magpie—that one—for souvenirs!"

VI

SO EVE forfeited two weeks' pay at the theater and gave notice at No. — that she would be giving up her rooms on the eighteenth, and by Saturday—which was the eighteenth—she had packed her trunk—with Anne's devoted assistance—stored such of her personal belongings as she would not be taking with her, paid a few bills, said good-by to one or two people over the telephone and was ready to depart for the more or less golden West.

Timberlake had attended to the necessary formalities regarding her contract. It was surprising how things which Timberlake wanted done got themselves done with dispatch and in order. The head of National Players happening—with that sort of coincidence not uncommon in life, but of which fiction is still justifiably wary—to be passing through New York on his way to carry sound and fury to French cinema merchants, Timberlake arranged a meeting for Eve and she came away from it with her contract in her pocket. Not a sensationally large one, but enough to assure her a living. As for what Timberlake had said to the close-shaven, silken-speaking, thirty-five-year-old man whom he called chief—that Timberlake repeated to Eve with delightful casualness.

"I told him you had the looks and the speaking voice and the emotional quality, but that I'd have to break you out of a shell to get what I want from you."

"Like a peanut, or a crab?" asked Eve with a touch of annoyance.

"Like an almond," said Timberlake, and smiled to himself.

Why there should be anything in the image of a shelled almond to disconcert Eve, she scarcely knew. The fact remained. Slim and white and smooth, almonds were.

"Now," said Timberlake, "is there anything I can do for you before you leave?"

Eve said her arrangements were all made and thanked him.

"I'll see you at the train," he said. "What's your section?"

Sutherland had said he would take her to the train. Sutherland would not enjoy seeing Timberlake particularly, but there did not seem to Eve to be anything that she could do about that. She was a little tired by the time Saturday came round, what with putting her house in order and leaving no loose ends behind her. At seven o'clock in the evening, when she said good-by to Anne—come, almost formally, in brown cloth coat and a cheerful brown hat with a flower on it—she put her arms around that sturdy person suddenly and wiped her eyes on the brown cloth shoulder, with a choking laugh.

Anne had brought, by way of bon voyage, a corsage of pink roses and a little shining medal from Saint Theresa, and at that moment it did not seem to Eve she could bear to leave Anne, who seemed to love her and with whom she was so well taken care of, and go such a long way off, to what was, from all accounts, not only an impossible but a dangerous region.

"There, there, there!" said Anne, patting Eve as if she had been a little girl, just starting off to school for the first time. "Be good!"

Of course it wasn't just Anne Eve was leaving in the oddly desolate little sitting room . . . a laughing ghost lounged in one corner of the couch, ghostly cigarette smoke spiraling into the air above his beloved rough head, ghostly ashes sprayed the floor. . . .

"Good-by. Good-by!" whispered Eve, crying outright into Anne's pink roses, kissed Anne and fled to the door. Jimmy Sutherland following with her bag and a couple of books he had brought her.

"I meant to ask ye," Anne lilted after her. "Where's Mr. West? Did ye forget to call him up and say good-by to him?"

Anne was better than a social secretary for Eve's lapses. Also Mr. West, Anne never forgot, because he was so thoughtful of the help.

"Howard's in Boston," said Eve, snapping out of her tears, because the laughing ghost would have made her do it. "I wrote him a note, Anne. Don't worry! I've told him all about Hollywood and everything."

"That's fine," said Anne, satisfied. "Well, be good!"

"Anne knows her movies," said Jimmy Sutherland, in the cab on the way to the train. "Who's this West?"

"Anne's sweet!" said Eve, still a trifle unsteady. "Howard West—he's just a man I know."

"Not in love with him, are you?"

Eve said, "I'm not in love with any man in this world, Jimmy, and never shall be." She shut her hand on the clasp of her bag till her fingers cramped.

"Famous last words," said Sutherland indulgently.

The street lights were just coming on. Buildings, against a sky of egg-shell translucency, took on a thrust and mass of unreal beauty. Pale towers, lines and lattices of light; Broadway's kaleidoscopic glare painting the dusk. A city of men's minds and wills made visible in stone—a man-city.

Timberlake was waiting beside the train.

"Just to wish you luck," he said. "I can't stay. The chief sails at midnight. There's a dinner."

Sutherland said, "Just came by in time to catch this girl, didn't he?"

Timberlake said, "Things happen that way"—sardonically amiable.

Eve was glad when the train pulled out. She was tired. And the two men had not been easy together.

Just at the last she said to Timberlake nervously: "When do you get out to Hollywood? I completely forgot to ask you. How shall I know where to report, and all that?"

"I'm flying," said Timberlake. He smiled at the start she gave. "Be there before you will."

He was unpredictable. He cut into life like a sword. When he had gone, Sutherland seemed strangely pallid and inadequate. But Sutherland, saying good-by, was terribly decent. He warmed Eve's heart.

"You'll be back," he said, "and there'll be something here for you. Best o' luck, darling!"

"Best of luck to you, too, Jimmy!" said Eve, clinging to his friendly hand.

Alone in her section, with her hat in the familiar paper bag, with her head against the back of the seat, with her eyes closed against the dimming panorama of Jersey's sandy stretches, Eve tried to see ahead, and gave it up, surrendering to sheer physical weariness, almost grateful. Because being so tired meant one couldn't think in such unending circles.

At Trenton, when the train was just an hour out of New York, the conductor brought her a telegram. More yellow envelopes with window slits. At least, this time it could be no farcical congratulations upon a thing she had not attained.

She thought: "It's from Anne. I must have forgotten something." She thought: "Or Jimmy—just to buck me up."

She opened it, half indifferent, then sat for a long time reading it over and over. Being Eve's own daughter, curiosity took her, because, in small square black letters, not to be confused with any other type in the world, she read:

JED TRAILL UNIVERSITY VIRGINIA NINETEEN FIFTEEN ON BOARD STOP WILL LOOK YOU UP STOP GO EASY ON HIM STOP USED TO BE SWELL GUY

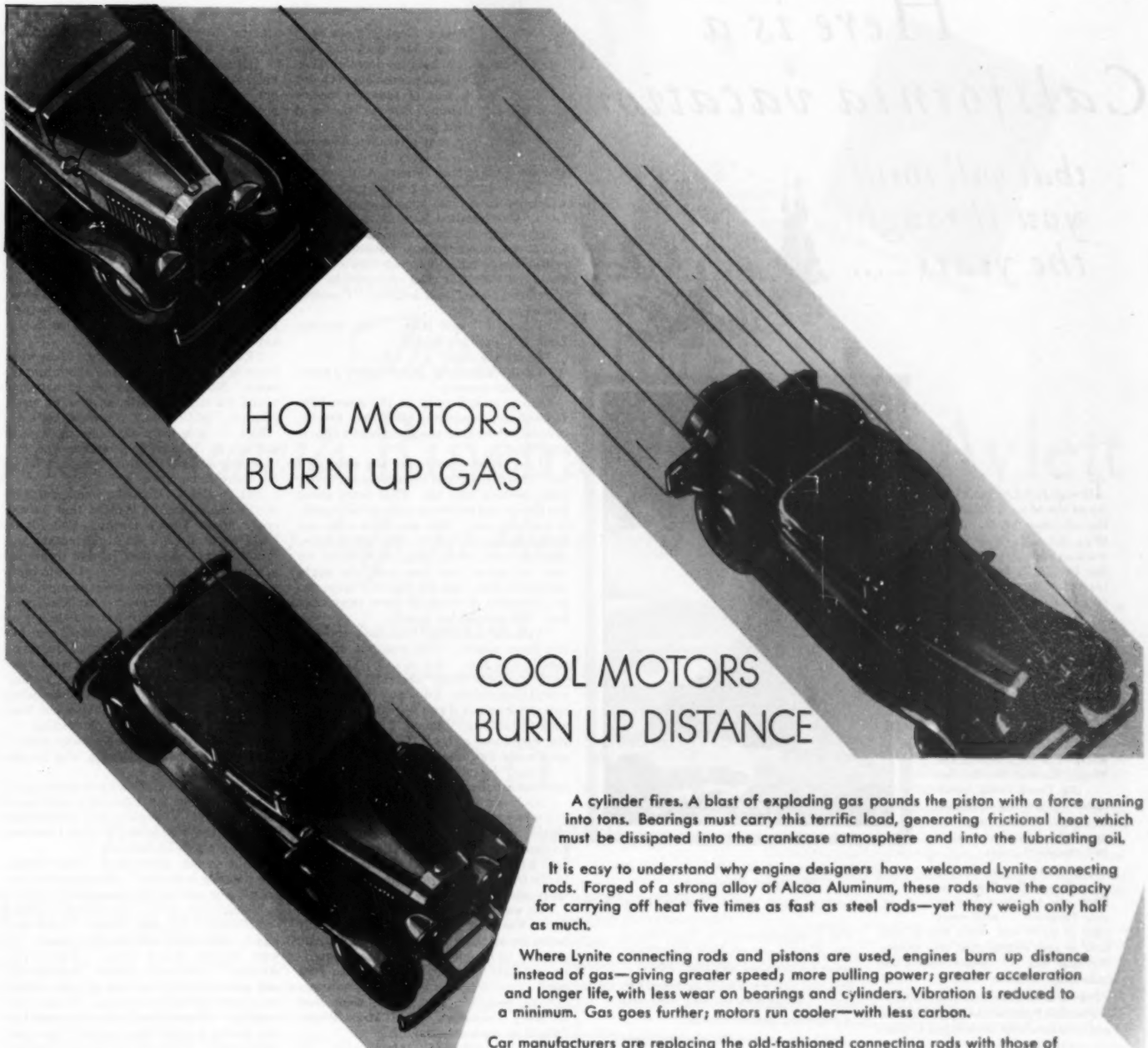
The message was from Providence and was unsigned.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

COURTESY ARCADY EXECUTIVES, INC., N. Y. C.

A Fresh-Water Lake Hidden in the Beach Dunes, Horry County, South Carolina

ALL NON-FERROUS PISTONS HAVE ALUMINUM AS A BASE



A cylinder fires. A blast of exploding gas pounds the piston with a force running into tons. Bearings must carry this terrific load, generating frictional heat which must be dissipated into the crankcase atmosphere and into the lubricating oil.

It is easy to understand why engine designers have welcomed Lynite connecting rods. Forged of a strong alloy of Alcoa Aluminum, these rods have the capacity for carrying off heat five times as fast as steel rods—yet they weigh only half as much.

Where Lynite connecting rods and pistons are used, engines burn up distance instead of gas—giving greater speed; more pulling power; greater acceleration and longer life, with less wear on bearings and cylinders. Vibration is reduced to a minimum. Gas goes further; motors run cooler—with less carbon.

Car manufacturers are replacing the old-fashioned connecting rods with those of forged Lynite. Aluminum alloy pistons are standard with 79% of car manufacturers—including *AUBURN · CHRYSLER · DU PONT · DE SOTO · DODGE · DURANT · ESSEX FRANKLIN · FORD · GARDNER · GRAHAM-PAIGE · HUDSON · JORDAN · KISSEL · LINCOLN · LOCOMOBILE · MARMON · MOON · NASH · PACKARD · PEERLESS · PIERCE-ARROW · PLYMOUTH REO · ROLLS-ROYCE · ROOSEVELT · STEARNS · STUDEBAKER · STUTZ · WHIPPET · WILLYS-KNIGHT

*1929 Statistical Issue Automotive Industries. In truck, bus, and aircraft engines where maximum performance and reliability must be obtained, Lynite pistons are standard among leading manufacturers.

Get the benefit of Alcoa Aluminum Alloys in your next car, or ask your garage or service station about Lynite pistons for replacement. ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA; 2497 Oliver Building, PITTSBURGH, PA. Offices in 19 Principal American Cities.

LYNITE

CONNECTING RODS

AND PISTONS
MADE OF ALCOA ALUMINUM

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that will thrill you through the years.....

On the famous 17-Mile Drive—along the Monterey Peninsula

Through Jack London's *Valley of the Moon*... through the relic towns of '49...down along the ocean's shore... north and east and south from San Francisco, broad scenic highways and legend-bordered rails reach out to touch the world's most fascinating out-of-doors.

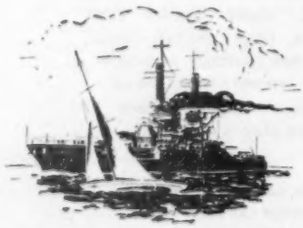
Yosemite, with its Half-Dome and its falls...glorious Lake Tahoe in the high Sierra ...*Rough and Ready, Poker Flat*—ghost-like since the easy gold is gone... Mt. Lassen, a real Volcano... Russian River... Pebble Beach, Del Monte, Carmel-by-the-Sea ... Big Trees, living; petrified... and the gorgeous Redwood Empire with its monarchs who have ruled two thousand years...

These and many more await you, close to San Francisco. Each one can be a part of your vacation... with every kind of sport and every way to rest. Golf in any setting that you choose; fish that bite... Smart resorts and charming "undress" inns.

Plan now to come this year. Cosmopolitan San Francisco, *America's coolest summer city*, invites you to make *this* your headquarters. You'll find a way of living...an art these *San Francisco* Californians call their own... that you will want to carry home forever... along with thrilling memories of countless famous places.

Send the coupon for an illustrated book to tell you more about this summer land that brings thousands who come to visit, back again to live.

Economy. Beginning May 15, low roundtrip excursion rates will be in effect to San Francisco and the Pacific Coast on all railroads. The Victory and Lincoln Highways will be in good condition. Or come by air, or by steamship via Panama Canal.



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THE CALL OF THE WILD ROSE

(Continued from Page 17)

how she had driven Hugh's motorcycle into the lake to pay him back for putting whitewash into her face powder. Mrs. Glover stared, unhappily conscious of Queen Victoria's death and of savagery nearer than the Fiji Islands. But for reasons of state she controlled her horror.

At four o'clock that afternoon Rose became engaged to Johnny in one of the swellest spots in New Jersey. At the end of the Glover garden was a wood path which wandered to a bluff known as Ryerson's Leap. One hundred feet below lay Green Valley, with its brook-divided pastures, and over to the northwest the blue thrusts of the Sussex hills. They sat down on the grass and looked at their countryside.

"Grand place," said Johnny. "Couldn't live anywhere else."

"I love it," said Rose. "It's darling. Look at those lush fields."

"I hate the city."

"I don't blame you. Even daddy's much nicer in the country."

Johnny looked away at the green hills. It was funny comparing him to Mr. Devlin, in town, whereas on the green land a Glover counted.

"I say, Rose, your father is a whiz, isn't he?" He turned, and there were her lovely eyes, melting into his. That word about her father had made her sure of his loyalty. It was very easy. She was in his arms and he was kissing her gently; first her temples; then her eyes; then, long and silently, her lips. It came over him that she might really love him, that she wasn't a baby, and in a moment of shock he drew away from her. She opened her eyes.

"You are a darling," he said—the perfect lover again. "Can you put up with me?"

"It's my life work," she said. "I'll love everything you do. I do now. I faint when you speak to me; I can't breathe when you walk toward me. Johnny, I never thought you would look at me." The worship in her eyes made him uncomfortable.

"I say," he said, "Rose, I'm a stupid old man for a baby like you."

"No," she insisted, "I adore you. I'll live wherever you want, on whatever you make. I'd like a little house like the Evanses', wouldn't you? Painted white, with a picket fence? And me chasing down to the train to bring you home. Aren't you crazy about the idea?"

This was not at all what Johnny wanted, but he was wiser than to say so. Eventually he led her back to his house, where she said good-by to his mother, who was dozing in an armchair. Gracie, it seemed, had gone out.

"She took the flivver and went over to Mary Leicester's," said Mrs. Glover. "She'll be back after tea."

"She did, did she?" Johnny said. He would not tell his mother that the Leicesters had just gone to Bar Harbor. Most certainly Gracie was a nut.

He drove Rose six miles over the hills, home. "Don't come in now," she said at the door. "I don't want to tell them until tomorrow. Perhaps you could come back later, when the house is quiet."

"I'll make it," he said, calculating fast. Would he be able to get away from Zoe West's? "I'll ditch the Alec Wests early," he said. "They asked me, a week ago, to supper."

Rose ran up the steps. If there was one woman she hated, it was that Mrs. West, and the way she bore down on Johnny, ignoring Rose and implying to the world that this man was hers as long as she liked. Rose reveled in what she would soon show her.

Mrs. Devlin took the betrothal harder than Mr. Devlin, but they finally agreed on tactics. At first Mr. Devlin wanted to ignore it, let it slide. He said Rose was no fool, that Charles was persistent, that even the weariest river winds somewhere to the sea. Mrs. Devlin insisted upon an immediate announcement; she wept a little over Charles, to whom she had telephoned the bad news, like a manager on election night.

"Don't cry," said her husband. "We must act as if everything was lovely. Keep our bricks behind our backs. 'Devlins impressed by daughter's engagement to scion New Jersey nobility.' We'll sit tight and delay the wedding."

"She's crazy about him," she sobbed. "She's just as sure as I was. Oh, dear, what can we do?"

"We were sure," he admitted, taking off his shirt. "Hell, but we were right. What do you suppose the fellow earns?"

"He's expecting you to support him. Anyone but Rose can see that."

Mr. Devlin said the bad news that he wouldn't might filter through to Glover. But it was a rotten thing to happen to their Rose. "What the devil does she see in him anyway?" he asked.

"Everything," said his wife. "Just what I saw in you. She'll be blind about him for years. Now she should marry someone whom she can fight with, at once, on equal grounds, like Charles." She dried her eyes. "Well, I'll give her a big dance next week, and ask all the terrible people we like, and their disgusting children. Perhaps he'll lose his desire to be one of us."

But he didn't. He had a wonderful time at the dance, and he insisted that he was crazy about Rose's family. Even Rose could not complain about her mother and father, except that they refused to permit her to marry in September. In the most well-bred and sophisticated manner, one afternoon at tea her mother explained why a Devlin could not rush into matrimony so heedlessly, and Rose had to admit that her mother was acting exactly as Johnny's mother might have. While they were waiting for Mrs. Devlin on the terrace, Johnny read and Rose moved about, sampling cakes, striking matches, thinking out loud to Johnny, who went right on reading.

"I hardly ever see mother any more," Rose suddenly said. "Glover, why do you drag me around so?"

"To show you off. Don't you have a good time?" Any eye but a fiancée's could have seen that his attention was completely taken by the life history of Miss Fleetfoot Rudolph, a well-known cow.

"Not so hot, sometimes. Other times, the clapping is terrific." She looked at him fractiously, and at the magazine.

"That's life, Rosie," he offered vaguely.

"Uh-huh. Up and down! Good and bad." She chose still another chair. "I wish mother would come. Aren't you starved?" He didn't answer. Rose got up and came over with a piece of toast, which she crammed into his mouth. He ate, still reading. "Would you like to know why I'm not having a good time, dearie?" she said desperately. "Or are you going to marry a cow?"

He dropped the magazine and took her fingers. "Rosie, you're like a fly in the woods in June. Who is it doesn't love you?"

"Mrs. Alec West. Have you noticed her clutching me to her chest?"

"She told me you were a darling."

"She hasn't told me I were a darling. But she's always been nasty—to younger women."

"She's only thirty."

"Only thirty? Honestly!"

"I'm thirty."

"You're different. Did you know she's giving a dance next Tuesday? Are you asked?"

"Yes. Aren't you?"

She shook her head. "What will she do when you're married?"

It was altogether too muddled, too impossible, for Johnny to explain. That very night he would wring Zoe West's neck.

"What do you want to bet it's an oversight? You'll get one in the morning mail."

"I know all about those oversights," said Rose. . . . "Hush, here comes mother."

(Continued on Page 107)

FANNIE HURST

FANNIE HURST, *brilliant short story writer and novelist; author of "Humoresque," "Manoequin," "Lummox," and the recent best seller, "A President is Born."*

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THESE famous folks want your help. They have set search for the loveliest mothers, the most attractive children, in all the land. To aid them, and to share in 444 cash prizes totaling $20,000, simply submit your family photographs!

It is easy to win, for this is a double contest—a double list of awards. You may enter either, or both, without cost or obligation. And winning will bring you *even more* than a generous prize. Magazines and newspapers will carry the successful photographs everywhere. The winners will become famous overnight. This Golden Anniversary Contest of the Photographers' Association of America offers a future to make your brightest dreams come true!

The contest is open to all—residents of the smallest towns, the farms, the largest cities. All have an equal opportunity, for photographic skill is not a consideration—only the charm of the subject. Submit as many prints as you like, but each must be the work of a *professional* photographer.

Decide now that *you* will benefit by this offer. You must act promptly, for the contest closes May 10. So see your local photographer *at once*. He can supply you with entry blanks and give you any assistance you may need in submitting prints. If you are unable to secure entry blanks in your community, fill in and mail the coupon below—don't lose out on this golden opportunity. Address Contest Department, Photographers' Association of America, 2258 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

AWARDS

America's Loveliest Mother

FIRST INTERNATIONAL AWARD	$1,500.00
SECOND INTERNATIONAL AWARD	500.00
THIRD INTERNATIONAL AWARD	250.00
FIRST SECTIONAL AWARD, SIX SECTIONS	100.00
2ND TO 11TH SECTIONAL AWARDS, EACH SECTION	50.00
12TH TO 33RD SECTIONAL AWARDS, EACH SECTION	25.00
FIRST CANADIAN AWARD	100.00
2ND TO 11TH CANADIAN AWARDS, EACH	50.00
12TH TO 21ST CANADIAN AWARDS, EACH	25.00

America's Most Attractive Child

FIRST INTERNATIONAL AWARD	$1,500.00
SECOND INTERNATIONAL AWARD	500.00
THIRD INTERNATIONAL AWARD	250.00
FIRST SECTIONAL AWARD, SIX SECTIONS	100.00
2ND TO 11TH SECTIONAL AWARDS, EACH SECTION	50.00
12TH TO 33RD SECTIONAL AWARDS, EACH SECTION	25.00
FIRST CANADIAN AWARD	100.00
2ND TO 11TH CANADIAN AWARDS, EACH	50.00
12TH TO 21ST CANADIAN AWARDS, EACH	25.00

CONTEST RULES

1. Contest is open to any resident of United States or Canada, except persons or members of families of persons connected in any way with photographic industry.

2. Any photograph taken by professional photographer, after Feb. 20, 1930, shall be eligible for competition. Entrant may submit as many such photographs as desired.

3. Each entry must be accompanied by entry blank, properly filled in. If more than one print is submitted by entrant, each must be accompanied by separate entry blank. Obtain entry blanks from your local photographer, or by using coupon below.

4. Combination or group pictures of mother and children are not eligible for either contest. Each entry must be single figure, mother or child.

5. Photographs of mothers may only be entered by subject herself, or with her written consent; photographs of children only by parents or guardians, or with their written consent.

6. Each prize-winning photograph becomes property of Photographers' Association of America, whose right to use it for advertising, publicity and exhibition purposes is acknowledged by entrant. All other prints will be returned if requested.

7. Any one entrant may receive only one prize. International prize winners are not eligible for sectional competition.

8. Size, style or quality of photograph shall not be given consideration. Awards made solely on appropriateness of subjects as "the loveliest mother" or "the most attractive child."

9. In event of a tie for any award, each tying contestant receives full amount of that prize. Decisions of judges shall be final.

10. All entries must be mailed to Contest Dept., Photographers' Association of America, 2258 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, postmarked not later than midnight, May 10, 1930.

This emblem is the mark of a Master Photographer. Look for it!

INTERNATIONAL

PHOTOGRAPHERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
Contest Department, 2258 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me entry blanks for your $20,000 Contest. I have been unable to secure them in my community.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

The Scientist, too, Adds His Skill in Building These Fine Cars

Few people realize the important part science plays in safeguarding the quality of Oldsmobile and Viking.

Virtually every bit of material is subjected to rigid chemical or physical tests before it is specified for use in these cars, and again during the manufacturing process.

The equipment of these scientific laboratories includes devices for testing the hardness of metal . . . devices to prove its resistance to twisting . . . devices to measure its compressibility . . . devices to check tensile strength.

There are microscopes to show the grain size and distribution in metal. There are camera attachments to photograph microstructure for close inspection. There is full equipment for both quantitative and qualitative chemical analyses. In short, Oldsmobile-Viking scientists have at their disposal complete, modern laboratory apparatus for accurate, efficient chemical and metallurgical control work.

These extensive laboratories are maintained for only one purpose—to make sure that everything that goes into Oldsmobile or Viking meets the exacting standards of science.

Such care is consistent with the Oldsmobile-Viking principle of safeguarding quality. More than that, it is a fundamental step in maintaining to the letter the four responsibilities Olds Motor Works recognizes toward every owner . . . to design progressively; to manufacture faithfully; to sell honestly; to service sincerely . . . four responsibilities which provide firm assurance to the public that both Oldsmobile and Viking are fine, dependable automobiles.

OLDSMOBILE SIX
VIKING EIGHT

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 104)

Mrs. Devlin swished in, fresh as paint, in a white frock. "I'll pour my own first," she announced. "No, I won't. I'll be a mother. Darling, I got a wonderful French *toile* in town today for your room, and I'm going to give you Joe's room for a sitting room. Then you can have little parties, and girls to stay, and secret talks about life ——"

Rose looked incredulous. "A sitting room? What I really want is four rooms and a bath somewhere."

"Four rooms and a bath!"

Johnny gulped down his tea, set his cup down and lighted a cigarette. "We want to get married in September," he said casually. "That's what she's trying to say."

"Married? September? You're crazy, darlings! Here it is the middle of July. Unless you pick up a few secondhand clothes, how can you possibly get ready? Get married!" She said it as if it were a new crime. "Ask your father and see what he says."

"What's the matter with September?" Johnny asked. He did not fit Rose's ideal of a balked fiancé. Why didn't he rise, curse, knock over chairs and threaten an elopement? She stared at him.

"Everything," went on Mrs. Devlin. "I can't imagine you, Johnny, living in anything but the right kind of flat. What kind of furniture are you going to have—modern, early shell heap, middle mound builder?"

"Anything suits me," said Johnny, "but I concede it will take time to arrange to starve together. How would it be if we lived out here for a while? Suppose mother and Gracie went abroad and gave us the house?"

Gracie had said often, in her fast-growing friendship with Rose, that her mother was a hard person to move, and Rose hated the potpourri, the ancestral *décor* of the Glover mansion. Imagine waking in one of those awful beds.

"Any port in a storm," she granted.

"My dears," cried her mother, "you must never do that. You are starting a new life; you must start it in a new world. Don't wreck it with other people's highboys, bric-a-brac, clocks, sofas and silver candy dishes." She was enjoying herself. "Francis Devlin and I would never have lasted two months if we had lived in my father's municipal milk station. On no account live with mamma." She thought for a moment. "Not even with this mamma."

Rose didn't want to live with anybody but Johnny, but it was rather pushing to keep saying so over and over again. She waited for him to snatch up the threads into a knot of decision, with date and time attached. But he merely ate a piece of fruit cake, laughed at her mother and said he must push along to Alec West's to look at a new dog.

Rose went with him to the side roadway, where he kissed her gently; of course the servants might be looking, but for her part she would rather they didn't see her kissed like that.

In August she went to Bar Harbor to visit Johnny's family. Johnny was to follow on the week-end. She missed him, but she was not bored, because she had Gracie as a companion. Gracie knew everyone and took her about; everyone was sweet to her and she began to love Gracie.

They were sitting, Friday morning, in a little sanded cove among the rocks below the Glover house. Gracie lay in the sun, her thin face hidden under a big straw hat. She wore one of her faded silk frocks; her shoes were unfashionable, her stockings needed mending. "Nevertheless," Rose thought, "Gracie is attractive; she must have had lovers sometime." Rose wanted to say, "How did you feel when you were in love? Was it like this, or that? Why aren't you married? Why hasn't Johnny ever married? Do you hate Mrs. Alec West?" But she could not mention that name any more than she could face the thought that glamour, as it neared her, wore a dusty face.

Gracie cried, "I suppose we should swim. I'm getting to loathe the pool. When Johnny comes he'll take you over to Little Cow Island. That's the place to swim."

Johnny was coming tomorrow, Saturday, to stay a month. Three cheers! She loved being with Gracie, but Johnny's course would be a gayer one.

"Where is it? Can we see it?"

"Heavens, no. It's around the cove, beyond the point. Zoe West likes the devious ——"

"Is it Mrs. West's?" Rose sat up. "Does she come here?"

"She comes," said Gracie, "with a capital C."

"Don't worry; she won't have me on her island."

Gracie rolled over. "You silly. She can't keep you off unless she drops Johnny."

Rose told her about the dance. "The card came the next morning. I said, 'You fixed it up,' and he denied it. Anyway, suddenly, I had to go into New York, to stay with Flora Dennett. I never asked Johnny whether he went. I let it ride."

Gracie pushed her hat back off her forehead. "She's an elemental woman and she hates to give men up. Don't let her bother you."

"She doesn't. What care I?"

"Perhaps you should care. Did you know that that hard-faced hussy lays aside her stable manners in the evening and sings melting stuff about what might have been and never will be, in French, German and Italian? Big strong stupids like Johnny Glover sit in the firelight and almost pass away."

"Do you think Johnny is stupid?"

"About everything but you. I'm his sister. Think of the way you talk about your flesh and blood."

"I've never thought the boys stupid. They're only loathsome. Mother acts like a comic strip, but I don't deny her brains," she insisted.

"Well, your team is ahead," said Gracie brusquely. "We're a good old family, but we're not very bright." Gracie's face was suddenly lifeless, deadened, as it had looked when Rose first saw her.

"Come on; let's have a swim." She sprang to her feet suddenly and started up over the rocks. At thirty, one must have an accumulation of secrets, some of which were not enlivening.

Mrs. Blaine Glover, at luncheon that day, was very dowagerish. Rose, eating greedily of the cold-lambish meal, and craving the luncheon they were having back home, wanted to say to Gracie, "Why don't you get away from this one-hundred-and-eighty-pound tyrant?" She knew Mrs. Glover well now. The exquisite cadences of her voice did not mitigate her selfishness.

"Gracie," she was saying, "you can go to the Leicesters' any time. If Ann has guests she doesn't need you."

"That's why I want to go," said Gracie. "That's what makes it fun. Besides, you said definitely last night that Mrs. Cane was coming to tea."

"But she can't come, dearest. I promised Lily Carr I would bring you. If you don't come, she'll think it's a snub."

"It is a snub. I don't like Lily Carr."

"It isn't," intoned her mother, taking a third helping of lamb, "as if you had not spent your whole lifetime, Gracie, going to the Leicesters'. I should think they'd be tired of having you running in so much."

Rose said, "They adore the girl. Nan Leicester will be furious if she sees just me. You should go."

"With all those guests," said Mrs. Glover coldly, "and that McCarthy tutor whom they have up for the summer, heaven knows why. Does he spend any of his time off the tennis court?"

"He's a darned good player," said Rose enthusiastically. "He's a teacher at the high school at home. His father is the man who owns the grocery. Gracie, he's rather sweet on you."

Mrs. Glover spoke, *ex cathedra*, purply, for the Victorians and the Old Guard. "As Johnny's fiancée, Rose, you shouldn't make such jokes."

Rose said, "All right, I'll get a new list of things that are funny. I'm still starved," she added nervously, and took a second helping of the dessert—one of those floating puddings which some cooks mistake for food.

"Would you like some more lamb?" said Mrs. Glover painfully.

"Oh, no," lied Rose, "I've really had plenty. And this is delicious." Gracie's face was a blank, staring at nothing; about her mouth was a hard look. She was not going to cry; she was mad again.

"I'll telephone the Leicesters," she said, getting up. "What time do you want the car, mother?"

"About four," said her mother. "We can drop Rose on our way."

"No," said Gracie firmly. "Rose can drive herself over in the flivver. They are playing early. I'll telephone now that I'm not coming."

She left them in the dining room, where Rose heard nothing but the butler's shoes squeaking and the scrape of Mrs. Glover's spoon on her Lowestoft plate.

When Rose ran down the stairs at five minutes to three, her world was all wonder again. She stood in the doorway, looking out at the cobalt sea and the spruces which edged the blue with just as sure a green. Afterward she never saw a Maine inlet without thinking of Gracie. For that girl stepped from the living room with a letter in her hand; there were marks on her eyes as if she had been crying.

"Can you keep a secret?" she whispered.

Rose nodded.

"Get this to Joe McCarthy when no one else is around. As soon as you get there. Give it to Joe." The little envelope went neatly into Rose's sweater pocket. Gracie pressed her arm hard and hurried her through the screen door. Rose wanted to sit still in the car for a moment and put two and two together, but she must ignore the curtain Gracie had rung up. She started the engine.

It was seven when she got home, after a hilarious afternoon. There was a knock on her door and Gracie came in.

"All right?" she said.

Rose nodded. From her bag she extracted a folded paper the size of a visiting card.

"Here," she said. "From Him to Her."

Gracie read it and tore it up silently. She sat down calmly on a chair. "It's rotten of me to involve you, Rosie," she said. "But it isn't anything cheap. It's the real thing."

Rose picked up her dress and put it on a hanger, wrapped a negligee around her and sat down. "You mean, you and Joe?"

Gracie nodded. "We want to get married terribly. It isn't as if I were a kid. We're both twenty-eight. If I have the nerve, we will. I'm a coward, not he."

So this was the secret Gracie had that set her apart. Rose was bewitched thinking of these stolen meetings, of shadowy, unhappy figures in those magic coves.

"What a place for a love affair," she said to Gracie. "Aren't you glad you're not at Southampton, where it's so flat?"

Gracie laughed. "You can meet anywhere and have it wonderful. For a long time we met in the church. We would whisper in the back pews and then go out separate doors. Can you imagine mother and Johnny?"

"What have they against him? All the old stuff?"

"He's poor. He's nobody. His father is a grocer. He went to some funny college, instead of Harvard. I would be throwing myself away and forsaking mother. I would have no pride." She flung her arms out and let them hang beside the chair.

"If you have pride," said Rose, with Devlin certainty, "you will stick to your guns. Marry him. What kind of a life have you got here?"

"Rotten," said Gracie viciously. "I've never known anything else. You've shown me a lot, Rosie. Even the way you don't take anything from Johnny."

"From Johnny? Why, I adore Johnny."

"Yes, you do. But wait. Johnny will be wild at me. He won't want a McCarthy for a brother-in-law."

(Continued on Page 109)

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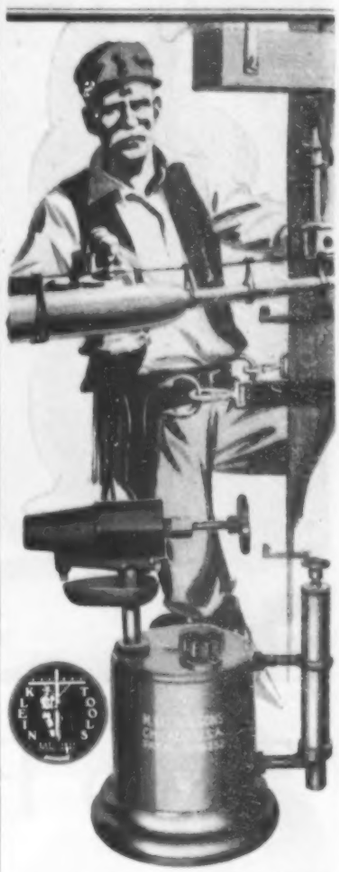

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"But he's got a Devlin for a wife."

"That's different. You've got money."

"I'll fix Johnny. Gracie, my father's father was a plumber in Chicago; my father worked summers at a soda fountain. My mother's father wasn't anything at first."

Gracie shook her head. "That's all wiped out. Johnny's own grandfather wasn't so much. It's me, his sister, her daughter"—she pointed to the wall—"stepping down. They call it 'down.'"

"I've got to bathe," said Rose. "It's quarter after seven."

"I'll wait for you. I shouldn't have told you. You're too young to be bothered."

"Bothered?" said Rose as she went into the bathroom. "It's the kind of thing I live on."

Gracie walked restlessly about the room. She fingered Rose's things on the dressing table, which were so much more attractive than the drab things she had left from her girlhood; she walked over to the bed and picked up the dinner gown Rose had thrown there—one of those simple French things which she had never been able to afford when she came to the time that she needed them. All Rose's things were like that—right, perfect, carelessly flung about; her gay appurtenances softened this ugly, comfortable room. Rose would do a lot for the Glovers, as Johnny well knew. But Gracie had not reached the summit of her torture; her courage and her love were still at war.

"I shall probably have to do the cooking," she thought, "and live in a cheap flat. If I were any good at it I shouldn't be so frightened."

Rose came back, in her apology for underwear. "I forgot to tell you," she said. "They want you to come over tonight—over to the Lees'. They're going to dance and play bridge. I said we would, after your mother went upstairs." She grabbed a comb and started on her hair.

Gracie decided to go the limit. "Listen," she said; "will you tell a lie for me?"

"I'll say anything. Just tell me the theme."

"I'll drive you over, but I won't go in. You can say I've had to stay and read awhile to mother. I'll call for you before twelve. I can say I was writing letters. That crowd will never notice." She looked at Rose as if to weigh the depth of the vessel into which she had poured her heart. "You're as loyal as you seem, Rosie, aren't you?"

"More so," said Rose. "Only don't come sailing in with your hair all ruffled. Take a comb with you, and some powder."

Gracie blushed. She had been a flapper in the postwar period, and she had her reticences. They went down to Mrs. Glover, who sat by a tiny fire, reading the obituary of yesterday's Times.

Johnny came the next morning, on the night train from New York, and Rose met him at the station. There was a thrill about Gracie's hidden love, but at eight o'clock in the morning it was something to claim the superb Glover publicly, in front of passengers, baggage clerks and taxi drivers. Johnny lifted her, as usual, into a smoother, more grown-up world. He was traveling with a gang—Zoe West's husband, a Mr. and Mrs. St. Felix, who were going to the Wests', and two young men who wouldn't go anywhere until they had pledged Johnny to do this and that and the other indefinitely into the next week. Mrs. West was due that night.

"Johnny's been looking at his watch all night long," Mrs. St. Felix said. "I don't blame him, after seeing you. I don't suppose we'll see him again. He'll be taking you out in rowboats and dreaming about the future."

The young men said he was doing nothing of the sort. "You can have your man through breakfast, Miss Devlin," one of them said. "At eleven, he's got to be on a horse up at old man Severn's."

"Oh, dear," said Rose, "you're at it again. I hate the lot of you." She led Johnny away to the car, where they piled his enormous bags into the rumble. He kissed her again. "So that's Tony Severn," she said. "What a pest he's going to be. Don't let him spoil everything."

"You look lovely, darling," he said. "What are you fussing about? We'll eat every meal together, and every night we'll go to a party. And I'll show you all the nice places."

She beamed on him with such rapture that she almost went off the road. "Will you really? Honestly?"

"Absolutely."

"Listen," she said; "let's get your mother's cook to put up some sandwiches and go climb Newport Mountain today. Gracie says the view is grand."

"Gracie ought to know. Your will is my law, Rose," he went on as if it hurt him, "but I did promise Severn I'd play over there this morning. He's got a stableful of horses, and it isn't often he can get eight fellows together. You can sit there proudly and know that the best fellow on the field is working for you."

Ordinarily Rose would have got a thrill out of this. But let them join the crowd at the Severns' and her love would be sandwiched between engagements made by and for Johnny, among the people to whom Johnny was a god and she an appendage.

"I hate sitting about," she said. "I wasn't made to be an audience. But I'll do it this morning, for you."

"Good little sport," said Johnny, who didn't bother to understand women, because there were always so many willing to misunderstand him. "Wait until the hunting begins again. Then you'll be stealing the applause."

"Humph," said Rosie doubtfully as she turned into the Glover driveway. "I'm not so sure." Married and living in a small flat, how could they afford to keep a hunter? She would hate staying around at people's houses to ride their horses.

She had hopes for Johnny during the first twenty-four hours, but by Sunday afternoon she gave up. If she was annoyed by Johnny's lunches, cocktail parties, picnics on schooners, bathing parties, dinners and dances, she never let him know; there was no one who did not go home saying, "Glover is pretty darned lucky." What she felt, as she confided to Gracie Thursday night at three A.M., when they sat drinking milk in Gracie's room, was, "I don't matter enough, in myself. We never have a minute alone. Last night we got out on the rocks at the Limerick party, and the first thing we knew some men came along and asked if we were bootleggers. They were Federal agents. We never go anywhere but that someone rushes up to Johnny and says, 'Come and have dinner tonight.'"

"You knew he was popular."

"Gosh, yes. But I feel like a country store which has gone chain."

"How was the West party?" Rose had dined there that night.

"Not so bad. She's better-looking than I thought, and what clothes! But she is edgy with her husband."

"Her husband!" laughed Gracie. "He's no index of her heart."

Rose looked solemn. "Gracie, does she really like other men?"

"She has in the past. I don't know whom she likes now." Gracie wondered how Rose swam through the sea of allusions that must be passed over her darling head. How did Johnny dare take her into that house, seat her in those chairs, cast her loose among the careless tongues? "Who else was there?" she asked.

"Only ourselves, and those St. Felixes, and the two Severns."

"Perhaps it's one of them."

"No, because she never looked at them. They danced all evening with me. . . . Do you suppose Johnny will ever take me rowing in the moonlight?" She drained her cup, put it on the tray, and stretched. "Gosh, I'm dead. I shan't sleep for thinking of tomorrow's schedule. Good night, my love."

The week went wildly past. But Sunday night was mellifluous. They had gone to a supper party, and Johnny had come away from the crowded drawing-room where everyone was playing bridge, and had sat with her for two hours in the garden overlooking the sea. He had talked seriously about marriage and where they would live. Much to her surprise, he had said that he was hard up and that his mother didn't have as much as she once had. He asked her with such humility if she would mind living for a while in his mother's house that she vowed she could live with him in a barn.

"I shan't like it," she said. "As soon as we can, we'll get a little house. We can work harder when we're on our own." She buried the thought that she wouldn't like telling her father this; perhaps something would happen.

"We could wait a year," said Glover. "But who wants to? The Severns want us to visit them this winter."

"Darling, you're crazy," she said. "We can't visit at Palm Beach if we can't afford a flat. Do you realize what it will cost?" Johnny said it would cost nothing, that they would go down in the Severns' private car. "Darling," she said fiercely, "let me have one lovely night. We're not going to talk about it now."

At home in her room at 11:30, she found Gracie, white-faced and tense. "I thought you'd never come," she said. "Listen. Shut the door. I've got to tell you something."

"What's happened? Were you arrested?"

"No, no; sit down. Would you tell another lie for me?"

Rose was all agog. "Dictate it. Word for word."

"It's this," said Gracie: "Joe McCarthy is leaving the Leicesters tomorrow night. He's decided to go abroad next week and study at the Sorbonne. Then he can teach in a college. He's got just enough money for us both, if I can get five hundred dollars. Well, I've got some jewels I can sell in New York, and I have a little money in the bank. But I've got to get a bag to the station on the sly."

"Is that all, Juliet?" asked Rose. "I thought you wanted me to perjure myself."

"That's all. I thought I could put my clothes in your bag, and you could say they were some things you didn't want to wear any more. We can get it to the station when Johnny isn't about, and check it on my ticket. See?"

"Smooth as silk," Rose said. "Here, take this bag. Is that all you're taking? Are you really going without a word?"

"I can't do anything else," said Gracie, the tears rimming her eyes. "It's almost killing me. It wouldn't be hard for you."

"Why?"

"Because you're younger and braver. Even now, I think of how Johnny will storm, and the rotten things mother will say about me. Why should I care what they think?"

Rose's face was a flag of Devlin defiance. "I swear to you he never thinks of you. Or mother. They'll be furious for an hour, because of what people will be talking about them. But the world will hand it to you." She stopped for breath. "Look at Romeo and Juliet, and Tristan and Isolde, and all the other operas. They came through."

"They were poisoned," said Gracie cheerfully. "I'm not important enough to poison. I'll sneak out tomorrow night, somehow, on the 8:25."

"Tomorrow night," said Rose, awestruck. "And I shall have to act as if you weren't going. I shall have to tell Johnny that I knew, though."

"No, no, don't do that."

"Why not?"

"He'll be mad at you."

"He couldn't be mad at me," she said confidently. "Listen. I have to dine at the Wests' or I'd see you off. If you lose your nerve tomorrow, wink at me, and I'll meet you in this room and cheer you up."

Gracie kissed her. "I never would have done it without you, Rosie. Joe McCarthy owes you a lot."

(Continued on Page 111)

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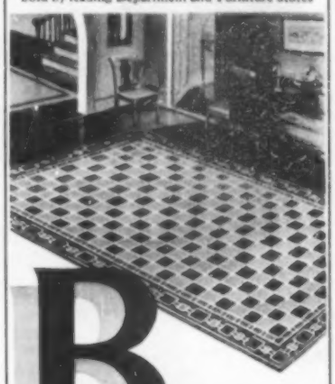

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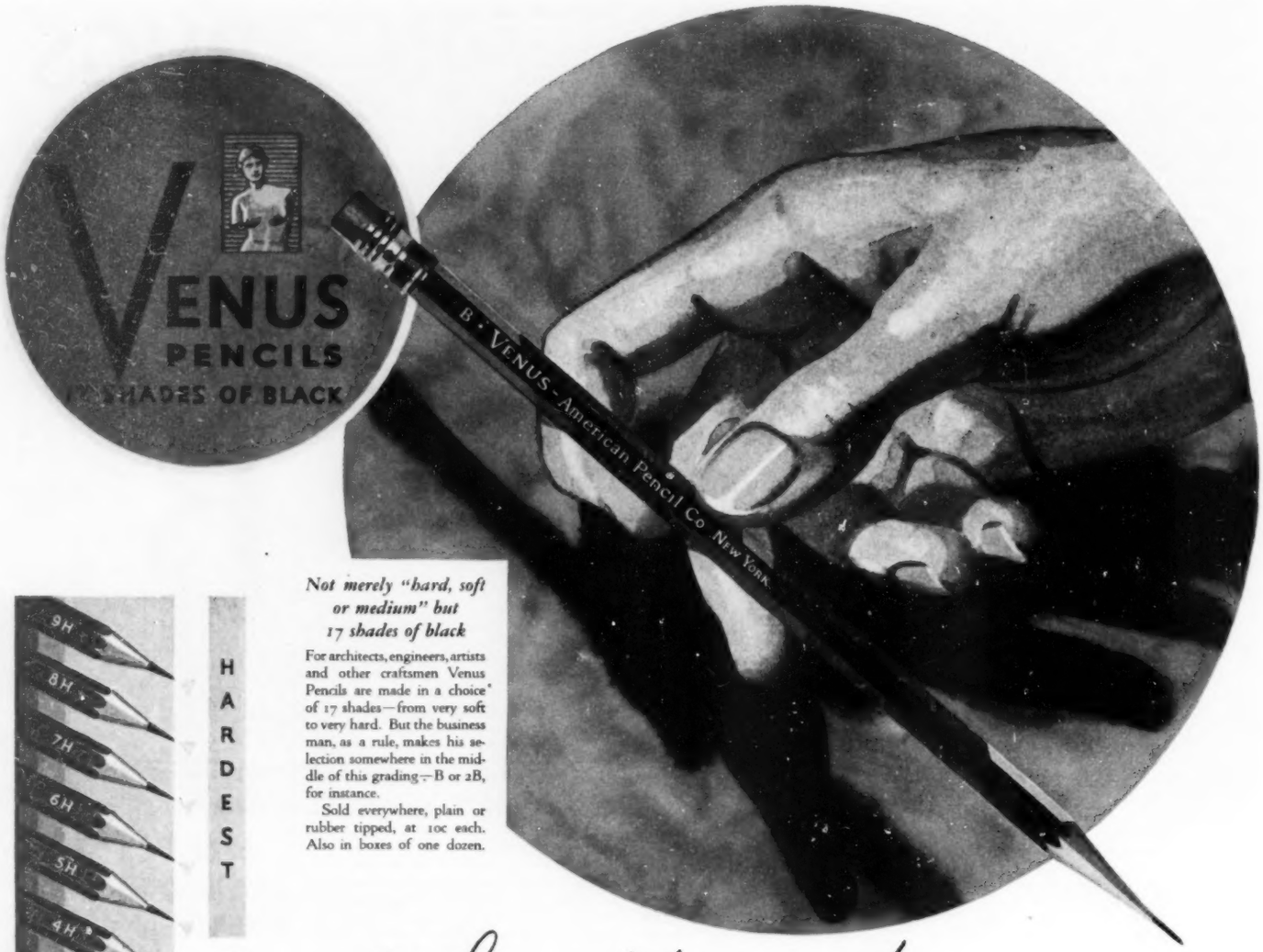

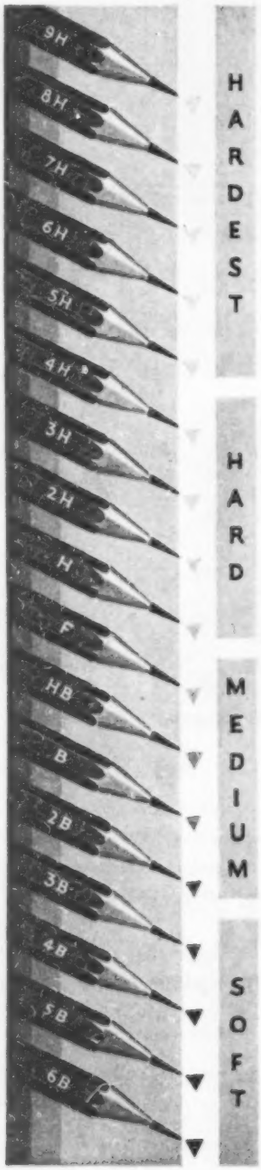

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(Continued from Page 109)

The next day, early, Rose and Gracie got the bag to the station while Johnny was at the stables. Rose was leaving with him at noon, to play golf and have luncheon afterward with some friends of his.

"You'll be back at teatime, won't you?" Gracie said, and they said they would. But it was a long time before either of them saw Gracie again. She stood waving on the doorstep as they rode away.

"That girl is a queer one," said Johnny. "She needs a husband."

Rose caught herself from saying the obvious. "I think she's a darling. You're not half enough nice to her."

"Oh, Lord," said Johnny, "she can't stand my friends. You can't tell me Gracie goes over to the Leicesters' all the time just to see the Leicesters."

"What do you mean by that?" she said, awestruck. "Is she in love with one of the boys?"

"That's exactly what I'd like to know."

"Gracie is grown up. I should think she could do as she pleased."

Johnny looked scornful. "I haven't any use for the romantic passions of elderly girls."

For that Rose could have slapped him. "Why isn't a romantic passion in one woman of thirty as good as a romantic passion in another?" she asked. Fortunately they had to pass a truck then, and there they were at the club, and people began to yell at him. For the rest of the day Rose forgot Gracie.

After luncheon, Johnny was called to the telephone, and came back saying that Mrs. West wanted them and the Severns to come right over. Since Johnny and the Severns were keen for it, Rose found herself transported to Little Cow Island, where they swam, they had tea, they lolled about, they had drinks and dinner. There were some eleven people, over whom Zoe West lorded with the husky staccato energy which took the starch out of Rose's youthful spontaneity. These people liked different things, liked to do them differently. Rose had to depend upon Tony Severn if she was to have any fun swimming. Johnny was a competent diver, but hated the cold water. Mrs. West had a good stroke, but had sinus trouble. Rose stayed in any pool an hour, and thought each day wasted when she didn't learn a new trick.

"What's the matter with them?" she said to Tony, when she saw the others going off to dress. "Are they cripples?"

She did a swan dive and came up for an answer.

"That was a bird," he said admiringly. "Now, watch me." He swam the length of the pool twice under water, and then they sat on the side of the pool; it was warm now, but soon the sun would die and the crisp northern night would be upon them.

"You forget," Severn said, "these other creatures are getting on. Zoe West is thirty-one, the St. Felixes are thirty, and your own dear mate is past the age of somersaults. Even I can't keep up with you forever."

"I like you, Tony," she said. "I like you better than any of them except Johnny. Mrs. West scares me."

"Scares you? Why, you've got her paralyzed."

"Me?" She was flabbergasted. "She'd just as lief I never came. And isn't she rotten to her husband? Why doesn't she leave him if she thinks he's so inferior? However, we are sitting on her swimming pool, so we'd better shut up."

"That's why she's afraid of you, old kid," he said, patting her hand. "You're a square-shooter, and you're ten years younger. Don't you give her a thought."

He was the only one who didn't take bridge so seriously. Every night, when this gang sat down to the card table, Pleasure, for Rose, went out the door and Agony took charge. To the Devlins, bridge was only one of the things one did during the evening, mingled with a lot of other sports. Francis thought it was awfully funny to upset the table, all the dummies danced together during their dummyhood, and play never interfered with clever conversation. After dinner, Rose was hoping that she, the bonehead, would be let off their bridge, for there were eleven people. West always retired to his study to read from book catalogues, so she and Johnny might escape and go home. But Zoe West had decided tonight to give herself a good time in her own house. Rose found herself playing bridge with the two Severns and Mrs. St. Felix.

"Take it easy," said Tony, "and don't scream if I signal for a slam." She liked doing anything with Tony.

It was not until after the first rubber that she realized that Johnny and Mrs. West were not at the other table. The evening wore on—10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00—and they went on playing. She had never minded anything so in her life; she dared not get up and wander away from the table and look into the library or the hall, for fear that someone would see that she had noticed. She played on, and not so badly; she drove every thought but the cards before her out of her mind. So this was jealousy! Tony Severn, conscious of everything, made the others laugh; he talked between hands, he got drinks. If only those two would come back!

They did, at 12:15, wind-blown and noisy. They had walked to Minehead, a cliff on the other side of the island.

"Took you a pretty long time," said Severn dryly.

"We did a lot of rock climbing," said Zoe. "You shut up, Tony."

Rose was smiling up at Johnny. "You'd think I had you on a leash," she said. "Isn't it time, though, that we went home? Mrs. West may want to go to bed now." She admired herself for putting it so nicely.

There was a noisy and talkative dash for coats; she said the right things to everyone, but silence grew within her. The facts, as they must have been, had come to her in their ugly entirety. How would it be after they were married? Would Mrs. West try to hang on to Johnny? She drove the nine miles across the island, after the trip in the motorboat, sitting still beside Johnny. There was no good saying, "Give her or me up." Part of him belonged to Zoe West, just as surely as all of him did not belong to Rose.

She wished wildly for her mother, but it was nothing for a mother to settle.

"All right, darling?" Johnny asked several times.

"Quite all right," she said. "Only I'm a little cold—from that boat."

And Johnny pretended to believe her as she sat hard against his shoulder.

When they got home and shed their clothes in the front hall, Rose began to shiver. Johnny put his arm about her.

"You're cold," he said. "You poor little thing. Come in by the fire."

"No," she said, pulling away, "I'm going to bed." But he drew her in, lit a fire, wrapped her in a rug of his mother's. She shook convulsively.

"I'll get some whisky."

"No, no; I hate whisky. Don't get anything. Just sit down a minute."

But he was alarmed. "You wait right here," he said. "I'm going up to get Gracie, and she'll put you to bed properly. You need a hot drink."

"No, no, no!" she cried, starting up after him, but he had gone. Now the cat would be out of the bag. He would know everything at once.

In a minute, almost, he was back, carrying a note in one hand, an envelope in the other. He looked angry and helpless, and the sight stopped her trembling. Wrapping the blanket about her, she sat up.

"What's the matter?" she asked deceitfully. "What's the trouble?"

He sat down on the hearth rail. "Gracie has gone off with that Irishman." He called her an unpleasant type of fool. "Now I've got to tell my mother. Can you think of anything cheaper, more second rate, than this?"

"Yes, I can," she flared up.

"You can? What?"

"Your big affair with Zoe West. Do you think that's particularly edifying?" It was out, then and there. She knew now how his handsome face could be distorted with ugly temper.

"You're a child," he said. "You don't know what you're saying. If you're going to thrust your imaginings into ——"

"I'm not thrusting anything. But I've got a right to my opinion. You're rather touchy for an innocent party." He was still glaring. "And I don't like your attitude about Gracie," she went on. "You've always been a pig to her." He was on the verge of explosion. "And your mother too. McCarthy has let the poor girl out of prison into life. More power to her."

"Rose," he said, getting up and walking over to the sofa, "have you known about this?"

"For days and days," she admitted. "Darling, if you will know, I lent her my bag; I forced one hundred dollars on her this morning. I egged her on."

"You would," he said. "You wouldn't realize how ghastly it all is. Gracie Glover and Joe McCarthy." He walked over to the door and back again. "You are a wild Devlin, Rose. Don't you think you really owed it to me to have told me?"

"Why? She loves him. He's a fine fellow; he may die president of Harvard. Wouldn't that be a joke on you?"

He made a noise that was a sneer: "President of Harvard! Don't be crazy. He'll be back working for his father before the year is out. How will you like it then?"

Rose's brain was clearing fast.

"How am I going to tell her mother?" he said. "What will she say when she hears that you knew?"

"Knew," she cried. "I practically forced her to go!" She got up off the sofa. "Listen, Johnny. I may go myself soon. I'm not a bit better originally than Joe McCarthy. But I may be too nice for you, Johnny Glover." She was sobbing.

"Now, Rose," he said, perturbed at last, "I only meant to say that if you hadn't interfered ——"

"Interfered?" she yelled, and embarked upon the biggest fight of her life.

The next night at twenty minutes past ten, Charles Avery, in pajamas, was sitting in his bedroom, his feet upon the window sill, reading a book about steel structure, when the telephone in his room buzzed. His eyes still fixed upon a floor plan of a new milk station in Oslo, he paddled barefooted across the room and picked up the receiver.

"Hello," he said indifferently.

"Is that you, Charles?" a voice said, and the book fell headlong to the floor, to be picked up the next day by a housemaid who suffered from pick-up-itis.

"You, Rose!" he said, containing his shock. "Where did you come from? What brings you back to this torrid city?"

He listened to the tremulous tones with which she ordered him about. The yoke fell again upon his grateful neck. "Would you mind getting out a car and coming down for me? I'm at the Grand Central Station, and I want to be driven home. You were right. It wouldn't wash."

"Oh," he said, comprehending. "Why don't you stay here?"

"Now, Charles," she cried fretfully, "don't try to plan for me. I want to go home."

Her voice veered into a sob, and Charles yelled, "I'll be right down! In ten minutes! I'll pick you up at Information!" He began to run wildly about, pulling on clothes, like a dead man who had been told that the resurrection date has been finally set.

Mrs. Devlin had been asleep for ages when she heard a car on the driveway and, starting up in bed, saw its headlights flash into the room. She pulled on the light by her bed; it was two o'clock. The boys, of course—later than ever—until she remembered that the boys were away visiting on Long Island. Leaping out, she ran to the open window and looked down. To her utter amazement, she saw her oldest daughter standing in the moonlight, and a young man who was certainly Charles Avery hauling bags out of Charles Avery's roadster. It was a miracle; it needed more than the eye for comprehension. Without a word, she watched them until they went to the front door, which, as every Devlin knew, was usually left unlocked.

Then she came away from the window, slipped on slippers and dressing gown, crept stealthily out to the hall and leaned over the stairs.

Already the lights were snapped on, and she could hear them.

"Aren't you going to wake them up?" Charles asked.

"Shut up," Rose whispered crossly. "No, I'm not. I can't go through it all again."

"But your mother ought to know." Charles was standing close, holding a big hatbox.

"I'd only cry," she said. "I've cried enough. Let's go to bed."

"No, let's go out into the kitchen and cook some eggs," he suggested. "I'm starved."

"Oh, no, I couldn't," she moaned. "I'll never eat again." She took off her hat and looked at herself in a mirror. "Why didn't you tell me I looked a sight?"

"You look terrible, but you suit me."

"Shut up," she said more loudly.

He set the bag on the lowest step of the stairs, and as he did he looked up and saw Mrs. Devlin. He shook his head at her and she retreated into the darkness.

"You come on and eat, Rosie," he coaxed. "You'll feel better."

"Do you think so?" she asked, a little more spiritedly.

"Don't I know?"

Mrs. Devlin could tell from Rose's voice that she had left the mirror; she saw her walking languidly down the hall to the dining room. Charles, with the air of a devoted policeman, walked after her.

"What you need," he said passionately, "is a large hunk of cold beef."

Mrs. Devlin, in her bedroom, stood over her sleeping husband, and her satisfaction at what she thought had come to pass led her to poke him.

"What's that? What's the matter? Who is it?" he growled, sitting up abruptly. "Alice, where are you? What the devil are you waking me up for?"

She got him awake and told him. "Rose is back," she crooned. "She must have broken it off. She comes home without warning at two o'clock in the morning. Isn't it grand?"

"She has, has she?" he said, unstartled. "Don't get excited. Perhaps she forgot something. Perhaps she wants a decent meal."

His wife was rapturous. "Charles Avery brought her back. They're down in the kitchen eating roast beef."

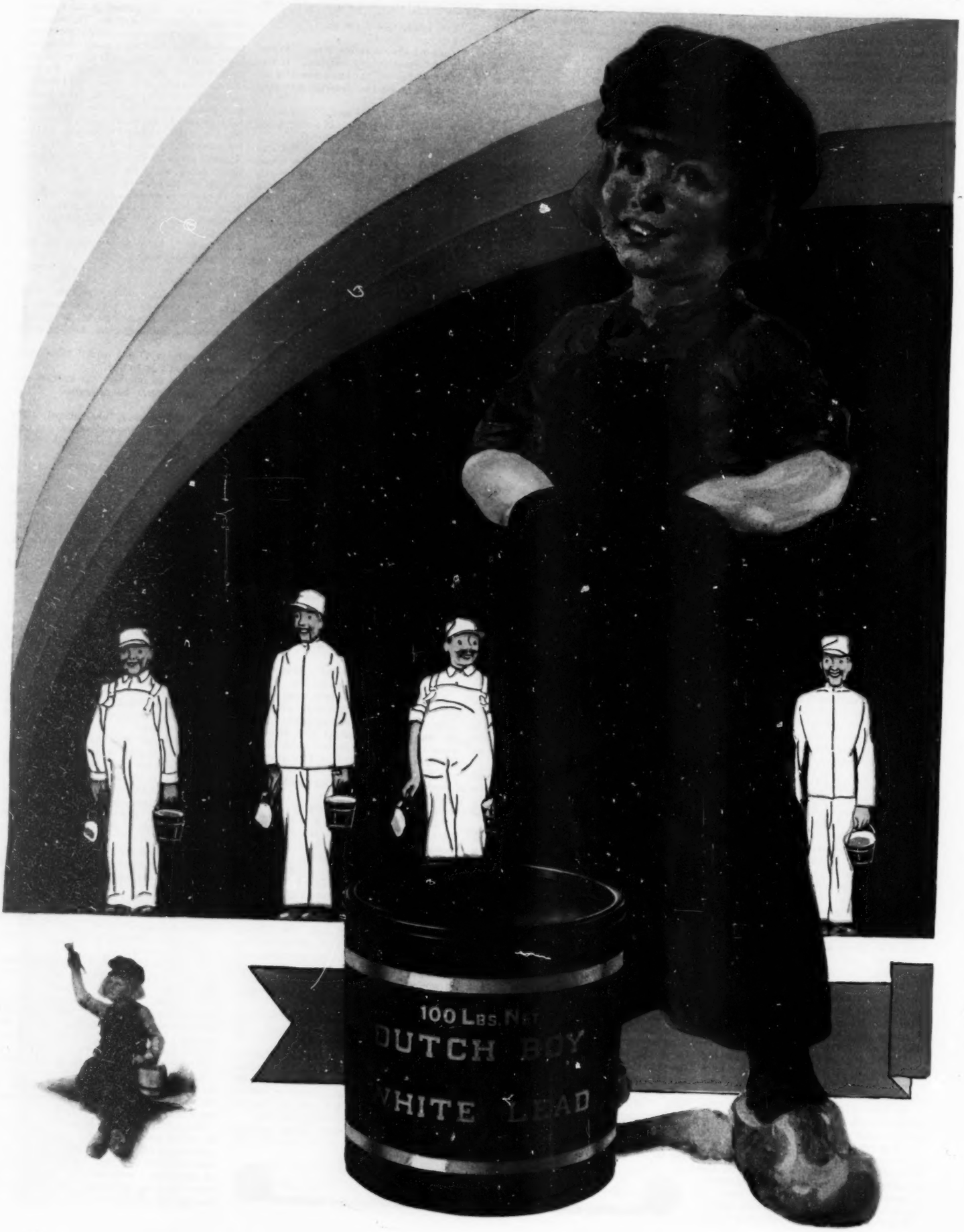
"Let's go down and see her." He started to get out of bed.

She pushed him back. "No, no. She may not want to explain. She may only want to tell Charles."

"Oh, hell," said her husband, sinking back on the pillow. "She is glad enough to use him when she needs transportation. He shouldn't stand for it." He shut his eyes. "She'll make a monkey out of him yet."

Mrs. Devlin smiled sweetly into the dark. "Certainly. But I'm sending him home in the morning, before she gets up. Then, if she wants him back in any other rôle, she can whistle for him."

She got into bed, thinking that it would be fun to go down to the kitchen, on the pretense of having heard burglars, but she denied herself that joy. It would be better to leave the Devlin girl to Charles. He would have her eventually; let him begin taming her now.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THE LIMESTONE TREE

(Continued from Page 23)

She could see that Harlan was smiling at her.

"Dear Susan," he asserted, "you have made yourself so important to us, to the cause of Kentucky, that it is your duty to see him. The truth is we have something of the greatest importance to discuss. If you will allow me, I'll fetch Speed and Lieutenant Nelson."

James Harlan's insistence, Susan realized, had increased her feeling of annoyance. She met the three men in her most formal drawing-room, and at once conceived a marked dislike for William Nelson. He was a big, robust man with a bright-colored face and dense, curling, black hair; a man full of physical vigor and assertiveness. His manners were well enough.

"This is a privilege," he told Susan, with a bow. James Speed and Harlan were silent. "I asked Judge Harlan to bring me here," Nelson proceeded directly. "That, really, is why Speed and myself are in Frankfort. For the purpose of seeing you."

Susan Abel said remotely, "Sit down, Mr. Nelson." She took a place on the small sofa under James Sash's portrait.

"Mrs. Abel," Nelson proceeded, "you know, of course, all about what we now call the Lincoln guns. You know how I persuaded Mr. Lincoln to let us have five thousand muskets for the loyal men of Kentucky. You will remember they were shipped to Cincinnati and that I forwarded some to Jeffersonville, across the river from Louisville. Well, as you know, too, they were at last delivered to the right men among us. The Home Guards in the different counties got them. Mrs. Abel, we said if the Home Guards were at least as well armed as Simon Buckner's State Guard, we could make sure the rebels wouldn't force Kentucky into the Confederacy. We could keep Kentucky neutral. A lot of people believed that; some believe it still. They think the state can and ought to stay neutral. That," he said gravely, "is now impossible."

"What does that mean?" Susan Abel demanded sharply. "I don't understand you. Mr. Nelson, why is it impossible for Kentucky to stay neutral?"

"For three reasons," Nelson concisely replied. "The first is the fact that it does not and never can exist. Neither side wants it. Kentucky has a safe majority for the Union. At the same time, there is a strong state-rights sentiment. Men are for or against you, but they are not neutral. When the state legislature, in May, declared for neutrality, that was actually a Union measure. When it refused to call a sovereign convention and refer the position of the state to the people, that was a Union measure. The legislature, frankly, was afraid to risk so much. The Union leaders needed time. They knew that when the Kentucky people deliberated, it would be to act sensibly."

"You make it sound like a legislature of women," Susan commented.

He ignored that. "The second reason is physical," William Nelson asserted. "We have seven hundred miles of unprotected border, and three Union states, on the north, but on the south there is one Confederate state, Tennessee, and only one important passageway into Kentucky. We are cut off, in other words, from the South; we are a continuous land, except for the Ohio River, with the North. Mrs. Abel, we are not a cotton state; negroes are unimportant to us; what Georgia and Alabama want would be fatal here. There are some of us who think the Union can't be held together without Kentucky. If that is so, it would be fatal to hesitate."

"None of that is new or very moving," Susan replied. "We all realize Kentucky borders on the Ohio and that there are mountains in Tennessee. Please remember that I have given a large amount of money to help organize, and even arm, the Home Guards. When I did that I was assured it would be used to keep Kentucky out of the war. That promise—Judge Harlan will recall it—was made to me in this room. Now you say it was impossible. My money must be spent for a purpose I abhor."

"What Mrs. Abel says is true," James Harlan confessed. "I wish I could contradict it. I can't. Events have proved too much for us. The Southern sentiment especially. That in itself forced us to give up all hope of remaining neutral."

It had been vain from the first, James Speed added. "Perhaps there will be neutrality in heaven; there is none worth the name on earth. Walker, the Confederate Secretary of War, wrote Magoffin for troops as early as April. The same month Blanton Duncan advertised in the Louisville Journal he was enlisting men for the South. We all know what Taylor's purpose was in Kentucky. My brother, Joshua, who is close to the President, told me that Mr. Lincoln admitted our need of Kentucky."

"How can it matter what Mr. Lincoln admits?" Susan asked contemptuously. "If I have any sympathy with the South it is because of Mr. Lincoln. He is too grotesque! Fortunately, he isn't important. We must have him, I suppose, for four years, and then he can be forgotten."

"The third reason," William Nelson went on, "is more difficult to explain. The Kentucky mind, Mrs. Abel, is instinctively loyal. The attachments of a Kentuckian are firm. We are not a cunning people. It is possible we could be called slow minded. I am not certain that is a bad quality. It is not bad where the stability of a country is concerned. Such people are, at bottom, practical; the history of the state has been a record of practical difficulties—commerce and currency and the soil. The South is different. It is chimerical. No, the South would not suit us. We belong by nature and situation and spirit to the Union."

He convinced Susan of nothing. "You must not expect me to support you in any of this," she told Harlan. "I won't help to drag Kentucky into a war that will divide families and set brothers to killing each other. I am sorry I gave a dollar for the Lincoln guns."

James Harlan rose and bowed profoundly. "Forgive us," he begged her. "This is all most unbecoming to your charm."

Susan Abel, naturally, said nothing to Elisha about the visit of Judge Harlan with Speed and Lieutenant Nelson. She had breakfast with him late of the following morning, in a small half-open paved space back of the dining room. The house had been built by James Sash, early in the century; he had attached a conservatory to the dining room; but Susan, when she moved with Manoah to Frankfort, had changed it into a pleasant and informal place for breakfast. She gathered it had been very vigorous at Greenland.

"Wickliffe Sash all but had a fight with Belvard," Elisha told her. "You wouldn't have guessed they were brothers. Wickliffe is the only one in his family who is for the South. He enlisted in Saunders Bruce's company, at Lexington, last week. He told Belvard that no one who was anything would be a black Republican. Not in Kentucky. He said only storekeepers and men from the mountains were. It didn't matter, Wickliffe said, what they did or thought. They were not gentlemen."

"Didn't Wickliffe think his brother Belvard was a gentleman?" Susan asked.

He ignored that. "Wickliffe said the Southern cause was beautiful," Elisha continued, "but there wasn't any nobility at all in the North. They just wanted to steal our niggers. You couldn't love the North, he said, but you had to love the South."

His mother wanted to know what he had replied.

"It was hard," Elisha admitted. "Most of what I could say seemed so cold, after Wickliffe. It was no good bringing up the Constitution again. I did explain how hard we had tried to make a country, and fought against nearly everybody to do it, and how frightful it would be for it all to go to nothing.

"The Hazels agreed with Wickliffe, of course. Mason said he wouldn't allow anyone to come into his garden and take a flower, let alone his negroes. I don't know why—and it's exactly what I said—but all the arguments for the South are so much handsomer than any of ours."

"Emotion appears handsomer than reason," Susan Abel carefully explained. "It isn't really. Only the most superior people understand and appreciate reason. It's nonsense to say that all the highly bred men of Kentucky are for state rights and the rest are storekeepers. Mr. Crittenden is for the Union, and so is Mr. Guthrie. Judge Nicholas is Union, and Doctor Breckenridge and Judge Harlan and Mr. Todd and Garrett Davis and George Robertson. They were every one friends of your father's. General Combs is a Union supporter, and Mr. Bristow is, and Charles Marshall. That is why Kentucky must stay out of the war. Elisha, we'd be so badly injured we would never recover. Never."

He spoke doubtfully. "I don't know if I told you, mother; Camp Robinson is going to be officially opened the day after election, and I want to be there. Everybody will. All the Sashes, of course, and the News. Even the Hazels and people who are against it."

Susan Abel was silent; she was, seemingly, intent upon her coffee cup. In reality she was thinking as rapidly as possible: Camp Robinson was the Union station for recruits William Nelson had established on the Danville pike, south of Lexington. She did not want Elisha to grow familiar with it; she wanted to keep him as far removed as possible from the military spirit it must create; but, obviously, she could not forbid him to go there. After all, as Elisha had pointed out, he was twenty-three years old.

"I am certain it will be stupid," she said. "There won't really be a camp, with soldiers and drilling, for weeks yet, but if the family is going, and you'd like to, I'll go with you."

It seemed to Susan that a faint disappointment settled over Elisha; and that increased the annoyance with him that had possessed her for the last few days. She barely restrained an angry comment.

"That will be very nice," he said, rising. "Will you excuse me? I have to ride in to Versailles."

Susan wondered, alone, about her whole attitude toward Elisha. Her demands, where he was concerned, were very rigid. Possessive. She wanted him to have an existence of his own, independent and full, provided it was a right sort of life. Full of the things she knew were good for him. There was more than a chance, with his father's hardened blood in him, that he might make a serious and, perhaps, fatal mistake of choice. She must prevent that. Elisha had no interest in girls, none in marriage; until now she had been privately glad of that. Perhaps it was a mistake. If she could select a girl suitable for Elisha—a girl at once well well-born and simple and modest—she might be a help with him. Together they could, without doubt, manage Elisha.

He wasn't, Susan Abel realized, easy to manage. There was Cutts blood in him as well as his father's. She was driving with him to the camp established on Richard Robinson's farm. It was the middle of morning; the sky was overcast, threatening rain, and the heat had mitigated. The Danville pike was filled with carriages and wagons, all moving toward the encampment. Susan saw most of her familiar world. The camp itself, exactly as she had predicted, was the reverse of impressive. There was no military organization, no officers, impressive in smart uniforms, no stirring music. A company of men from Tennessee were actually in rags. William Nelson, accompanied by Thomas Bramlette and a Mr. Landrum, came up to her at once. She presented Elisha to Lieutenant Nelson and was carefully polite.

"You see," Nelson said pleasantly, "we are still practical instead of impressive."

Susan was appropriately gracious. "Our tents," he continued, "are the maple trees, and our guns are sticks. We hope to change that."

James Harlan, mounted on an informal stand, spoke. All pretense of neutrality, Susan realized, had left him. A nondescript collection of recruits stood facing him, and back of that the carriages and wagons, the countryside, was banked.

"Men of Kentucky," Judge Harlan said, "and those of you who have come from Tennessee, we welcome you here to earth of the United States. You stand on soil of the Union. This, today, is an especial part of the glorious state of Kentucky. Today it is especial, an enlisting place for men who believe in the Union, but tomorrow I hope it will be no more than part of the soil of a whole loyal state. Anything else is unthinkable."

Gabriel Sash was standing beside Susan Abel's carriage, and he said: "That is plain enough. If it goes on like this we'll have Simon Buckner and the State Guards shooting us down."

Not, she returned, without some show of justice. "I am opposed to all of it, Gabriel," she reasserted. "If you want to keep out of war, stay away from powder. It was a mistake—I see now—to arm the Home Guard. Let General Buckner march his companies into the Southern army. That wouldn't hurt us. Not really. Kentucky can take care of itself."

He replied, "I am afraid it is too late. Now that we have a Union legislature. The state-rights party only carried one district in the west."

Elisha asked what that would mean.

His mother answered for Gabriel Sash: "If there are enough hot-headed fools, like those around us, it will mean war. One part of you, Elisha, will turn on the other."

Mr. Crittenden was speaking:

"I have consistently tried to avert the possibility of a strife too terrible for words. Kentucky, of olden time, has been inured to battle, but Kentuckians have never fought among themselves. History has indicated what the horrors of that fratricidal war must be. Courageous men, honorable and bitter in principle, arrayed in the panoply of Bellona. Desolated mothers. Our silver streams, in that event, would run crimson, a lurid glare bathe Kentucky in the tints of hell. But there are worse things than living streams of blood. There is One, the greatest of all, who willingly gave His blood to purify men. If Kentucky, in her noble turn, is forced to emulate Him——"

Susan Abel turned to her son. "I am sorry," she said. "I am quite faint. Do you mind very much taking me home?"

There was nothing, naturally, that could furnish him with an objection. When they were free of the camp Elisha gazed at her curiously:

"Do you know," he said at last, "that is absolutely the first time I ever heard you were faint? It ought to worry me a lot."

She touched his hand affectionately and sat back with closed eyes.

It was increasingly clear to Susan Abel that Kentucky was fast entering the war; the fact that it was now definitely Union in sentiment had no power to reconcile her with the general military activity. She was, she found, no longer consulted about the course and necessities of the state. No one who still insisted on neutrality was regarded seriously. Mr. Magoffin had protested at Washington against the establishment of Camp Robinson, but Lincoln refused to listen to his logic. There were, by way of

(Continued on Page 116)

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(Continued from Page 114)

answer, three Confederate camps established in Kentucky—one within thirty miles of Frankfort. Susan decided, suddenly, to leave Kentucky, to go abroad; she would spend the winter with Elisha in Egypt. She had scarcely left Frankfort during the thirty years of her marriage. No more than for an occasional trip to New Orleans, or Philadelphia, or to a Northern spa. Elisha had been to France and London, he had stayed in the English country, but he knew nothing of Europe. It was time, before he was definitely settled, that he did.

They would go first to Italy; perhaps stay a month in Rome. It would be very pleasant there, Susan knew, for any member of her family. The foreign embassies were widely ornamented by various Cutts. What a fool she had been! That—the diplomatic service—was exactly where Elisha ought to be. It would not mean that she must lose him. She could live at Madrid or Paris or St. Petersburg—anywhere on the Continent—as easily as in Kentucky. There was nothing now—except it might be Elisha—to keep her in Frankfort. She'd go to Washington at once, and see the ridiculous Mr. Lincoln. Even he must realize how appropriately Elisha Cutts Abel would decorate one of the major embassies.

"I have a marvelous plan for you," she told her son; "for both of us, really. You won't object if I am a little selfish. Kentucky just now is the last place in the world to be. We'll go to Europe; or, rather, we will stay for a little in Italy and then remove to Egypt for the winter. . . . Wait, Elisha; don't interrupt me, please. That is only part of it. You won't read law seriously; you don't like banking and money; we are always worried about something to do for you; and at last I have it. The diplomatic service.

"I wouldn't have considered it while your father was alive. Then we would have lost all sight of you. Now, unhappily, it is different. There is nothing to keep me here. Darling, I don't mean I'd be a nuisance to you. I hope I'm too worldly for that. But I could see you occasionally."

Elisha stared at her, lost in amazement. "Go to Europe. Egypt for the winter," he repeated. "Now! Why, mother, you must be mad. Desert Kentucky and the United States at the darkest hour of their existence. When the South is attacking us." A flush spread over his usually colorless face. "Besides, I don't want to go into the diplomatic corps and live in Europe. I have already made up my mind what I'll do—I am going to be a statesman. A statesman," he repeated firmly. "I can do more for my country that way than any other."

They were seated in the hall, and he walked away from her and stood in the open doorway, looking out into the garden.

Susan Abel realized that a crisis had arrived in their existence. It had been a grave mistake to announce her purpose so suddenly and so flatly; she had no means of retreat, of escape, from it; she must face the situation she had created.

"Elisha," she proceeded, "I am going to insist on your doing what I have explained. If this war is serious—and I am assured it is very serious—no one will have a chance to be what you would call a statesman for years. Perhaps, in the United States, in that sense, there will never be another. The diplomatic service is the only place left for an American gentleman. You must listen to me now if you never do it again."

He had returned from the door, and, Susan saw, with a sinking heart, there was an increased dignity, a new maturity, in his bearing.

"You forget one thing," he said clearly, "and that is the Abel blood in me. It is Kentucky blood, and that means it is pretty much bound up with Kentucky things. I know more about the history of my family, my father's family, than you do. You were never very interested in it. I don't think you even know about Gabriel Sash—the first Gabriel Sash. He was one of the Long Hunters. Well, he came out of the forest when Harrodsburg was Harrodstown, and married Nancy Abel. They had a baby, and then Gabriel left her. He went back into the forest and they never saw him again. I don't think he wanted to do that; he had to. It was in his blood. Kentucky and the woods. This is queer, but it's so—Belvard Sash told me that his father—he is Gabriel Sash, too, remember—went into the woods and sat for hours by himself. Whenever his father was bothered, Belvard said, he just disappeared in the Calydon woods. It nearly kills him to cut down a tree.

"Well, mother, I'm not like that: I wasn't intended for a forest; it's different in me—I know the minute I'm out of Kentucky. If you blindfolded me and took me across the border, I could tell the instant I was somewhere else. I'd be unhappy. I want to be a statesman like Henry Clay. If what you say is going to happen, it will be more important than ever to have some men as near like that as possible, left. I might be one. At least I'm going to try. Anyhow, I couldn't leave Kentucky, even if all that came to nothing. We'd be running away. We could never come back! No one would ever look at us again."

"I find," Susan Abel said icily, "that you are melodramatic. I suppose it is the privilege of young people. You are rather amusing, at the same time, about your father's family. You seem to forget that I have had it on all sides of me for thirty years. Longer than you've been alive. I have never heard a complaint about my attitude toward it. Mr. Abel was satisfied with me. But"—her voice grew harder—"your lecture on honor was unnecessary. In fact, it was impertinent. There is only one variety of honor, but there are a number of different kinds of courage. You cannot understand that. I have tried to explain it before. All you said comes to this—you have a strong local, a provincial, instinct; and, like a child, you are attracted by noise. By the firing off of guns. A cheap patriotism. We will not, naturally, go to Egypt; you must continue in your ambition to be a second Henry Clay. I will point out to you, though, that Mr. Clay never got to be President. You must ask yourself why. It might be useful in your career to understand that."

The color had left Elisha Abel's cheeks; he stood rigidly—he seemed very brittle—before her. "I will tell you about Mr. Clay," he replied; "he never got to be President because he loved Kentucky too much. He will always be, for us, better than President."

Elisha went slowly and stiffly up the wide staircase to the second story. Susan was forced to sit down; her knees were weak. She was furious at her son; yet an unwilling admiration for him forced itself into her anger. He was like his father, but better. He had taken something—a fine stiffness from her family. She realized that Elisha had defeated her, and she was concerned, at that recognition, about their future relationship. How would it affect his feeling for her? What effect would it have on him in the present situation of his beloved state? "He must not go to war," Susan Abel cried silently; "it will kill him."

In an hour it would be time for dinner, and then she dreaded that ceremony; she did not, just then, want to see Elisha. "I'll send down word I have a headache," she thought. That was no better than putting off a difficult moment. It was, Elisha had shown her, cowardly. She dressed, with great particularity, in white and lavender, with a rope of pearls, and sat in formal propriety behind an elaborate silver tea service. Elisha was obviously tired out; there were palpable shadows in the hollows of his cheeks. A crushing tenderness of love for him swept over her. Susan wanted to kiss him and hold him in her arms. It was, for them, impossible.

For the first time in her existence a tide of contrary events swept over Susan Abel. She had, until now, directed practically all the individuals and activities personal to her; she had imposed her will upon life, but, suddenly, life and individuals were indifferent to her. Kentucky, for example, was moving with an increasing, a headlong, speed into the path of war. The first Battle of Manassas had enormously benefited the state-rights cause. Elisha was silent, morose. He no longer discussed the national situation with her or exposed his own opinions and necessities.

She forced herself, correspondingly, to keep out of view all her tender apprehensions for him. Susan often was, too, wholly annoyed with Elisha. She wanted to shake him. She had, she recalled, spoken to him about a family gathering; it furnished her with a safe and pleasant approach to her son.

"I am going to ask them all," she explained. "At first I only intended to have those more or less your own age. The other is better. If the family is here together, they may see that it is impossible for Kentucky to support one side or the other. Why, Elisha, if that happened we would all be dead in no time. It can't be allowed."

Susan Abel, standing on the portico of her house, saw that there were more than a hundred, perhaps two hundred, members of the Sash and Abel families scattered through the dusk over her lawn. A considerable number, too, were naturally absent. She was amazed at the extent of Manoah's relationships and close connections. Gabriel Sash came up and spoke to her. She liked Gabriel; he had a quiet ironical manner; he was remote from the absurdities and heats of life; but his wife Liddy—she had been Liddy Hazel—was a fool. She had not spoken to Gabriel Sash since the day he admitted his wholly Union sentiments.

"Well," he said, indicating the people below them, "there you see, in almost every detail, the battle between the states. Susan, it is raging under your very eyes. Someone, I expect, will shoot his grandmother or little son at any minute."

She had no taste to agree with the lightness of Gabriel Sash's tone. "It isn't civilized," she said; "it isn't human. I can't tell you how it depresses me. I am afraid of people, Gabriel, when they lose their reason. I still don't believe Kentucky will."

He became serious. "It has lost it," he replied. "It's gone, Susan; make up your mind to that. Make your plans with that in your mind. I know how you feel about Elisha. I'm dreadfully sorry. No one can help this. At least we know that Elisha is on the right side."

She thought, "I don't want him to be on any side. Elisha can't go to war. He isn't strong enough."

Soon after that Susan encountered Liddy Sash, hanging on to the arm of Wickliffe, her youngest son.

"I have only him, now," she told Susan; "my husband and my other two sons deserted us. They have joined the Yankees."

It was a good thing for her, Susan Abel declared, that at least part of her family showed some common sense.

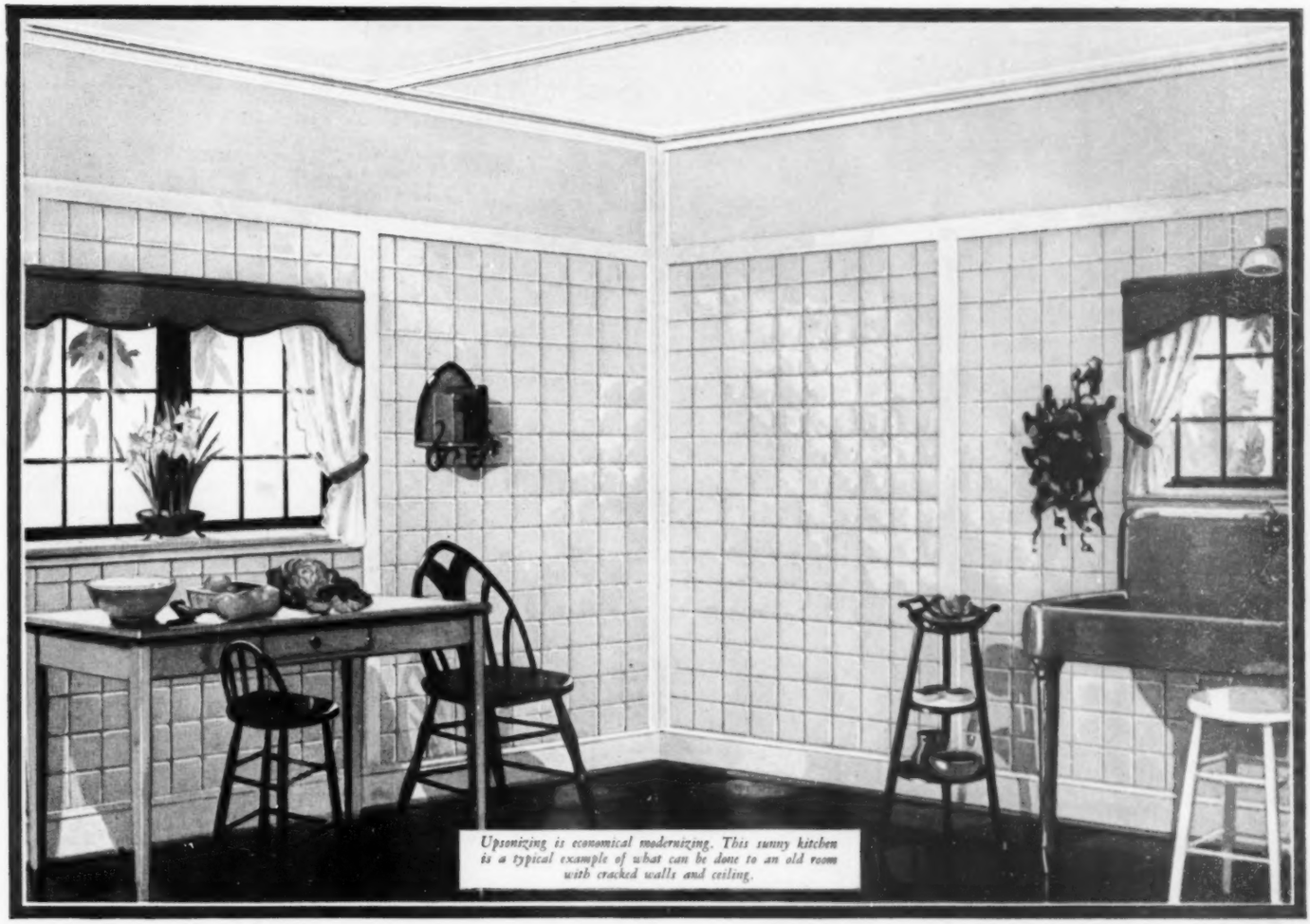
"You have so much of that in the North," Liddy replied sweetly. "We like other things better in the South."

Susan said, "Hot bread, for instance." She pointedly turned away from Liddy. The woman was a hopeless idiot.

A number of older people eventually sat with Susan Abel beside a great holly tree—Mrs. Thomas Hazel and her eldest son, Archelaus; his wife, Charlotte, was ill at Greenland; Henry New and his wife—he had married Sarah McKee Sash, Gabriel's sister; and Nancy Sash. Nancy, Susan realized, was practically at her own age. She had, when they were all young, engaged herself to marry Manoah Abel, but she had broken her engagement, for some fantastic reason, immediately after Manoah had killed Jarrot Bensalem. Nancy was still handsome, in the gaunt manner of her family, but it was a dry, a dusty; handsomeness; her cheeks had the color and texture of rose pot-pourri. There was an odor in her wide skirts of dead roses. He could not believe, Henry New said, that the evening was fair.

"It seems to me the sky must be black with clouds. I have the feeling that goes

(Continued on Page 118)



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(Continued from Page 116)

before a thunderstorm, and think, all the time, I hear thunder and lightning."

Archelaus Hazel said, "I wish we had the feeling that follows a storm—the sense of relief. I saw John Morgan yesterday; he is very restless in Kentucky. The death of his wife helped that. I tell you the whole State Guard will leave soon with Buckner." Gabriel Sash hoped Magoffin would go with them.

Bland Hazel, Archelaus' brother, came up at that moment. "Governor Magoffin!" he exclaimed. "We couldn't do without him. He is practically the only honorable man in the state government." A strained silence met this announcement. "Magoffin and John Breckenridge have almost saved our good name," Bland added.

Susan Abel disliked him intensely. He was precisely the sort of Kentuckian, vain and bad-tempered, dangerous, that, she considered, represented the worst elements of Kentucky character.

"The governor has been unfortunate," Henry New declared; "his duty has reached in one direction and his sympathies in another. There is no doubt he is honest. Mr. Breckenridge is more than honest. That doesn't stop them from being mistaken."

"No," Bland admitted, "it doesn't. You are an honest man, but that has failed to keep you from spreading lies and defaming the noblest cause under the sun."

Archelaus Hazel rose and moved toward his brother. "I am honest, too," he said; "so you must believe me when I say you are a nuisance. More than that—you would make a nuisance out of any cause. It seems to me, after you have apologized to Susan, you had better leave for Calydon at once."

There were times, Bland replied, when the ordinary rules of conduct must be put aside. "There are greater necessities than politeness," he insisted. "Women understand that. Times when even the closest relationships have to be forgotten. This is one of them."

Archelaus begged him not to be ridiculous. "If you think you can force a fight on me, you're insane. There is enough of that already."

Henry New joined them. "Thank you, Archelaus," he said. "After all, this is my affair. . . . What lies?" he demanded, facing Bland Hazel.

But Bland's animosity, Susan saw, had left Henry New; it was fixed upon his brother. "You have always been superior," Bland said to Archelaus Hazel, "and Charlotte has been superior. You think too much of yourselves at Greenland. Now you have deserted your inheritance, gone over to Lincoln, that will have to end. You have joined the niggers," he asserted.

"As usual," Archelaus replied, "you are wrong. We are freeing ourselves from the negroes. You belong to the black party. You have associated with them and lived in stables all your life. That is why you are so ignorant as to insult Susan's hospitality and speak of Charlotte in a political discussion."

Susan realized that Archelaus was, at last, cold with anger. Bland's fury was plain. He managed to restrain his speech.

"I am sorry, Susan," he said, "if the depth of my feeling has annoyed you. I will send my apologies to Charlotte"—Bland returned to his brother—"then we can continue this political discussion."

He was interrupted by the appearance of Ambrose, Henry New's son. He drew his father aside and spoke rapidly. Ambrose left, almost running.

Mason Hazel, less reticent, arrived, breathless, to tell Archelaus that he must leave at once. "A message came from Captain Morgan. Arms are being moved to Lexington for Camp Robinson, and the State Guard must stop them. John and Callam and Wickliffe Sash are getting horses. It's certain to end in a fight with the Home Guard."

Susan Abel left them hastily, in search of Elisha. "Where is Elisha?" she asked Belvard Sash. He didn't know. "I have got to find James. We haven't a minute to lose. Morgan will never get our guns. We'll have a chance, now, to show the State Guards what the Union means."

Susan encountered Green New, another of Henry's sons. "Where is Elisha?" she demanded.

"He went with Ambrose," Green told her. "I expect they're on their way to Lexington. Father left; Doctor Dudley will need his advice, but I had to wait and see to getting mother and Mirabelle and Mary and our children safe home."

The party drained hurriedly and largely silent away. The polite formalities of leave-taking were for the most part ignored. The house was suddenly still. A dread settled upon Susan. Elisha had gone without saying a word to her. She had, he made clear, no hold upon him at all. A bitter resentment took possession of her. He had no right to ignore all that she had been to him. Actually, Susan Abel cried. But she very soon stopped that. She detested all displays of weak or useless emotion. Her house, deserted by Elisha, grew lonelier. She looked at her watch, and was surprised to find that it was not yet ten o'clock. Susan had thought it must be close to morning. Elisha had deserted her, gone off with Ambrose New for Lexington, where, most probably, there would be fighting—men killed on the streets. In imagination she saw Elisha shot through the head and lying dead in a gutter. An agony of love and despair filled her. With a sharp decision she pulled the ornamental bell rope in her room. A servant quickly responded.

"Tell Whitaker I want my carriage as soon as he can harness the horses. Then come back and get some things for my bag. We are going to Lexington." What, when she arrived there, Susan would do she had no idea of. "I'll go to the Phoenix Hotel," she told herself, "and then ask about Elisha." Someone must find him for her. She would see Ethelbert Dudley, who was at the head of the Home Guard in Lexington, and explain that her son could not be allowed to join his company. Elisha would be furious at her, but he'd get over that. She would rather have him furious and with her than absent for any purpose in the world. The lower rooms of the Phoenix Hotel were packed tight with men. She saw Major Johnson; he helped Susan and her maid through the crowd, and the proprietor of the hotel escorted her to a room. "If you see any of my family," she told him, "especially my son, I want to see them. Tell Doctor Dudley or Judge Harlan, if they step in, where I am."

Before long James Harlan appeared. "Susan!" he exclaimed. "How did you get here? At the worst possible time. I don't see how trouble can be avoided. I am going to order your carriage and send you out of it."

She smiled at his masculine earnestness. "No," she answered, "I can't have that. James, Elisha is somewhere in Lexington. He came with Ambrose New when he heard about the guns for Camp Robinson. Somebody must find him, James. I want him."

Harlan said, "Susan, I'm relieved. You are, at heart, a woman, after all. You're so devilish cold most of the time I began to doubt it. This is not only maternal, it's feminine. As a matter of fact, Elisha would have to be in Lexington at present. There is no other place decent for him. Let me explain it to you. We have to have these guns, and Joe Desha nearly captured them on the train at Cynthiana. We were forced to run them back to Covington and send them on by Louisville. The guns will arrive about dawn today; the Confederates know that and are bound to take them. Dudley sent Mr. Milward to Camp Robinson for help, but we must not count on that before noon, and by that time anything may have happened. So, you see, we need everybody available to hold off John Morgan for a little."

Susan, lost to all sense of humor, shuddered inwardly at the thought of Elisha

(Continued on Page 121)

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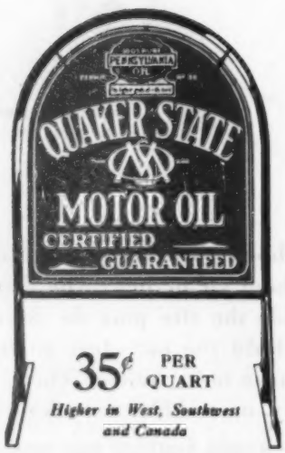

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attempting to hold off John Morgan. He would cut Elisha down with a single sweep of his sword. She caught James Harlan's hands.

"I understand how you feel," she proceeded, "but you don't know Elisha. He isn't strong enough for any of this. He can't fight and sit out in the rain. It is raining this minute, and you know it."

She was right, Harlan replied; it was raining. Hard. "You are too solicitous about Elisha Abel," he added. "I have seen something of him, and he is a boy of spirit. Tonight he won't know if it is raining or not."

Susan became indignant. "You are like all other men," she asserted—"the most selfish of creatures. All you care for is to save your guns. It doesn't matter what that costs. It would never enter your head that Elisha might die of pleurisy."

"A lot of men will die because of those guns and some of pleurisy," he declared solemnly. "I am sorry I must go."

James Harlan, Susan realized, had been useless. All the world had turned against her. She addressed, in her loneliness, her black maid. "There is going to be war in Kentucky, Anna Louise," she said. "Our men will be killed or die from exposure. My son is with the soldiers tonight. I came to Lexington to find him, but no one will help me."

Anna Louise was obviously confounded by such an unprecedented confidence. That was too bad, she replied inanely. It certainly was a shame. All those pretty young gentlemen fighting and destructing each other. And Mr. Elisha with them.

"I won't take off my clothes," Susan continued. "I will just lie down on the couch. Sit outside the door, Anna Louise, and let me know if anyone at all wants to see me." "Perhaps," she thought, "it will be Elisha. Someone who knows I'm here will see him." Half asleep, she murmured the name of her son.

When she woke, the room was dark. Susan drew aside a curtain and looked down at the main street of Lexington. It was still raining, the gas lamps were pale blurs that illuminated nothing, there was a trace of sodden dawn above the houses. She opened the door to the corridor; Anna Louise was bowed over asleep in her chair. The slave stirred uneasily and woke up. She was frightened.

"I just fell off that holy minute," she asserted. "I been awake all night and then I fell off. It wasn't for no time."

Susan Abel told her to come in the room and shut and lock the door. "I must bathe and change my clothes," she continued; "I don't want Elisha to find me like this. Get the bottle of lavender lotion and see that I have plenty of hot water."

When Susan had finished bathing, when she was dressed, morning was a reality. It was gray and wet and utterly depressing. Susan drank a silver pot of coffee without cream or sugar, and then took a swallow or two of brandy.

Gabriel Sash and Green New took breakfast in Susan's room.

"I have one son in the State Guard and two in the Home Guard," Gabriel said. "Three Hazels, their cousins, are in the Lexington Rifles, with Morgan. Archelaus is more for the Union than not, but Bland is a bitter Breckenridge Democrat. Green, here, and Ambrose New support the North. I saw Simms Mayhew this morning, Susan; he enlisted with the Confederates at the Owen County camp." Simms Mayhew was the son of Manoah's sister Felicity. "The guns have come," Gabriel Sash continued; "they are at the railroad depot. The State Guard are waiting for a bugle call to rally at their armory on Upper Street; the Home Guard is ordered to march on the depot when the courthouse bell rings. Hell—if you will excuse me, Susan—is near to breaking out. I hope Nelson sent cavalry from Camp Robinson. Infantry would hardly be here at dark. I must get my affairs together. It's fortunate Liddy is well provided for." Susan asked why. "I'll go, naturally," Gabriel replied. "Lovell Rosseau offered me a company in his command."

Susan was unreasonably annoyed at Gabriel. It was increasingly apparent to her that men thought their sole duty was fighting. Organized murder. She had often heard Manoah say that the genius of Kentucky lay in compromise. Henry Clay had been celebrated for his skillful adjustments, but that, it seemed—the state's best security—was ignored. She stood at a window, her back to Gabriel and Green New, only half seeing the street below her. The rain continued. Suddenly Susan heard the faint, clear notes of a bugle. The motion on the main street was arrested, there was a complete general pause, then men began running. Green and Gabriel Sash rose hastily. The tolling of the courthouse bell began. It rang, Susan felt, with an unendurable insistence. A door shut sharply; the men had gone. She had for a moment the illusion that the clapper of the courthouse bell was beating inside her head. Anna Louise stood trembling beside her.

"The war is here," she told the negro woman.

Later in the morning, Mirabelle New, Green's wife—they lived in Lexington—appeared and entreated Susan to leave the Phoenix Hotel for the New house.

"Thank you," Susan said, "I will stay here for a little yet. Elisha may come in any minute."

Mirabelle was young and pretty. "My baby was six months old yesterday," she told Susan Abel.

"He ought to be grown up in time for the next war," Susan replied bitterly. "We arranged it so Elisha could be killed in this one."

Past noon there was the massed beat of horses' hoofs on the street. A muddy detachment of cavalry rode by. Susan recognized its commander—it was Colonel Bramlette.

"There is Tom Bramlette," she said to Mirabelle New. "The soldiers from Camp Robinson are here." A sense of relief swept over her. "I am going down on the street, Mirabelle," she went on. "It will be safe now. I can at least walk in the direction of Jefferson Street and the depot."

She would, the younger woman decided, go with Susan. They proceeded without interruption to where there was a plain view of the Louisville and Lexington Railroad depot. A line of Home Guards was drawn up with a small brass cannon before the depot; the Union cavalry was guarding a number of wagons that men were loading with the boxes of guns. Susan saw Captain Morgan in earnest conversation with John Breckenridge and Major Johnson. They were all on horse. Morgan rode up to where the State Guard stood in formation.

"The Lexington Rifles will fall out and return to their homes," he ordered. "We will not bring bloodshed on our city except in a last extremity."

The obedience, the discipline, of his company was exact. It broke ranks and the members quietly withdrew. Then Susan saw Elisha. His head was bare, his pale hair plastered on his forehead by the rain; a piece of bagging was wrapped precariously about his shoulders; holding a Lincoln gun in one hand, he climbed up beside the driver of a wagon filled with the cases of arms.

"Elisha!" she cried. "Elisha!"

Only Mirabelle New heard her. "Where did you see Elisha?" she asked.

Susan did not heed her. The wagon that bore Elisha Abel drove creaking and swinging away. "I will go to Camp Robinson," she told herself. "I'll make Whitaker drive me there immediately." She didn't. Susan returned to the emptiness of her house in Frankfort.

When she reached home the heedless weather cleared. All at once it was sunny and hot. She walked down the flowering terraces at the back to the Kentucky River. Halfway an arbor of cinnamon roses, filled with a golden dusk, was sweet with perfume and loud with bees. Elisha especially liked to linger there; it recalled him, thin and pale and determined, so vividly to her that she hurried on, fearful of a further regrettable display of emotion. The river was still low; its stone bed was almost everywhere visible. Close to the bank was a pool where, when they were little, Elisha and Delia had bathed. Gabriel Sash and his sisters, Sarah McKee and Eliza Rose, had, in an earlier childhood, bathed there.

Susan stood a long while by the slow-flowing river. In the spring it was full and swift and remorseless. Then it was bright, young. Now it was old and tired. Tired and old. Three days later Elisha came home. He arrived in a wagon like the one that had carried him away from her. But now, in spite of the heat, he was rolled in a blanket. There were scarlet patches on his cheeks.

"I must go back as soon as possible," he told her. "I'm a lieutenant and attached to headquarters at Camp Robinson."

Whitaker helped him to his room.

"Of course you must go back," Susan reassured him. "Your things will all be ready in no time."

Night came and she sat beside him with a lamp shaded from the intensity of his countenance.

"Morgan didn't get our guns," he said in a rapid shallow voice. "We brought up the cannon that stood near the watch house. I was in the squad that went for it. . . . Did Whitaker bring in my gun?"

Yes, she told Elisha; it was in a corner of the lower hall.

"I reckon now I'll have a sword instead of a gun," he proceeded; "even a Lincoln gun."

She sat quietly, once more in black, her hands caught together on her lap. Elisha's voice continued, but it grew fainter; the fluctuating words were largely unintelligible. He became weaker. Doctor Pythian had refused to be definite. Mr. Spillman, the Presbyterian minister, was below, a servant informed her. Susan saw no one. She wanted no sympathy; she did not need advice. A pitiless understanding of herself exposed the motives of her actions—she cared nothing for the neutrality of Kentucky; she had only wanted to keep Elisha close by her. She had tried to command every minute of his life. All of Elisha's thoughts. A terrible, blind selfishness had possessed her. As a result of that she had driven him, unprepared, into storm and a war. Her love had been a cause of humiliation to him; perhaps it had brought him to hate her. His speech ran in her mind: "I will have a sword."

She wanted Elisha to have a sword, she found—a bright sword, sharp and honorable. Her love had nearly covered him with dishonor. In the morning Nancy Sash arrived.

"I would like to help you with Elisha," the other woman said who had loved Manoah. "How is he?"

She didn't know, Susan replied. "I can't tell. He is dreadfully weak. Nancy, Elisha isn't right in his head. That frightens me." Nancy Sash was prepared for that. "It doesn't really mean much," she observed. "Fever usually has that effect. Have you been up all night?" Susan Abel had. "Go to your room," Nancy directed her. "Stay there until dinner. I will call you if it is necessary."

Susan lay rigidly on her back. Any relaxation or sleep was impossible. "Love is a wicked and selfish thing," she told herself. "Because of it, perhaps, I have killed Elisha. Love is a cowardly thing." She was not, Susan recognized, usually counted a coward. She had tried, she had insisted, to save Elisha from danger and suffering, but the truth was, she had thought only of herself, of her own peace and emotions; Elisha had been totally ignored. She wanted him to live, now, in order to be a soldier. For nothing else. It was infinitely better for him to die in war than live ignominiously as a captive in Egypt.

"What does it matter," Susan Abel repeated wretchedly, "if his body is weak? His spirit is strong. Ease and safety and a long life are nothing."

There was a knock at the door. It was Nancy Sash. "He is weaker," she said briefly. "Doctor Pythian was here. He had to leave, but he is coming back directly. I thought you would like to be with Elisha. I told the servants there would be no dinner. If you want anything to eat, they will carry it up to you."

Elisha was breathing with an audible difficulty. His eyes were closed; his eyelids were blue and almost transparent. His hands moved restlessly over the bedcovers. Susan looked up. Doctor Pythian was standing beside her.

"Elisha will die," she said simply.

Doctor Pythian made no answer. "With your permission," he said, turning away from the bed, "I am going to try something not generally practiced. I am going to wrap Elisha in sheets wetted with ice water."

It was dark again. Once more Nancy Sash drove her out of Elisha's room. Susan went down to the portico. The sky was purple with a silver dust of stars. Elisha now, she thought, was far away as the farthest star. "Lieutenant Abel," she said to herself. "Captain Abel. General Elisha Cutts Abel." A horse stopped outside the gate on Wilkinson Street, and a negro came up to the steps. Susan recognized that he belonged at Calydon. He gave her a note from Gabriel Sash. Susan went inside to a light. The note was disorganized, hurriedly written.

"I hope Elisha is better," Gabriel wrote. "I don't want to add any worry to your already worried mind. You must know this: Bland Hazel killed Archelaus late this afternoon in a duel with pistols. He left at once to join Leonidas Polk in the South."

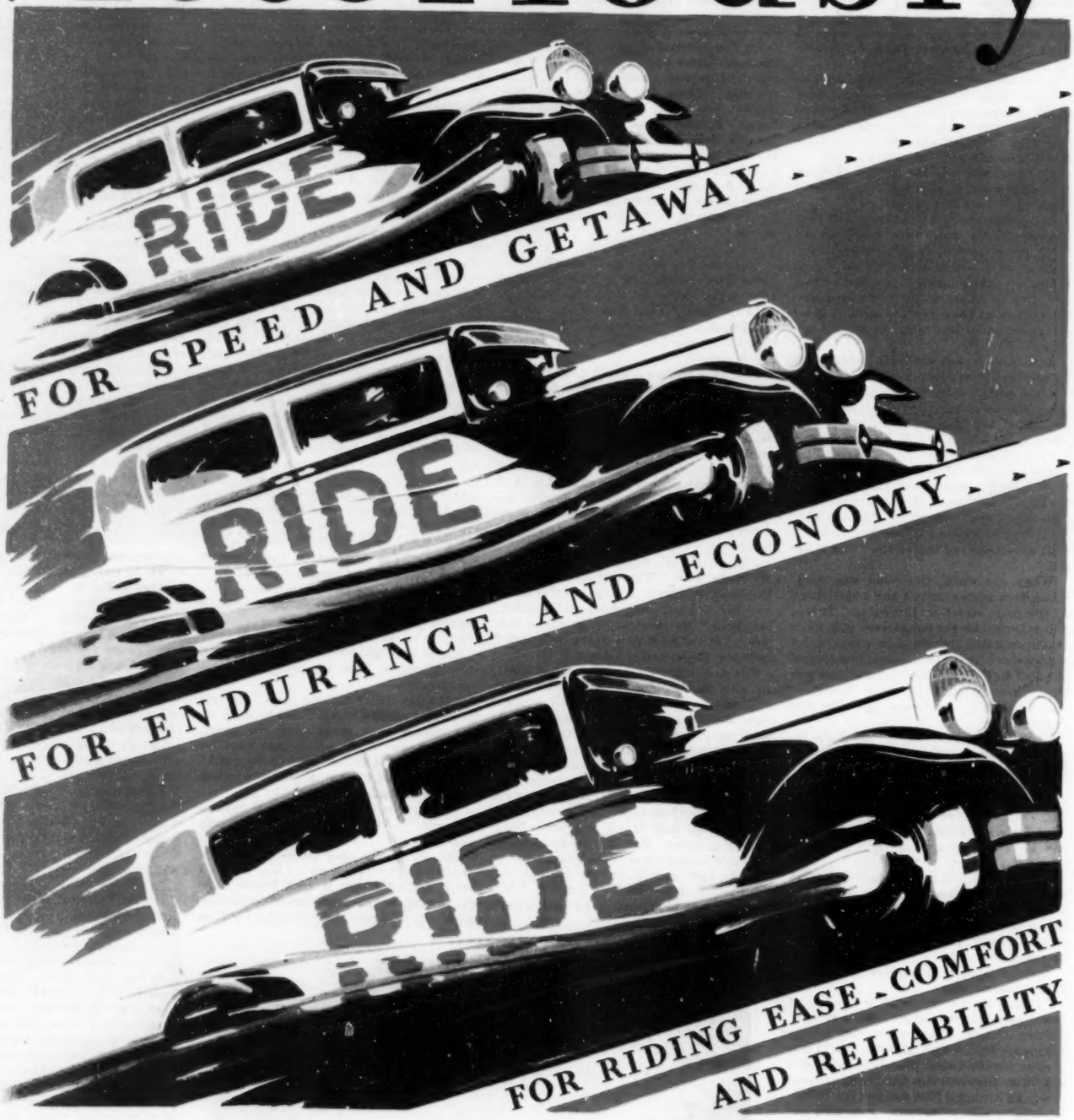
Doctor Pythian came slowly down the stairs.

"It is all right, Susan," he said. "Elisha is past the worst. He will live."

PHOTO. BY WILLIAM M. RITTASE

West Point, New York

Victoriously



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Greater Power—Faster Speed—Quicker Get-away—Added Economy • Smoother Performance at all Speeds • Even Greater Choice of Colors • Four Two-way Shock Absorbers • Richer Upholstery, Harmonizing Hardware • Larger, Finer, Roomier Bodies • Radiator Shutters, Electrolock, Starter on Dash, Electric Fuel and Oil Gauge • Newly Designed Radiator, Fenders, Body Lines and Body Mouldings Glare-proof Rear-view Mirror • Disappearing Rear-window Curtain.

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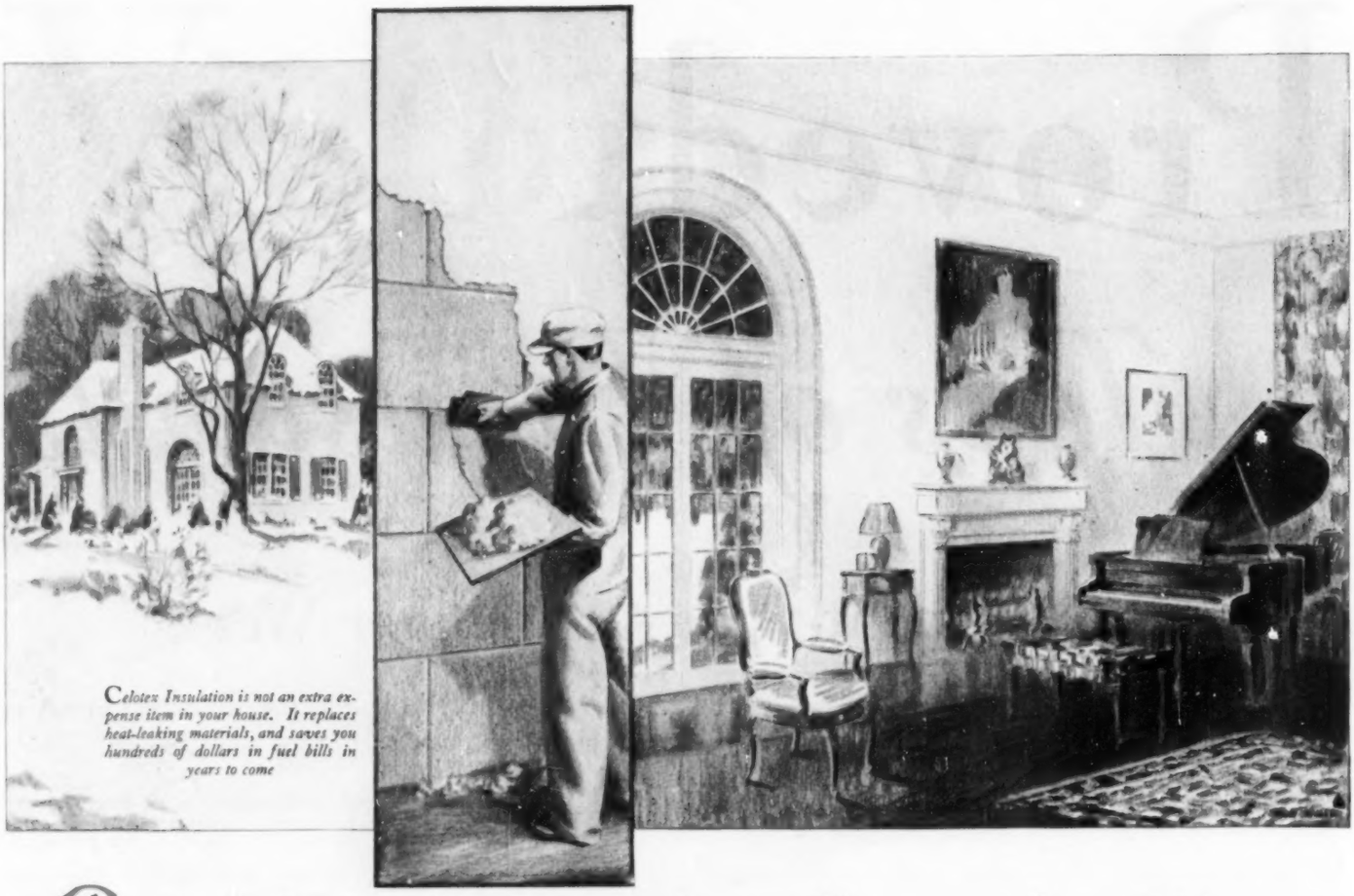
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Colorful *plastered* walls and ceilings

over lath that protects their beauty and shields each room from unpleasant weather

DELIGHTFUL plastered interiors . . . in rich, youthful colors that keep your rooms always attractive and pleasant to live in . . .

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INSULATING CANE BOARD

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MADAME THE CAT

(Continued from Page 15)

a hen pheasant. Wait until you see Antoine carve the merrythought with a single snip of his snickersnee! His Excellency, who has become a connoisseur since he got up in the world, will probably reserve the delicate wing tips for himself. He should share the merrythought with the lady, though, don't you think? My dear fellow," quoth Oliver with mock tragedy, "I have seen a lover turn pale at the plucking of a merrythought!" He pinned Morel with a look. "Isn't there something you wish to tell me before he comes? What detains him?"

"Ice in the river," said Morel languidly. "He is coming over by the ferry, instead of the tube, to avoid the more populous centers. Do you know he can count a murder on every finger—with a few odd jobs for his toes? No wonder he craves a simple evening now and then! Ha! He comes! I think you might do some chess. He will look us over before he turns down his collar."

Morel, more used to this business of tailing his man, had no difficulty with his face. Oliver, on the other hand, felt a faster pulse and the need to concentrate on his new chess arrangement. A chunky man passed slowly down the aisle, sweeping the room. He was almost entirely enveloped in a chinchilla ulster; on the rim of the tall, upturned collar sat a broad-brimmed hat, like the lid of a kettle. There was the collar opening in front like a visor; otherwise the gentleman was completely incased. He looked over old Ferrand casually, over Oliver and Morel with a little more circumspection. The ulstered figure passed on, a flock of waiters by now in attendance—there was no doubt in their mind who it was. He laid his bristling gaze on the placid swami and his two beautiful companions, on the Village pair who were still locked cheek to cheek in their vital, undraped discussion of laboratory problems. Without warning he revolved like a gun turret on Oliver and Morel. Oliver was wrinkling his brow over Capablanca's variation of the Queen's Gambit Declined, and Morel was attacking a pickled herring resolutely. There could be no doubt about the earnestness of either of them; they were verisimilitude itself. Senator Brannil walked to the arched doorway of the inner room where sat the hoi polloi.

"I thought he always traveled with a bodyguard," ventured Oliver.

"He does," replied Morel, in so light a voice that Oliver felt his hair bristling.

The senator was a hundred miles from home, and remote from the metropolitan area of the city, yet he canvassed every table. Now he slowly retraced his steps, unbuttoning his vast outer garment. He paused in front of the desk, where Madame the Chatelaine had pretended not to know him. As he turned down his high collar and revealed his statesman's visage, she exclaimed, *sotto voce*, in pleasured surprise, and held him at arm's length across the counter for a palpitating instant. Her 'usban'! She would summon her 'usban'! *Quel bonheur?* He held up a protesting, a domineering hand. The king was incognito; he wished to remain so. While he was getting out of his sleeves, with Antoine's help, he noticed Madame the Cat. He withdrew slightly. Oliver made the mental note: "He does not love cats."

The great man gave ear to Antoine, who whispered enticingly of the feast to come. There is a point, says Charlie Chaplin, where mere words fail and pantomime must take up the burden; Antoine passed that point in a burst of gustatory ecstasy. At a slow pace the pair proceeded to the table. She made to rise, but he thrust her back with a gesture. She was terrified. "It is hard," mused Oliver—taking a leaf from somebody's book—"being a woman!" Senator Brannil sat down and, after a stage pause, aired some casual talk as if renewing a conversation momentarily interrupted.

It was the hick senator of popular legend, beyond a doubt. He had the get-up of a country bridegroom. He played up to the part, made a career of it. He had all the histrionic ability of a great trial lawyer, but Fate had laid the Eighteenth Amendment in his lap in his prime and made him a brigand instead. Behind his buffoonery in the halls of the state capitol, with his crossroads haircut and pomade and congress gaiters, he lived the hair-trigger life of a rum czar, and no henchman dared say him nay. He had organization, guns, ships, judges; he was invulnerable on his own bogs and beaches.

"If I hadn't been brought up from boyhood on comic opera," said Oliver, "there would be some things in life I simply could not make any effort to believe."

There was something yet to be explained. Why should this fellow come straying way off here?

Morel said whimsically, "He can count a murder on every finger, with a few odd jobs for the toes, but occasionally he craves the simple life."

Oliver asked, in a low voice: "Are you going to take him?"

"You say that," replied Morel, with his passing smile, "as if that ceremony were some light and airy nothing, with no string tied to it. Am I going to take him?" repeated Morel. "What for?" he demanded.

"Is there any crime on the calendar he isn't guilty of?" protested Armiston.

"No," said Morel. "You know it. I know it. But where is the proof? Don't you know that the one unpardonable sin a cop can commit is to make a pinch that he can't make stick?" He added: "He has never been caught with the goods on. There is no arrest against his name. Can you assault the honor of his citizenship——"

"By hanging a murder on every finger, with a few odd jobs for the toes?" put in Oliver satirically.

Morel shrugged. The word didn't stampede him.

"Murder, yes," he said. "All of them by proxy. And even so, it is his own vermin he exterminates. He deserves a citation!" He had a smile over the idea. "It isn't murder that the chief is steamed up over. It is the way the Hick slams the poor cop or Federal agent who happens to annoy any of his lieutenants in carrying out his orders. He is a great lawyer. He doesn't practice law, he practices rules of evidence! Pick up one of his men, and what happens? He is there in court with the bells on. There is always a misplaced comma, or lack of jurisdiction, or violation of sacred constitutional rights. All these things are much more heinous than the crime itself. And he is always right. Any judge in the land would uphold him. There is a law-school axiom that it is better to turn ten cutthroats free than to annoy one rule of procedure." Morel smiled dryly over the apocryphal rendition of an ancient platitude. "You'd think he would be satisfied," he continued. "Not at all. He follows up the poor devil that made the pinch, and that young fellow is out of luck from then on. It has come to be the custom," said the young dandy, bowing to nobody in particular, "not to interfere with the Hick's affairs. That's why I have been told off to sit up with a sick friend tonight," he added airily. He eyed Christophe, who approached. Christophe bore his supper, *sous cloche*. Christophe lifted one corner of the silver shell to permit a single excruciating wisp of fragrance to escape.

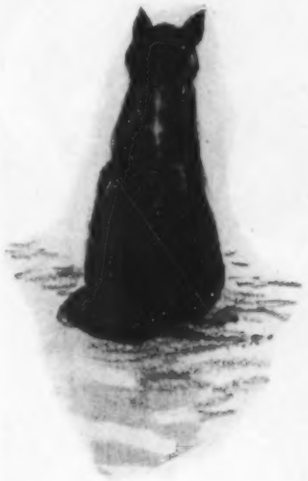
Morel solemnly approved the masterpiece, and the waiter retired to his serving table to dish up the feast.

"It is the privilege of the condemned man," confided Morel to Oliver, "to have anything he wants for his last meal." He was watching, with fascination, the sleight of hand of the ardent Christophe. "Tell me," he begged coaxingly, "how did you happen to know that the Hick was expected here tonight?"

"Tell me," bargained Oliver, "the while you are engrossed in your last meal before the end, what am I, as the unofficial observer, to look for?"

Morel considered before answering. He even ate a little. Finally he said, "We are passing him some marked money. We've got to find it on him!" He added, with a chuckle: "It is our own money, and we are rather particular about it."

Oliver kept his end of the bargain. "His waiter told me they were expecting him," he said. "The waiter is an old friend of mine."



Oliver had other and even more intimate friends, among the help in the establishment this evening, although he didn't suspect it until a bus boy came up to refill the ice bowl. It was the usual drab figure of an apprentice in some waiter's cast-off regalia. But this one was even more drab than usual. Something vaguely familiar in the droop of the head, as he slouched off, caught Armiston's eye. It was Pelts—little Pelts—Parr's other prize possession—Pelts, the shabby side partner of the elegant Morel. Oliver might have known he would be in the offing; one way or another, little Pelts would be in the picture, with the unobtrusiveness of a fly speck.

II

IT IS a fact. One must have been brought up on a diet of comic-opera situations to be able to swallow, without straining, some of the gospel truth dished up for us as everyday headlines. From the beginning of time there has been a preposterous aspect to the trade of smuggling, whether of black slaves, yellow aliens, diamonds in bulk, or uncut Scotch.

It was a little after eleven when Angellino Pompinelli finally arrived—Angellino, the little angel. It was high time. Morel had begun to fidget. The hockey game would be over shortly, and crowds from the Garden would come swarming in; then nothing could be done, for people would be crossing and recrossing the line of fire.

The senator had reached the merrythought. He had withdrawn it with fastidious care, hung it over the rim of an empty tumbler to cure, so they could pluck it—and read Fate—over the dessert. Pompinelli was a fine big fellow, with the plump, rosy cheeks of a rustic maiden, a soft, ox-eyed gaze of disarming naïveté, flashing white teeth and black curls, and mustaches heavily brilliantined. One could see at a glance that he was a simple fellow, without guile, although he did look worried. He stood, gazing about, as if fearful of what he might find. The waiters studiously avoided him, as they will avoid less-favored patrons just before a rush hour. He was helping himself to a little side table—one of Christophe's. Christophe intercepted him in the act of sitting down. The table was earmarked. All these tables in this room were ear-marked. He could go to the other room. The food was the same, the same air, the same street number, everything was identical; only, he could not stay here.

Pompinelli was turning away irresolutely, when from the window corner—where he had not looked on entering, because of its discreetly shielded position—there came a cry of recognition.

The senator sprang to his feet, called his name, "Pompinelli, Pompinelli," and spread out his hands in an almost Latin gesture of ardent welcome.

Pompinelli turned as if shot, and so great was his emotion on beholding who it was, and the joyousness with which he was summoned, that tears of happiness seemed suddenly to well up in his lustrous dark eyes. He advanced to the senator, took the two outstretched hands in his own; and for a moment they stood clasped thus, each in his own racial manner giving the simple gesture the aspect and meaning of an embrace. The senator spoke in an inaudible tone, retaining his dignity, yet touching his words with a whimsical smile. Angellino considered his reply. He pumped the senator's two hands. He brushed away tears. He spoke with a rushing, laughing emotion, like a happy child. It was, to a casual eye, the chance meeting of two very dear friends. The senator, with a gesture of great courtesy, presented him to the lady, and Angellino Pompinelli bowed as if to the queen herself. He sat down in a proffered chair, still holding his hat, his coat open at the throat, his restless gaze furtively searching the empty spaces of the restaurant as if in quest of someone who had not yet come.

"Check!" muttered Oliver. "Contact!"

Morel nodded, as in agreement over some casual thing. There could be no doubt that something had passed between the senator and Pompinelli at the very instant of contact.

Morel arose and searched the pockets of his overcoat, hung against the wall behind him. He found what he sought—a cigarette lighter. He handed it to Oliver and resumed his supper. Oliver hadn't asked for it, but that was neither here nor there. It was a signal to someone that marked money had been passed and was at that instant in the senator's possession. Oliver took the lighter, helped himself to one of Morel's cigarettes, and lighted it. He resumed his contemplation of the Queen's Gambit Declined.

He found himself counting the ticks of the clock. These things always had a pace, a tempo, as if they had been carefully rehearsed to the beat of a metronome, like a radio program that costs so much a minute. After due time, doubtless on some predetermined beat, the shabby bus boy came down the room. He came empty-handed. He went directly to the senator and spoke to him. He said the senator was wanted on the telephone. The senator's eyes wandered shuttlecock-wise, from right to left. He looked over Pelts. He looked over Pompinelli. Pompinelli's blood was fast turning to water. This business of luring Fra Diavolo down the glen was not to his liking at all. Especially when the woods were not alive with great, capable policemen, as he had been led to believe would be the case. His handsome, guileless countenance looked seasick. The senator looked up in surprise.

"Who is calling me?" he asked.

The bus boy did not know.

"Where is the telephone?"

In the office, the bus boy said.

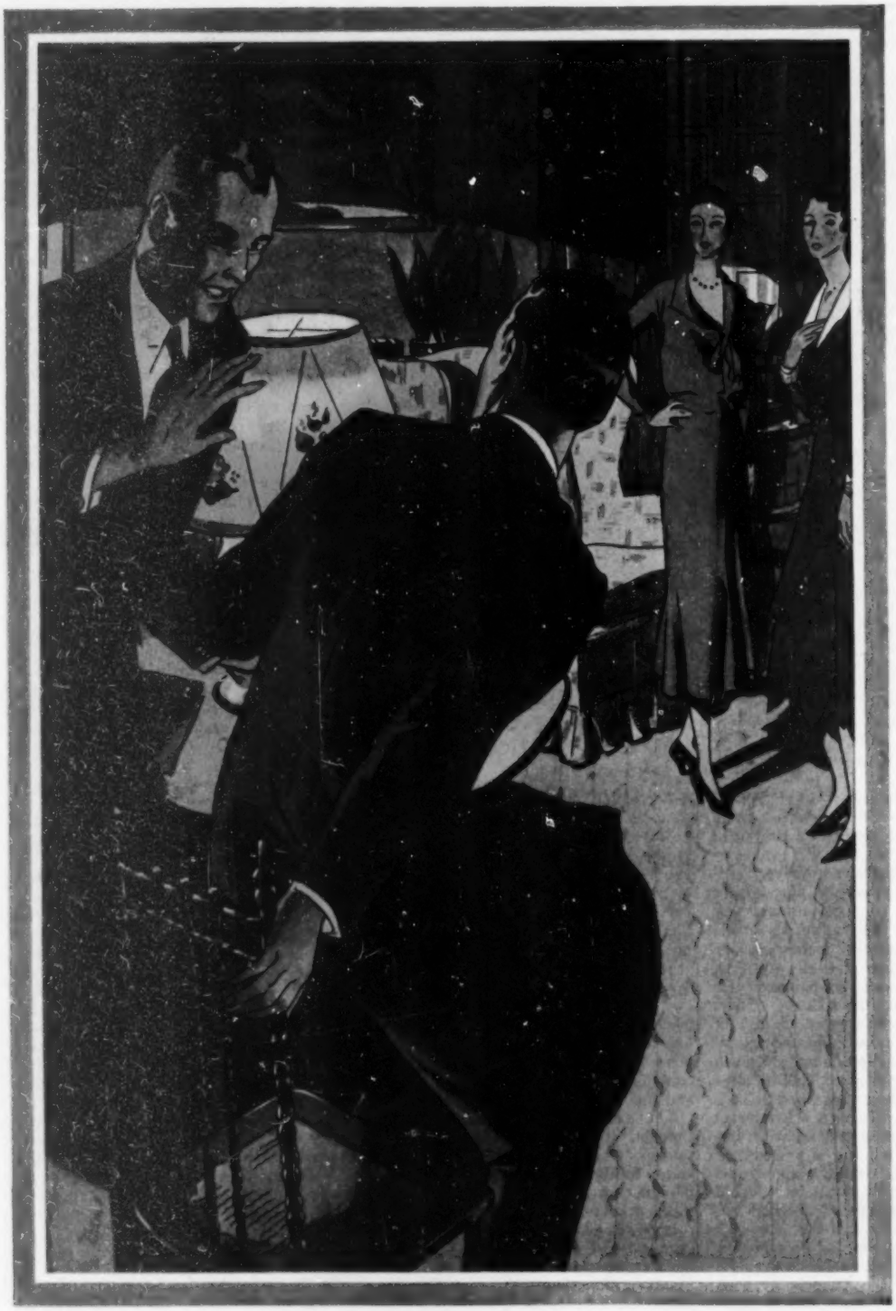
The senator arose. He looked down on Angellino.

"I come back soon, my friend—my very, very good friend," he said. "We will pluck

(Continued on Page 127)

"Go Easy on that heirloom"

Your guests may grin . . . but the unfavorable impression created by outworn, out-of-date home furnishings remains



"Go easy, Mr. Williams! That relic started housekeeping with us—it isn't as young as it used to be!"

The guests smiled politely at Tom's feeble joke—it was almost as threadbare, thought Mabel, as the chair itself. She knew what they were thinking. The scanty, out-of-date furnishings had created an unfavorable impression. And these were callers whom she and Tom wished particularly to please!

She wondered, as she often had before, whether they could afford the smart, new home furnishings other people in their set seemed to have. Always in the past she had abandoned the idea without finding out. This time, with the memory of her latest humiliation, she determined to investigate.

To her surprise, she learned that a modest investment would give them home surroundings of which they could truly be proud. An occasional chair, a secretary desk, a new bridge lamp—with such deft touches their home began to sparkle with a new-found charm. It became an *aid* to advancement rather than a handicap.

"First, furnish your home—it tells what you are!" This is the counsel of successful men and women. And you can follow it immediately. For the modern method of buying home furnishings lets you have what you want without delay.

☆ FREE BOOK

☆ *The dealer who displays the emblem at the top of this page is one of a select group of progressive merchants offering dependable home furnishings counsel. Ask him for a copy of this helpful 24-page color-illustrated booklet—it's free!*

(Continued from Page 125)

the merrythought together, to see who lives the longer. Eh?" he cried with gusto.

He followed little Pelts down the aisle. Madame the Chatelaine interrupted his progress with her pumped-up smile, and he paused to pay his respects. He considered.

"You are so large and beautiful," he said, searching for some compliment worthy of her. "I think the men annoy you a good deal. Eh, madame?"

She shrugged her acknowledgment with an arched smile. Her 'usban', she said demurely, 'e go out—but 'e come back queek now soon! Her eyes caressed the cat. And the senator—though it was obvious he hated cats—brought himself to the point of stroking the beast, barely touching the creature—a gesture so unwelcome to the recipient that Madame the Cat arose stiffly and withdrew until she was sure he had departed. The senator bent over Morel in passing, saying, "You are covered—both of you."

He went on. The door of the office closed on him. The restaurant resumed its nonchalant attitude, or appeared to do so.

"By whom?" demanded Oliver. Who could cover them, where they sat?

"The fellow with the curled-horse-hair beard," said Morel. The swami? Impossible! The swami was saying, in precise tones, while the two young things hung on his every syllable:

"The Sikhs are warlike people. They make a profession of arms, and derive great honor therefrom."

"That Village poet," said Oliver—"the one with the girl—I know him, don't I? Isn't that Terry, the kid cop from the Forty-seventh Street station Parr took such a fancy to?"

"The same," answered Morel, breaking his salad's back with his fork. Everything had been thought out in advance. He might be covered by the swami. The swami was covered by someone else, and so on *ad infinitum*. He waited. Inaction was difficult. Next to the ignominy of the arrest of the person of one so long sure of impunity, would be the atrocity of searching that person for contraband. That would be going on now, behind the closed door. The wagon would back up in the alley and take him away, riot guns and tear bombs at full cock.

"Your friend Pompinelli is slowly turning green," said Oliver, to whom the sense of arrested action was becoming suffocating. Morel nodded. That was to be expected.

"He is a squealer," he explained. He was listening with furtive animal intensity. There might come a burst of machine-gun fire.

"If that door should open," he said to Oliver, assuming his light, lazy tone, "and the senator come walking out under his own power, my friend Pompinelli might get a day or two to put his personal affairs in order, and to make arrangement for certain prayers for the sins of the dead. Nothing we could do would save him." Morel made a futile gesture, looking oddly at Oliver. "I suppose you would call that murder, wouldn't you?" he asked. "To put Pompinelli where he is now? But he was a dead man when he came to us for help. Pompinelli hijacked a cargo the Hick let him have on trust—he thought he could get away with it. The Hick told him to stand and deliver—here!—tonight! Well, Pompinelli finally came crawling to us on his knees. He promised to deliver the Hick to us if we put up the cash."

He pushed away his salad and nodded to Christophe, who hovered near at hand. Christophe and the other waiters were oblivious of what was transpiring. It seemed impossible.

The door opened. Pelts came wandering out. Some people were coming in, and he hastened down to them to take their wraps, like any eager apprentice. Oliver thought the corners of Morel's mouth tightened. But if so, the effect was instantly erased. Morel studied Oliver's chess book.

"Queen check!" he said, with a chess-player's courtesy.

There was boisterous laughter. Balette, the maitre, came out first; he half turned, as he waddled, to give unctuous heed to Senator Brannil, who had him by one arm. Like all cosmopolites, the senator liked to be observed in intimate converse with the maitre; it suggested he was a privileged habitué.

"How are the ladies, you fat old rascal?" he cried.

"Which one?" asked Balette naïvely.

"He! Ha-ha!" roared Brannil. "Which one? Isn't that just the answer for a Frenchman? Ha-ha-ha!"

Balette was worried. Something was transpiring under his very nose. He couldn't make it out. The senator was in good humor, though. That was a great relief. At first he had thought it was the senator who was being annoyed.

The early batch from the hockey game was arriving; some beautiful young girls hovered over Madame the Cat at the counter; one of them put a peachblow cheek against the silken ear of the elegant creature in the basket without the faintest protest from Madame the Cat. Balette took the senator all the way over to his table and seated him.

"Everything is all right, sir?" he asked shyly.

Everything was perfect. The senator dismissed Balette with a curt nod and put one arm about the slumped shoulder of Angellino Pompinelli. He had something to say, but first he must pause to watch the beautiful young ladies at the desk, fondling that cat! His eyes glowed. When his gaze came back, it encountered the wishbone of his partridge, hanging on the rim of the tumbler. He picked it up by one tong daintily, and offered the other to the deliquescent Pompinelli.

"Ha! The merrythought!" he said sonorously. "We will pluck it, you and I, eh? To see which lives the longer! Make your wish, my friend—my very, very good friend!"

Pompinelli stared at it in abject terror. His mouth fell open. His eyes were wild. He seemed on the point of screaming.

"Pull!" commanded the senator. "Pull!"

Dumbly the man took his end and pulled.

"Pull! Pull!" urged the merry statesman. It was impossible. It wasn't dry enough, it refused to break, to reveal Fate. If this were an augury, it did not help poor Angellino. He continued to watch the senator like a hypnotized bird.

The senator called for his bill and settled it handsomely. Antoine, with hands up, palms out, exclaimed ecstatically, it was too much—too much! They put the senator into his coat, turned up his collar, set his broad-brimmed hat over the rim of the high collar like the lid of a tea kettle. Still Pompinelli did not move. Senator Brannil tapped him gently on the back.

"I won't see you again," he said. "Won't you shake hands with me?"

He held out a hand. But to take it required more courage than the doomed Pompinelli could now summon, and he continued to sit like stone. The senator turned away. He was in fine humor. He bowed to Madame the Chatelaine, and she gave him a dazzling smile. He pressed his way through the cluster of beautiful girls admiring Madame the Cat. He said, in his sonorous voice, that always held attention:

"I wonder why she has not the abiding faith in me that she has in you!"

Timidly he essayed to touch her, to stroke her back. With an angry snarl the creature uncoiled herself, sprang up, and dug the poor offending hand with her claws. He snatched his raked hand away, and a merry laugh greeted this exhibition of hostility on the part of Madame the Cat.

"'Twas ever thus!" intoned the senator tragically. "From childhood's happy hour, I never loved the sweet wild flower but what it poisoned me!"

He held open the door for his drab companion, and, she preceding him, departed into the night.

So far as Morel was concerned, it was one of those terrible flops from which there was nothing to be salvaged. Unless, possibly for a brief season, Pompinelli. He said to the bus boy who was filling his drinking glass:

"Better take him quietly away and lock him up for the night."

The place was now filling to overflowing, and Christophe began to look with hungry eyes at Oliver's table, which had served its usefulness for Oliver and Morel. While they were putting on their things, Oliver was called to the telephone. It was Parr, the deputy.

"If you would like to know what I think of the pair of you," said Parr, "come over here."

They drove across town to the new precinct headquarters where Parr maintained a night point of attack. They were shown in to him at once. In a chair, handcuffed, sat the senator. And at a desk in one corner sat his drab little companion at table. She hadn't changed her costume in any particular, yet somehow there was nothing drab about her now. She was making out a report of some sort, and at the exclamations of astonishment that escaped Oliver and Morel, she glanced quickly up and back again to her work, with a fleeting smile.

Parr held in his hand, folded three times, a ten-thousand-dollar bill, one of the big fellows that the big bootleggers go in for, for small change. He laughed good-naturedly, and seeing their rising discomfiture, he laughed still more.

"You call yourself a detective!" he said to Morel. "And you—you go in for unofficial observing!" he said to Oliver.

"But you didn't find it on him!" protested Morel.

"She did!" said Parr. "She handcuffed him when he stepped into the car, so he wouldn't have a chance to shift it again. Then she brought him here, like a little lamb!"

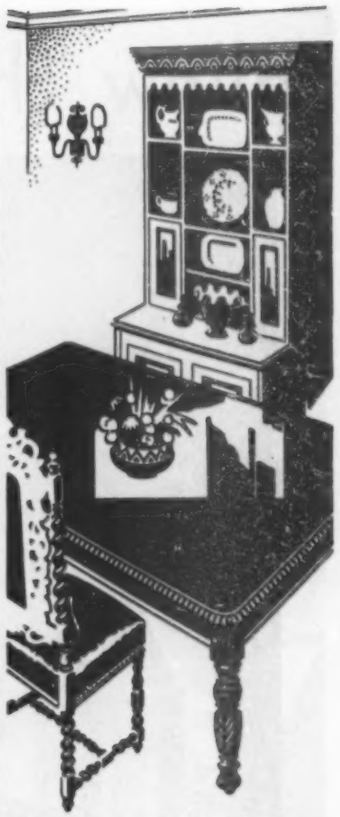
"But he didn't have it on him!" protested Morel. "We went through him."

"Did you search Madame the Cat?" asked the deputy, roaring with delight.

That was it! The senator had slipped the bill under Madame the Cat, when he went in to be searched. And he picked it out when he departed. He had overlooked nothing—the hick senator—except only one thing—the young lady who came with the dinner.

DRAWN BY MARGE

"Say—Where Have You Been All My Lives?"



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ANTIQUE HUMBUGS

(Continued from Page 37)

known that the styles of the carving on the two parts of the highboy had nothing to do with each other.

That both were old, we do not question, nor do we doubt that they were worth the price; though the acroterium was frankly new, and was so announced at the auction. But where, please, is there another piece the equal of this for sale? None is known; they are in museums or in the collections of men of wealth, and not likely soon, if ever, to be dissipated. All collections gravitate to museums.

More recently still, a tambour desk, even without a bookcase top, sold for $30,000. Of course the price would not be paid if the buyer knew where he could do better.

We have just now, in America, besides the museums, at least four or five persons whose wealth runs to nine, possibly to ten figures. When one has ten millions a year more or less to spend on art, the purchase of pieces at near the top prices mentioned could be carried out every day in the year, and when one of these buyers has double that sum to spend from one class of stock he owns, is it likely that, given a taste of such things, such men will allow prices to decline? Never. The last big auction came after the Wall Street crash, and the prices obtained were higher, by far, for the same class of articles than ever before paid.

Synthetic Jacobean

No, there is an intrinsic merit and beauty in many of these articles which places them in the art class. And the sums at which some have sold are not more than 7 per cent of the sum paid for a single picture, not even by the greatest artist.

The sum of $1,000,000 was recently offered and declined for a race horse. These horses are not so handsome as those bred for general use. And this splendid beast will in a few years lie under the sod. But a noble, stately, beautiful piece of furniture in a museum may serve as a type, an inspiration to artisans and a stimulus to good taste for many generations, and do much toward transforming the grotesque American interior into an abode fit for an educated man.

The taste for good old models has not yet gone far enough, and will not until it takes hold of the average citizen; until the ideal of a good solid dwelling tastefully furnished is made real for every American family.

We believe in America. It is the greatest nation, with the greatest wealth, the best ideals, the broadest education, the finest expanding hopes of any in our world. There are more men in a little city of 40,000 in America who understand the secrets of mechanism, chemistry and electricity than there were in the entire ancient world. But among Athens' 40,000 freemen there were more men of highly cultivated taste in the matter of worth and beauty of form than in all America.

Are there not many Americans with cars imported because not enough is asked for American cars, whose cars cost more than their pictures and are worth more than their furniture? What a depressing interior do we see even in the home of a well-to-do citizen. The writer has visited many rich homes, but has never yet seen a harmonious interior thoroughly satisfactory as to its embellishments. It is still possible for a manufacturer, in the name of novelty, to take the type of one old chair leg, the stretcher of another, the frame of a third, the panel of a fourth, the finials of a fifth—parts centuries apart—and call the result—a favorite word—Jacobean. The Jack part is correct. What some of us would like to see is a broader knowledge of the quiet, honest lines and ornament common before 1800, so that it would be impossible to foist monstrosities on the public and cap the crime by giving them a good old name.

The furniture of most of our important public buildings, which should be models of good taste, is a byword. The last time I visited Mount Vernon there was some furniture within it which I am afraid Washington would have sent out to the slave quarters. The Senate of the United States had, last winter, in front of its vice-presidential seat a lot of Austrian bent-wood chairs. There may be a harmonious public room in use in America. Should I hear of it, I would go a thousand miles to see it. The President himself, and all, as the public prayer goes, "who are associated with him in office," are accursed not merely by a medley of types of furnishing but a medley in a single piece. Some of these officials are fond of their vices, perhaps, and may have chosen them, but that fact does not alter the character of their choices. I have in mind a great organization which has accepted furnishings as gifts from every quarter. And from every quarter it came, but the Victorian and the degraded 1830-50 period predominate, and the stuff is probably the clumsiest ever made in civilized times. On what principle was this furniture selected? The donors liked it.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Whatever commissions or other authorities exist for public work, their functioning is nil so far as good results are concerned in this field. Has anyone ever seen the public rooms of a college or academy properly furnished? Yet pupils are sent to these schools to be civilized—at least so far as is compatible with the raw material. Has anyone ever heard of a graduate returning from a finishing school with a good idea of the interior of a dwelling as it should be? Yet these are the surroundings of a lifetime.

Advances in prices are grotesque, humorous and sometimes romantic. For the best table ever found in the country, the dealer paid two dollars. After long delay, he sold it for $125. It was then sold for $600. The buyer, after keeping it awhile, and not feeling the importance of it, returned it at such a figure, by way of exchange, that I bought it for $400, and was delighted to see it turn up again in the market. The next morning the dealer called me; explained he knew I never sold anything from my collection, but that, as this piece was still in his shop, he thought I might gratify a collector by allowing him to have it at an advance of $100. Grudgingly I let it go, to be told later that the real advance secretly obtained by the dealer was a good deal more!

Not long after that I was introduced to a lady who looked me up and down as if to say, "When did you break jail?" What she really said was: "You are the man who got my table away from me." I asked for further information. She said, "I paid for that table, but you came in and offered more. My check was returned with the statement that the table was already sold, but the clerk did not know it." Of course, the inference was natural, since my purchase appears to have been later than hers.

A "Mayflower" Cradle

The collector who took the piece away from me shortly sold his whole collection to a department store. The table was sold for $3000. The buyer was told by a friend that the top was not original. The last dealer had fitted the two pieces of the top together by taking off just a shaving. The table was, therefore, returned to the department store. I bought the table then for $1600. It passed in my collection, presented by Mr. J. P. Morgan, to the Hartford Atheneum. Its latest valuation there for insurance purposes was $15,000, but since it is the only large table, with feet intact, carrying carving on the frame, there is little doubt that some buyers, intent on the best and rarest, would, given the opportunity, pay more than that sum.

Many such epics regarding important pieces could be told. The really remarkable fact is that all this advance from a zero point occurred in about four years. The cause of the advance was in part the merit of the piece—a communion table built about 1650. But the principal part of the advance was owing to the gradually dawning consciousness of collectors that no table approaching this in merit existed.

An amusing episode about a cradle. I was told an oak cradle that "came over in the Mayflower" could be bought. I found the young man who owned it, and also examined the wonderful piece, which, though the rockers were missing, was without rival. Its spindle work about the head and its panel chestlike construction set it apart from all others. The cradle in Pilgrim Hall, of Plymouth, is made with false panels and is soft wood. My Mayflower cradle was shown long since to the artist who painted the great canvas in Pilgrim Hall. He represented a man, his foot over the ship's rail, tugging this cradle aboard, as the property of Samuel Fuller, the physician of the Mayflower.

The Fad for Phyfe

I offered the piece to my wife, who, through a collateral branch, had, perhaps, an ancestral interest. But when a caller remarked that the cradle was big enough to rock a bull calf in, her waning interest seemed to evaporate entirely. In the war, pressed to keep up business, I sold that collection, obtaining $1500 for the cradle. Years after, hankering for its remarkable shape and fascinated by its well-traced lines, I succeeded in buying it back for $2500—just ten times the original purchase price.

A collector sat cross-legged on the floor beside it and said, "I had rather look at that cradle than at St. Paul's Cathedral. Come; let me have it for $3000." I declined to separate it from the collection, or to sell except to a museum. It now reposes at Hartford—the one piece which we feel it is logical to trace to John Alden's hand.

The other piece which he or Kenelm Winslow may have made is the Governor Prince court cupboard in the same collection, but made about 1663, long after the cradle.

Investigation shows that Fuller was not married when he came over. He would, therefore, have shown great faith, even for a Pilgrim, to bring a cradle, and if the Pilgrims were capable of humor, he would have been joshed to death. However, the side panels of this oak piece are pine and the cradle is unquestionably American, made at Plymouth, for Fuller, who married after arrival, and probably by the hand of John Alden himself, who was the only joiner in the company and the only person among them capable of making it. A babe every generation since has, it is said, been rocked in the cradle. The owner stated he was going to sell at a big price—not less than $250. I accommodated his whim, though I had $500 ready to pay him.

In the face of this situation, to have someone arise and state that there is too much attention paid to good types of furnishing is to exhibit a thoughtlessness and an ignorance so out of line with the facts as to be folly.

That an antique is desirable merely because it is fashionable.

There are fads in the sorts of antiques, as in all things else. It is one of the dangerous things to follow these fads in stocks or furniture. The fashionable thing goes for the time at an unnatural price. Just now there is a fad for Phyfe. Poor man, he began well, imitating for the most part good late Sheraton or early Empire, and lapsing with the decline of taste to supply the clumsy crudities of the 1830's and 40's. Every piece of the period is now popularly called after him, just as if he saw one in a thousand of them. Furthermore, this stuff, taking early and late together, good and bad, is not rare. Of some forms there are myriads, and the beginner generally gets the worst, and after a little experience gives it

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away to somebody whom he does not like very well.

The collector who seeks only material antedating 1800 cannot make a mistake in style, even if he overpays. What appeals steadily to educated taste is safe. In the fad for a cheap colored print, without art, great sums are going, sufficient to acquire something really good. The same is true of lamps and much other glass. It is not old enough, even in its period, to be antique, artistic enough to be worthy, or rare enough to make the quest interesting.

The demand is always met. The bird seller had no stuffed canary today. But he says, "When do you want it?"

"Why do you ask?"

"One might die," is the answer.

If you want an antique, depend on it, a new piece will die—and of galloping consumption or the black death—to produce the required article.

That the story going with an antique is valuable.

The dealers always say, "We don't buy stories." No, they sell them, and in doing so, charge sometimes more than a dollar a word.

Depend upon it, all such stories are worthless in Uncle Sam's little bills. Unless there was a proved ownership by Washington or Jefferson, the story only takes valuable time. The thing to be sold must be judged on its intrinsic merits. It is hard for private sellers to understand this. If the thing is not good, it is no better because some old worthy owned it. Besides, how do you know he owned it?

An affidavit? If the dealer goes so far as to furnish that, it is a parlous case. I never saw or heard of an affidavit that might not have applied to any one of several pieces.

The only manner of verifying an affidavit with the piece described is to have it written on the selfsame photographic paper which carries a picture of the piece. And how often do you find that?

The Worth of a Guaranty

Again, there is nearly always a joker in an affidavit. An "It is said," or "I was told," or "I believe," or "This piece came to us from a very truthful person," and so on.

In my callow days I once bought some china accompanied by an affidavit that it came over in the Mayflower. The man who wrote it was nearly a hundred years old and his photograph proved him an antique, beyond a peradventure. I afterward learned that the china was made after 1730. But the near centenarian said his father said his ancestors brought it over in the Mayflower.

One of the finest Connecticut-built chests I ever saw bore a silver label bearing a legend that the piece was brought from England by the owner's ancestors about 1660. He believed it. Nobody else did.

That a guaranty is worth anything.

If sellers are reputable they do not need to give guaranties. Guaranties are worth just what the character of the giver is worth. Nor let any buyer suppose he will be able to collect if he is wronged. If wronged, he is wronged by a cheat, and a cheat usually knows how to protect himself.

The only consideration that will cause restitution is fear of scandal. The buyer feels this more than the seller. Therefore the buyer takes his medicine. And the silence around him is like the polar regions. He must either keep quiet or go to a great expense at court, and, in addition, advertise himself as a person who paid out money without seeing that he got value received.

Suits, like a famous one in England, are seldom favorable to the plaintiff. In that case it was proved that a good number of chairs were made from two old ones. As there was something old in each new chair, the jury gave no redress.

Personally I have learned that the buyer who pays cash, with no comeback, can do better than persons who have so little imagination that they ask to have the furniture sent home to see how it will look. I have been done badly. The culprit is safe with his money. I never take the trouble to complain. But, of course, all one's friends are warned away from such a seller, and his policy is the worst possible for his business, especially when he deals with a large buyer.

That the buyer always wants veritable antiques.

The worst faker is not the maker or the dealer in fakes. He is the person who has spurious furniture in his house and allows his friends to think it genuine. I do not now recall a large dealer—though there may be many—who has not a shop where he makes to order furniture "to look old." I have known the question to be asked, in a shop of reproductions, at least once a day, "Can't you make it look old?" I was once called upon by the architects of a bank which they wanted to furnish in battered new furniture. The architects were merely carrying out the behests of the owners, but I am bound to say they did not seem ashamed to do so. Would one feel that everything was right in a bank filled with furniture frauds? Of course the bank people never thought of that. They persevered in their quest and had no trouble at all in getting old wood made into chairs which rocked without rockers. Everything was of the same sort, tarred with the same brush.

Further, it fooled the public, whether that was the intention or not. I am often asked, "Don't you think the Blank Bank wonderful?" I do. And more wonderful the workings of minds that are not content with style, but must have it sick with the rickets. Did people go to Sheraton and Hepplewhite and Adam and say, "Make my furniture look old"? They would have been chased out of the shops or committed to asylums.

Such furniture is not made as well as new; it is cheap or shaky, and is dear at any price. It does not fool the buyer, because he asks for it. Who is fooled?

A strutting magnate in New York showed his friends about his dwelling and said, "Every part of the finish is solid mahogany."

It was birch throughout. If he knew it, nobody could respect his character. If he did not know it, nobody could respect his sagacity.

An Ineradicable Habit

So the astonishing fact is that Mrs. Grundy or Grubby wants spurious antiques because real ones are too expensive, and for good furniture she has no appreciation.

The basic fact is that when the public is straight as a string, and possessed of a trained taste, the dealers in old and new furniture will be like them. Like bootleg liquor, its purchase damns the buyer, who knows better. The seller, perhaps, lacks moral training.

That collecting is something new and therefore silly.

We do not know a time, except among barbarians, when collecting was not practiced.

It is simply a part of the great whole of civilization, which keeps its records. Collecting, in one form or another, is the only means by which the race progresses. A nation without a past would be a nation with a worthless present. Progress is only possible as we hold fast to what worthy work has been done. We cannot build without a basis.

A people that has no records must needs begin every generation as at the dawn of time. Collecting is an innate, ineradicable habit. It can be directed, but not killed. The object should be to direct it into channels worth while. The day is gone, in America, when sniffing at the past was the mark of patriotism. It never did mark intelligence.

A clock was sold sixty-seven years ago in London for the equivalent of $30,000. The highest price I have heard asked for a clock in recent times was $7000, and that figure was ridiculed. Judged in proportion to the advance in other departments of life, the demand for important objects of art in America drags behind, though the erroneous impression is that it has outrun reason. The farmer who looked over an artist's shoulder and expressed astonishment that the picture was valued for more than the price of the cow it depicted should not be a typical American. A province has been paid for a statue, but not by an American.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Nutting.

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NATURAL BRIDGE ARCH SHOES

Rimes for My Little Boy

By Mary Dixon Thayer

Thinking

ONE time upon a little hill
That I had climbed I stood so still
That all the daisies' yellow eyes
Just looked at me in great surprise.

"Why don't you run and shout and play?"
They said, "You did the other day!"
"I know," I said, "but now I will
Just stand as still, as still, as still!"

Then all the daisies nodded and
They said, "Oh! 'Course we understand!"
And then a cloud came floating low
And as he passed he said "Hello!"

And then the wind came running by
And said, "Why don't you catch me? Try!"
But I just stood as still, as still,
And said, "Perhaps sometime I will."

My Fairy

I MET a fairy in the woods—
The cutest little thing!
And she was dancing all alone
Around a fairy ring!

Her dress was made of cobwebs and
Her little feet were bare,
And there were raindrops on a thread
Of cobweb in her hair.

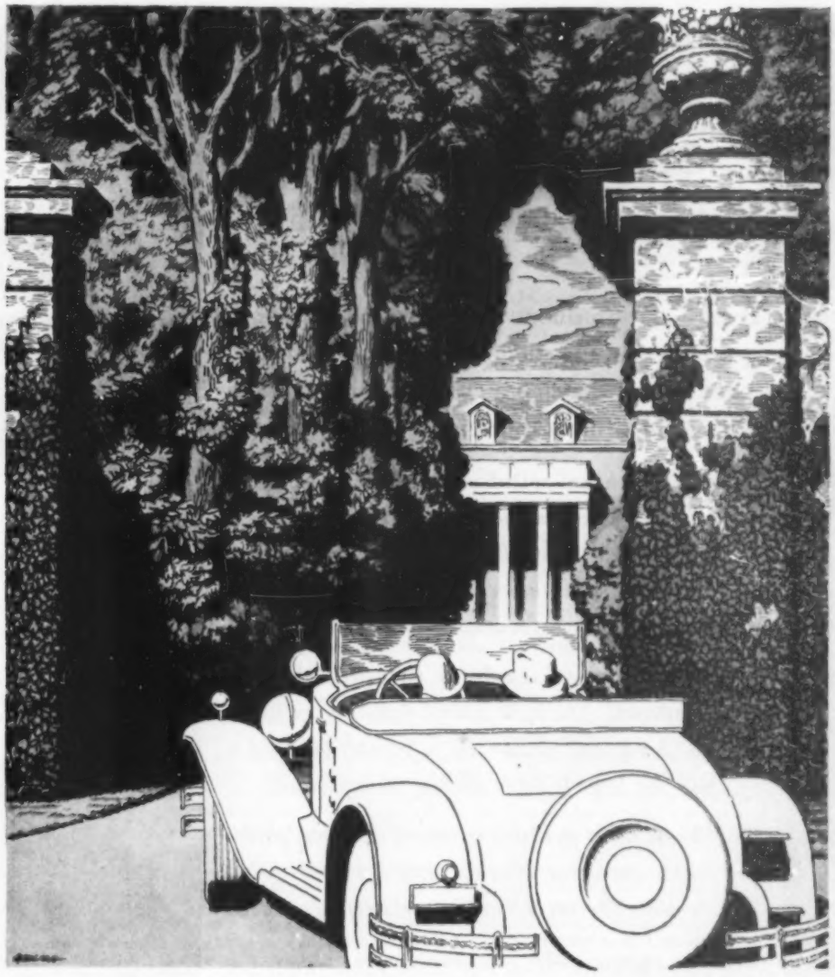
And as she danced she sang a song,
And this is what she said:
"O-ho! I never, never go—
I never go to bed!"

The Elf-Man

ONE day when I was playing in
The garden by myself,
Upon the tallest flower there
I saw a little elf.

The wind was blowing softly, and
When all the flowers bowed
He swung upon a petal and
He shouted very loud.

"Oh! Don't you wish you had a
swing
As nice as mine?" cried he.
"Ho! Don't you wish—oh! Don't you
wish
You were an elf like me?"



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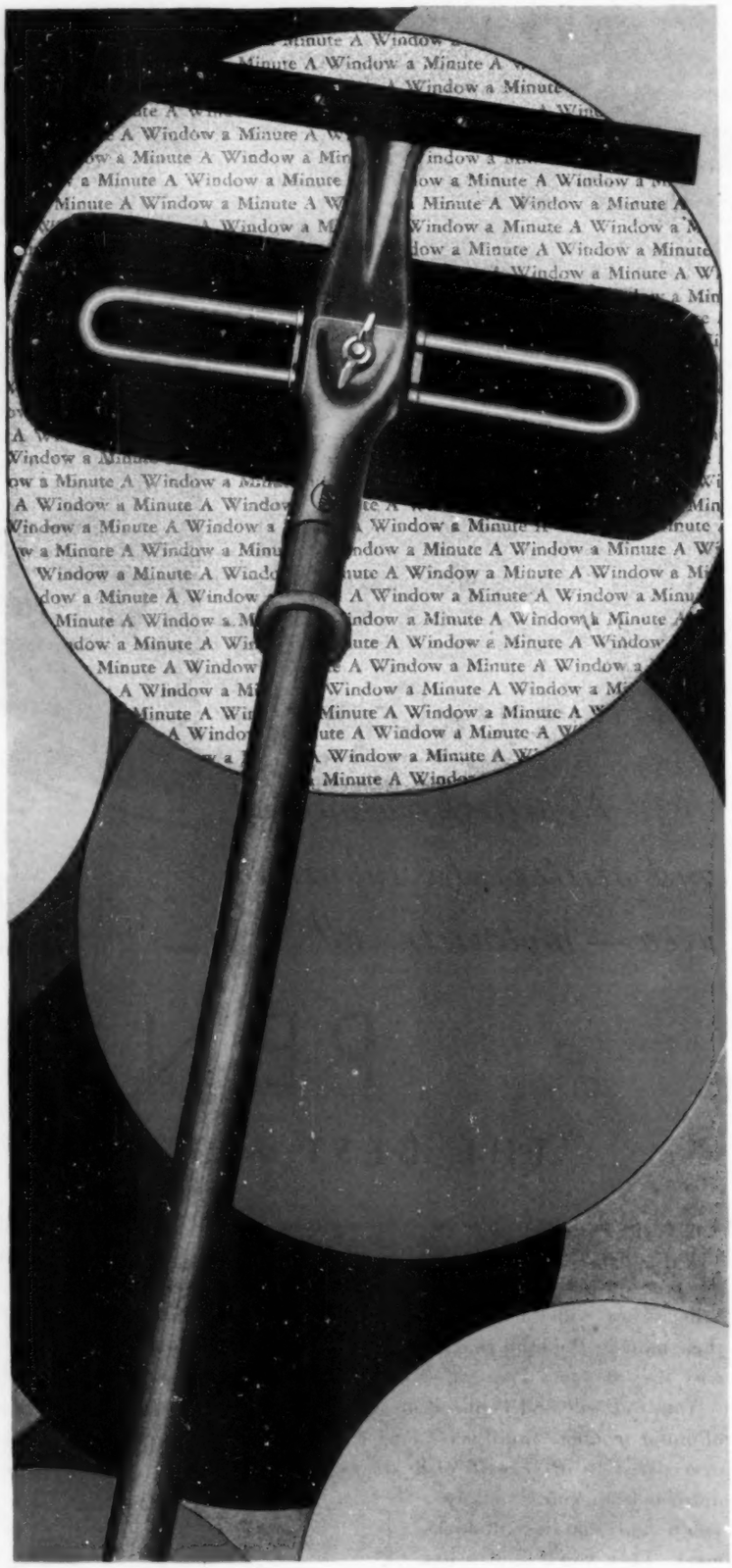

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UP THE LADDER OF GOLD

(Continued from Page 32)

see that there's sometimes hot water in these sprays."

"I'll speak to the secretary about it," Zachary promised. "See you tomorrow afternoon?"

"About the same time," Tellesom called after the retreating figure. "Give me a full hour if you can."

Zachary, with a curious but insistent craving for solitude, walked to the middle of one of the courts, where he bent over the net as though examining the upright. Twenty-four hours! Englishmen always kept their word. Twenty-four hours! A thousand pounds, with a huge commission to follow, and the Blue Train at five—and freedom! He looked up and waved his hand to Tellesom, driving his car round the curving road.

XXXII

WEEKS of strain, anxiety and huge accomplishments had left Warren Rand unchanged. He looked up from his chair, welcomed Tellesom upon his entrance with the same mechanical nod and waved him to a seat. His nautical adventure had produced no variation in the manner of his attire. He still wore exactly the same type of quiet gray clothes that he affected on land; the same shaped collar and patterned tie. There was the same half-derisive curl about his lips.

"So the rats have bitten," he remarked.

"They are coming at a few minutes before one," Tellesom reported—"Postinoff and Vitznow. Zachary is bringing them himself."

Warren Rand glanced at a paper by his side.

"Paul Zachary," he muttered. "H'm! Yes."

"I hope nothing will prevent it," Tellesom went on, "but the whole place seems full of spies. Last night they both wanted to go into the Casino, but I made Zachary keep them in their sitting room."

Warren Rand frowned.

"Nothing must prevent it," he said shortly. "I have been working up to this for a long time, and recent information from Russia makes my conversation with them today a necessity. As for the spies you speak of, Hammond's successor—a young man whom you must meet, called Bartlett—has turned more than a dozen of our own men loose in Monte Carlo. I never rely upon information from one source alone. For instance," he went on, glancing back at the paper which lay upon his desk, "you arrived at the tennis courts yesterday sometime about four o'clock. You played two sets with Zachary, one of which you won and one of which you lost. You went into the bar for drinks, whispered to yourselves—evidently you had become suspicious of espionage—and deliberately chose a corner where you were out of hearing."

"That's all very well, but I am convinced that there were other men working besides ours," Tellesom warned his chief.

"What does it matter?" the latter demanded. "Postinoff and Vitznow are watched by their own people as a matter of course. Zachary's probably in the same boat. These Russians never trust one another anyway. As for Behrling, if you're thinking of him, he's gone off to Geneva to meet these two men. He sent them a message in their own private code. Postinoff got drunk and left it about in a café at Geneva for half an hour one night last week. We answered it for him."

John Glynde made noiseless entrance with a roll of papers and a locked ledger under his arm. He nodded to Tellesom and took his place at the table.

"What do these fellows believe about me?" Warren Rand asked.

"They think that your name is Bowman and that you represent an American syndicate of millionaires who find it impossible to go on investing in their own country," Tellesom explained. "They are ready to make easy enough terms, though how much of the money they expect you to advance will go into industrial work, I do not know. The men at the top seem hungry enough."

"A filthy generation," Warren Rand declared. "I know the truth about them now. Nations run to seed like that sometimes. We'll talk money to your friends."

"They also believe that you yourself are one of the richest men in the world."

"At the present moment, it is more than true," his chief admitted. "In a month or so's time I shall be a pauper."

Tellesom stared across the table. There was no sign of humor—not even of the old sardonic variety—in his companion's face. Neither was there any sign of mental collapse or the weakening at last of that stupendous brain.

"What's happened?" he asked bluntly.

"Oh, I have the money all right," was the imperturbable reply. "I am going to spend it."

Tellesom leaned back in his chair, thrust his hands a little farther into his trousers pockets and looked thoughtful.

"How on earth can you be going to spend it in a month or so?" he speculated.

They were alone in the large saloon. John Glynde, the weak-eyed, weak-chinned little man with the mighty concealed brain, Tellesom, and Warren Rand, the undeclared ruler of bourses and empires. In those few moments Warren Rand parted with half the secret of his life.

"I am buying gold," he announced—"half the gold in the world, my friend. All these little chancellors of Europe are squirming like eels. London is in fair fettle because she has obeyed my dictum, but in a few days every other stock exchange in Europe will be in a panic. It is perhaps," he went on with perfect calm, and with the air of a man who took purely an academic interest in the great upheavals he was discussing, "one of the most interesting experiments one could make, like drawing the flour out of a loaf of bread, or the life from the soil of a great and fruitful valley. In a week the question the political economists are never tired of asking will be answered—how can a nation deal with its exchange without gold? How can it continue to buy and sell, now that the days of primitive barter have passed?"

"You are out of my depth in these financial matters, you know," Tellesom replied. "Of course I realize that you can bring pressure to bear upon any nation through manipulating the money market, but you can't tackle all Europe or stop New York from coming in to help."

John Glynde chuckled dryly—chuckled like a man revolving some inward emotion of humor too enjoyable to part with. There was no flicker of any interest or feeling in Warren Rand's face.

"Ah, well," he remarked tolerantly, giving an order to the steward, "after we have finished with our two visitors today you will begin to hear the earthquakes tremble under your feet."

Tellesom studied his host with a new curiosity. He ventured, almost for the first time in his life, upon a personal question. Warren Rand himself, by his confidences, seemed to have lightened the tension of the atmosphere by which he was always surrounded.

"Have you been ill, sir?" he asked.

Warren Rand shook his head. In the clearer sunlight which was now streaming through the portholes, he certainly had the appearance of a man who had fallen physically upon evil times. The flesh upon his cheeks had sagged. His shoulders had drooped. Only the eyes remained defiant and undimmed, and the old mockery was there in the curve of the lips.

"Nothing to speak of. Something has happened to me all the same, of which I never dreamed in my worst nightmare. I make the confession, because you may discover it for yourself. Temporarily—only temporarily, I can assure you—I have lost just a little of my nerve."

John Glynde rose furiously to his feet. He smashed the book which he had been reading against the table. There were points of fire shining through his spectacles.

"It isn't true! It's a lie! You never flinched when that bullet at Barcelona went within a couple of inches of your head. You flung that newspaperman, as he called himself, into the harbor without the help of a soul."

Warren Rand was certainly not himself. He patted his devoted little secretary on the shoulder and pushed him back into his place.

"Steady, John—steady!" he enjoined.

"It doesn't sound like you, sir," Tellesom ventured.

"It isn't. Nevertheless, it is the truth. I have always boasted that I had no fear of death or of anything else which could happen to me. I have lived like that. I have done what I chose—defied governments, societies, enemies, whenever I thought fit. And now, only during the last few days, I have felt myself hesitating, felt the nerves in my body vibrating, felt myself nearer life as other people understand it. Mind you," he went on, "I have a certain amount of justification. I was wrong to part with you, even for these few weeks. Seven times in the last twenty-two days have I just escaped assassination, and once I was able to save poor little Glynde only by a miracle. Hence the increase in my bodyguard. We doubled it before we left London. Some of them are out in the principality now. I have half a dozen on the dock; I wouldn't like to tell you how many on the yacht. This isn't nerves, I'd have you know. This is simply because I want to keep alive for another six weeks."

"Has there been a real scrap yet?" Tellesom asked, a little wistfully.

"Half a dozen. Did you notice the little man with the pale cheeks who stood at the top of the gangway to let you pass? He is an Italian by birth, and he has been taking your place while you have been doing more important work. The chief commissioner spared him to me from the New York police headquarters. He has saved my life twice already. He doesn't look to have the strength of a chicken, but he can throw a man over his shoulder or break his neck with a flick of the wrist. He is outside now, as my intelligence department tells me that this is the most dangerous port in Europe. The Monegasques don't understand regulations. Anyone who likes can walk along the quay or the sea wall there, and come right to our gangway unchallenged."

"Just why have you run all the risk and taken all this trouble to get Postinoff and Vitznow to meet you?" Tellesom asked curiously. "Even if they are given the chance, it can't make very much difference whether they sign the Peace Pact or not. One can't help noticing that within the last fortnight or so you have started a devastating campaign against Russia in every one of your newspapers. That isn't likely to help them to get seats at the conference."

Warren Rand leaned back and lit one of his long cigars. In the temporary absence of the sunshine, the deep, graven lines around his eyes were not so noticeable.

"What it's all about is simply told," he said, "and yet, in a certain sense, it is the greatest drama the world has ever known. A week or two ago the most successful foreign agent I ever had, returned to me in London after five years' torture and hiding, spying and investigating, being fêted and imprisoned, in Russia. He brought me a comprehensive and bird's-eye view of conditions there, which no other man in the world possesses. Today John Glynde and I know more about that country than any other person who has ever crossed its frontiers. Now I shall tell you what has followed upon the disclosures which have been made to me."

The clouds, which had rolled down from the mountains, had been driven out to sea, and the sunshine once more streamed through the porthole. This time, however, it was more merciful; for some sort of light from within, whether of the spirit or the brain, had effaced the pallid melancholy which had preyed upon Warren Rand's features. He was himself again, and the biting and chosen words left his lips deliberately.

"A man has declared war against a state," he went on. "The state has taken up the challenge and declared a war of assassination against the man. Your observations have been correct, Tellesom. In every newspaper which I own—and I own a good many—not a day passes now—not a single day—that I do not attack, expose and declaim against the horrible self-government of the Russia of today, and the foul and poisonous crusade which the Soviet régime is attempting to spread over the whole world. I sometimes wonder whether I am wise. No one believes in a danger which is too much talked about. Dogs know when there is danger afoot, and prepare for it instinctively. Human beings—especially Anglo-Saxons—can be locked in a chamber, with the writing upon the wall, and refuse to read the words. Something more important presses—generally their own trifling affairs of love-making or money getting."

"You permit remarks, sir?" Tellesom inquired. "I admit that I am very ignorant."

"Let me hear what you have to say," his chief invited.

"I grant that the will for mischief—foul mischief, too—is there," Tellesom proceeded. "I discovered that for myself, in my one hasty visit—but I must admit that I can't see that the Russians are making much headway with it. It seems to me, as it does to the man in the street, that Bolshevism as a practical menace is rather off the map—something like the occasional smallpox scares which send us rushing to the doctor to be vaccinated."

"That is because the man in the street, in a larger sense, and you, in a smaller, are solemn, shortsighted asses," Warren Rand declared. "If anything happens to me before I have done my work, the world will have to face even a greater danger than another European war. You will find that the whole of Asia and most of Europe will be Bolshevist in less than twenty years, and the wealth of these countries will be conveyed in the most cynical and flagrant manner back to Russia. You people are all so terribly ignorant—possibly because you have a muzzled press. Mine are the only newspapers today which are telling the truth, and because confirmation doesn't appear in the Morning Post or the Daily Telegraph, you affect not to believe me. Now listen to me, Tellesom. You should know something of this. India is absolutely lost to you. You can struggle as long as you like, but India is Bolshevist to the backbone. If it were not for my efforts and the successful enterprise of one of the first lady workers I have ever employed, Afghanistan, before the end of the year, would have been the camping ground for half a million Russians and you would have had to evacuate the country within twelve months. There are thousands of Russians today in Teheran. Your own country had to send a gunboat to an island in the gulf a few weeks ago to rescue a little colony of English prospectors—not from Persian bandits, as was reported, but from Russians who are forming local governments there without the slightest disguise. China is doomed because she refused to allow Russia the outlet she desired, and indulged in a first-class war. China thought she was cunning, but Russia was more cunning still. Russia knew well enough that China was honeycombed by secret societies, and into those secret societies, day by day, the poison of Russia is spreading, so that, when the time comes for the next upheaval, it

will be a Russianized China which springs from the ashes."

"I must interrupt," Tellesom broke in. "How do you know all this, sir?"

"From the lips of the most wonderful agent man ever had," Warren Rand replied, "from his living words, whispered and gasped out to John Glynde and myself when we feared that every breath would be his last. I have never reckoned the gift of life of much avail to a man, but the hospital where he lies, to their knowledge, will be a hundred thousand pounds the richer if they save his."

"It is never worth while," John Glynde intervened, in a thin, squeaky voice, "to interrupt our chief when he is in the humor for speech."

Tellesom signaled his apologies, and Warren Rand continued.

"It is my fierce desire," he said, "that the bandages should be torn from the eyes of all persons who assume to themselves any degree of civilization. Your English Government is openly negotiating with this nation of assassins, with this crazy nation of assassins and lunatics. Russian propagandists are streaming into England every day. Mussolini dealt with them; no other country has the courage. You read of the riots in Berlin on the first of May—fifteen men killed and thirty injured. In my press, you read, if you read at all, of over a hundred men killed and over a thousand injured. Because I know these things, and because their existence interferes with the great enterprise to which I have given my life and my millions, I have to fight for my existence day by day, minute by minute. That is why you find me a little shattered. It isn't that I fear death or that I care how I die. I haven't the slightest inclination in the matter. The song and cry of my blood and brain is only that, before death comes, I shall finish the task which has been the theme of my life."

An electric gong rang from the gangway. Warren Rand stood up. He was himself again, all traces of fatigue gone, the eager light of the man planning great things in his eyes.

"Nature is nature," he said, "and it is perhaps well for a man to purge himself with talk sometimes. We will go on deck and meet our visitors."

XXXIII

IT WAS a cheerful little trio who, under the supervision of two of the petty officers, made their way along the deck to meet their host. Zachary was still in his tennis kit, bronzed, handsome and light-hearted. Ivan Postinoff, bearded and bespectacled, a large, bulky figure of a man, with an intelligent forehead and somewhat impressive demeanor, was more formally attired. Stephen Vitznow, whose boast it was that no photograph of him had ever appeared in any paper, turned out to be a person of insignificant carriage and stature, of sallow complexion, deep-set, uneasy eyes, puny features, but a cruel, hungry mouth. He, alone, his eyes flashing everywhere, seemed disposed to be querulous.

"A private yacht, this," he muttered, almost in Warren Rand's hearing. "To me she has the appearance of a small man-of-war."

Zachary stepped forward and introduced his companions to Tellesom and their host. As George P. Bowman there was a subtle change in the latter's manner and speech. He shook hands with all three of his visitors. His voice seemed to have caught a reflection of the American business man's heartiness.

"A small warship is exactly what my craft was," he acknowledged. "She is transformed now, of course, or you wouldn't have room to turn round on these decks. I bought her for speed. Thirty-eight knots she can do. We Americans, when we start out, we like to get somewhere."

"We are able, at any rate," Tellesom pointed out, "to carry on the naval traditions of hospitality."

The features of the two visiting Russians relaxed as their eyes followed the direction of Tellesom's gesture. Under an awning was spread a small table upon which were silver dishes of caviar sandwiches, smoked salmon and other delicacies. A steward, in white linen clothes, was dealing with an enormous cocktail shaker. The coarse good humor in Postinoff's face broadened with this prospect of anticipatory pleasure. Vitznow moistened his lips and his eyes shone greedily. Certain vague suspicions which had troubled his mind were fast fading away.

"It is very kind of you two gentlemen to come and take luncheon with me like this," Warren Rand acknowledged as he raised his glass. "I have been wanting to get acquainted with someone from your part of the world for months past."

"It is we who are honored," Postinoff declared, draining his first glass of vodka at a gulp.

"It is always a pleasure to meet a citizen of your amazing country," Vitznow added.

Glasses were replenished, and Warren Rand still further expanded.

"I am told you are well-known people, both of you," he observed, "but I'll have to confess that I have only heard about you from my young friend here. You see, I'm in oil, and when you're in oil as deep as I am, you've no time for politics. I like to make money, and any country where there's oil I want to deal with. Any country where there's oil I'm all ready to invest my money in. I'm willing to build railways, make roads, stock your country with traction engines and mowers, finance your banks, sink wells and provide you with all the latest machinery, so long as there's oil at the back of it. They tell me you gentlemen are high up in politics. I'd like to come to your country and get in touch with some of your boss men there."

"Something can certainly be arranged," Vitznow said, his cunning brain already busy with the subject of commissions.

"Our government," Postinoff expounded, "is only too anxious to open up its resources—its vast resources, its great opportunities for the employment of capital—to investors such as yourself."

Warren Rand laughed noisily. It was so unlike him that Tellesom nearly dropped his wineglass.

"As for capital," he boasted, "I have two hundred millions lying idle at the present moment."

"Dollars?" Postinoff exclaimed, in an awed tone.

"I guess not," was the contemptuous rejoinder. "Solid British pounds. We all have our ambitions," he went on. "Anyone can know mine who chooses. I have a big holding in most every oil company in the world, but I want control, and I can't get it unless I can do business with you fellows."

"Two hundred million British pounds!" Postinoff repeated to himself in a thick guttural whisper.

"I thought there was only one man in the world with a fortune like that," Vitznow muttered, his lips parting above his fanglike teeth and the suspicion creeping back to his eyes.

"I could tell you of half a dozen," Warren Rand scoffed, with swift appreciation of the momentary danger. "There's been more money made in the United States of America during the last twelve months than at any time in the world's history. We haven't got an industrial concern left that isn't glutted with money. I'm for oil and gold. If I can make terms with your people, I can bring along all the capital you want. . . . Is the vodka all right?"

"It is without a doubt veritable," Postinoff pronounced reverently. "Since I left my own country I have not tasted anything like it."

"All that I shall ask you to do then," their host begged with a smile, as, at a signal from him, the glasses of his guests were refilled, "is to show your appreciation of it."

The descent to the saloon for luncheon was a little noisy, and the conversation turbulent, for the subject of commissions had already been hinted at. It was not until the first course had been served that either Postinoff or Vitznow noticed the fact that they were moving. The latter rose unsteadily in his place and looked through the porthole.

"Why, we're leaving the harbor!" he exclaimed. "What is this?"

Their host smiled. Somehow or other, now that he was seated in his accustomed place at the head of the table, and the initial stage of the meeting with his guests was over, he seemed to have relapsed into something more like his old self. A certain measure of dignity had returned. His voice was colder and more precise.

"I understand that your stay here is brief," he explained, "and I wanted you to see Monte Carlo from its most beautiful aspect, which is, from my point of view, about a mile or two out to sea. It is so marvelously calm that I thought you would scarcely notice the motion, although you are, no doubt, excellent sailors."

Vitznow resumed his seat.

"For me it matters nothing," he declared, "nor for Ivan. Our young friend Paul Zachary, at his age, should be able to stand anything. You are a wonderful host, Mr. Bowman. If you have enough champagne of this vintage, we will go with you round the world."

"If we do," Postinoff threatened, "we shall drink it all, however much you have. I promise you that. We will keep at sea until it is all gone."

"It is a bargain," Warren Rand agreed hospitably. "When I have made a hundred millions or so out of public utilities in your country and have control of your oil, we may speak of it again."

"Why not fix a date for your visit, now that we are together?" Vitznow suggested, leaning, or rather crouching, forward in his place. "Our business at Geneva is drawing to a close, and we might begin to make plans."

"That is good talk," Postinoff agreed. "Stephen Vitznow and I have influence with the home government. We can arrange for you to be received in Moscow whenever you will. A committee shall be formed to visit the various districts with you—a committee under the direction of Stephen Vitznow and myself. Together, we will draw up definite proposals. We cannot give you better vodka or caviar than you have offered us, and our champagne will be sweeter, but you shall not starve. No, dear host, you shall not starve—neither you nor whomever you may bring with you," he added, with a genial smile toward Tellesom.

"This wonderful country of ours," Vitznow went on, finishing without a blink the contents of a whole glass of champagne and watching its replenishment, "needs one thing, and one thing only. It has oil. It has minerals. It has vast and amazing resources. It wants nothing but capital."

"In which respect," Postinoff added, with a huge, stomachic laugh, "it rather resembles us. To serve one's country, Mr. Bowman, is to remain always poor."

"Unless ——" Warren Rand began.

"Unless," Vitznow interrupted, with a covetous gleam in his eyes, "one meets a millionaire like you, sir, to whom one may possibly be of the greatest service. In your agreements with our government, we shall have a voice, we shall be able to save you large sums of money."

"No one who has ever done business with me," Warren Rand remarked, "has ever found me anything but generous."

"Capital!" Postinoff boomed.

"I can see that we shall be in excellent agreement," Vitznow echoed.

Zachary leaned across the table, with a little cough. The gleam had found its way into his eyes too.

"The first introduction," he suggested, "will not be forgotten? There may be a post in connection with the railways, or better still, a financial post, to be disposed of. I am not an exile. I can go back at any time. My passport is always in order."

"Something must certainly be done for the ambassador who brought together this happy little party," Warren Rand agreed. "You shall not be forgotten, Zachary. I promise you that. By the bye," he added, finishing the contents of his glass and setting it thoughtfully down, "talking about passports. There will be no trouble, I presume, about my own?"

The two Russians roared with laughter. Paul Zachary, who had drunk little, and who had noticed many things, looked at his host with the faint commencements of apprehension in his eyes.

"Your passport?" he repeated. "Why should there be any trouble about that, sir?"

Warren Rand tapped softly upon the table with his forefinger. The action itself seemed to have a certain significance, for the stewards who had been standing behind the chairs, one for each guest, closed in and stood at attention.

"Because," he confided, "I know nothing about this fellow Bowman. The name upon my passport would be Warren Rand, and I gather from my agents there that my name is not very popular in your country just now."

XXXIV

A BOMB thrown into the saloon might have produced more boisterous consternation, but nothing could have been more dramatic than the strained and terrible silence which ensued. The three Russians leaned in various attitudes toward their host.

The good-humored expression of subdued enjoyment had entirely left Zachary's sunburnt face. He was like a ferocious wolf, his lithe body ready to spring. The two others sat dumfounded.

"Gentlemen," Warren Rand proposed, "I suggest that you accept the situation as it exists, without brawling or unseemly disturbance."

He waved his right hand. They looked at the stewards, and they looked down the black and ugly muzzles of half a dozen automatics.

"If any one of you moves," their host warned them, "or if your hands wander in forbidden places, you will be blown to pieces, and save me all further trouble. I am Warren Rand, the sworn enemy of your country and your appalling creed, very much the more so since a month ago when my agent Phillipson returned after five years spent among you."

There was a little shiver, like the whistling of an east wind in a gaunt avenue of elms, a stifled breath of terror.

"Very few days have gone by during the last few months," Warren Rand went on implacably, "during which one of your assassins has not tried to get at me. I know all about you, Postinoff, and you, Vitznow. I know of your secret visits to London and Barcelona and Berlin, before you ever turned up to plead with your smooth tongues about peace at Geneva."

"You know nothing against me, sir," Zachary declared, finding the power of speech return to him at last. "Whatever your quarrels with Soviet Russia may be, I am not concerned."

"That sounds strangely to me," Warren Rand rejoined. "You are a renegade from your class. You have consented to become the secret agent of the destroyers of your country."

"What harm is there in that?" the young man demanded passionately. "You can call these two men all the names you like—I have done it myself in the old days—but they represent a recognized form of government, they represent the only government Russia is likely to have in my days. Can you blame me for hanging on, even to the riffraff of my native land?"

Warren Rand eyed him coldly.

"My quarrel with these miscreants," he said, "is not based upon their government or misgovernment of their own country, but on their poisonous interference in the government of other countries. They are not content with having invented the most inhuman code of laws for themselves, but in every country in the world their agents are trying these same doctrines, whose failure is

(Continued on Page 139)

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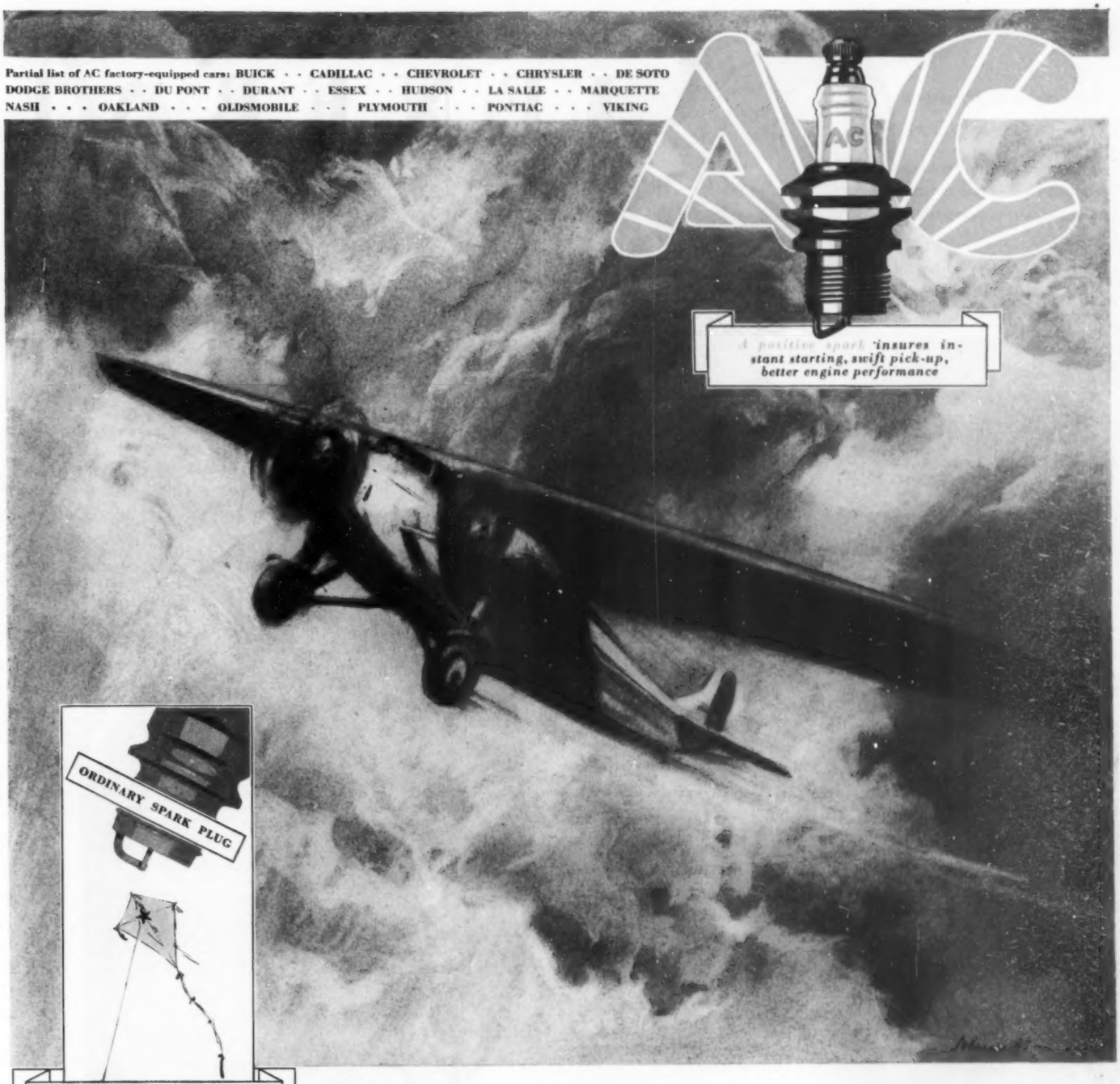
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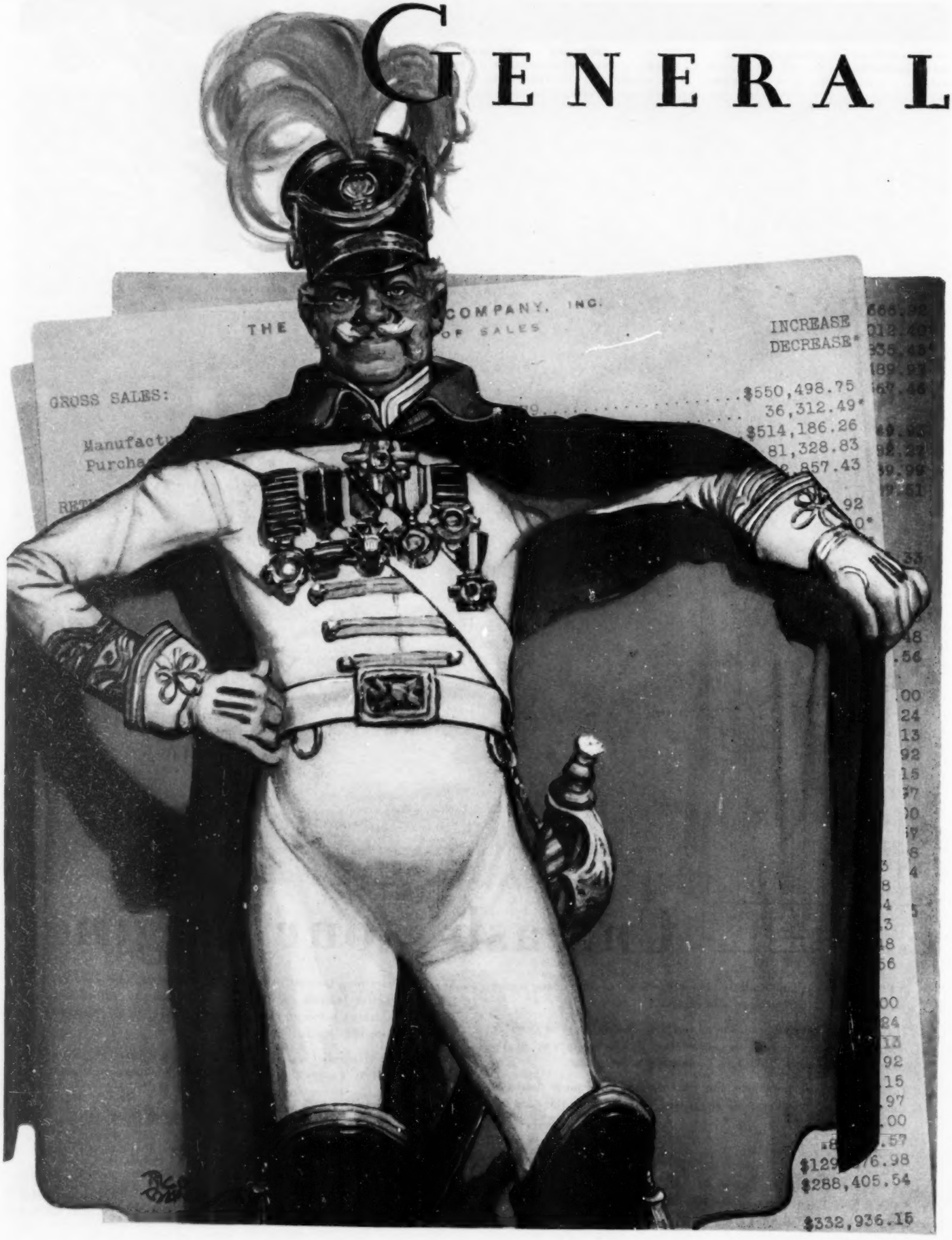
GENERAL


COMPANY, INC.
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36,312.49*
$514,186.26
81,328.83
$288,405.54
$332,936.15

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THE manufacturer looked up at his friend, the banker, with pained surprise.

"Why do you say my figures should go deeper?" he demanded. "Doesn't my statement show a record year . . . in sales, in net earnings, in increased cash reserves? All along the line, in costs and net results, my General Averages show a big improvement. What else do I need to know?"

"Many things!" replied the banker drily, "if you're going to cope with the new conditions in the gruelling year ahead.

"When a business is going great guns, old man '*General Averages*' isn't especially informative about its possible weaknesses. He has a genial way of showing up the bright side of things and concealing the wastes. In emphasizing the profits he diverts attention from the parasites that may some day claim a costly reckoning.

"For instance, your '*General Averages*' show that your sales cost per dealer is less than 8%. But have you secured a detailed break-down of this pleasing percentage? It may startle you to know that 20% of the dealers in your trade do 85% of the retail business. Many of the remaining dealers cost more to sell, contact and service than the gross dollar volume of their purchases.

"Again, your '*General Averages*' indicate that you are turning your inventory three times a year. But do you actually know how many items in your line are genuine revenue-makers?

"The government's Business Survey in Louisville disclosed that in several prominent wholesale houses, items which produced only 14% of the total sales required 42% of the inventory investment. And these were prosperous houses. Their bland and rosy '*General Averages*' kept them in ignorance of their many profit-drones and wastrels.

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"That's why, on the eve of this new and more competitive age, I warn you against the wiles of that jovial flatterer . . . '*General Averages*.' Sound business men today are keeping him on the grill, in every department of their businesses . . . ruthlessly tearing down his round figures and finding out what is back of them."

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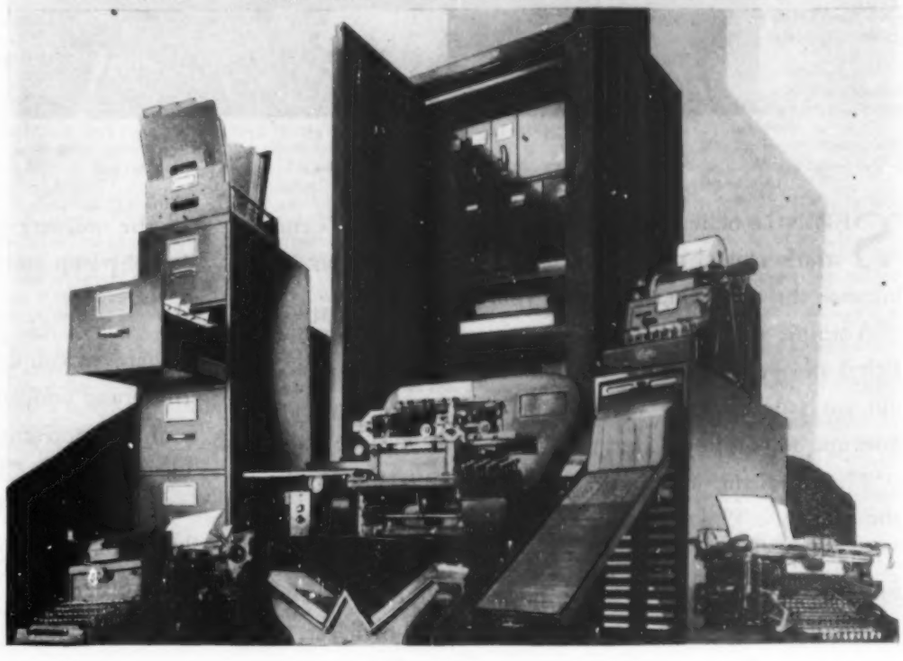
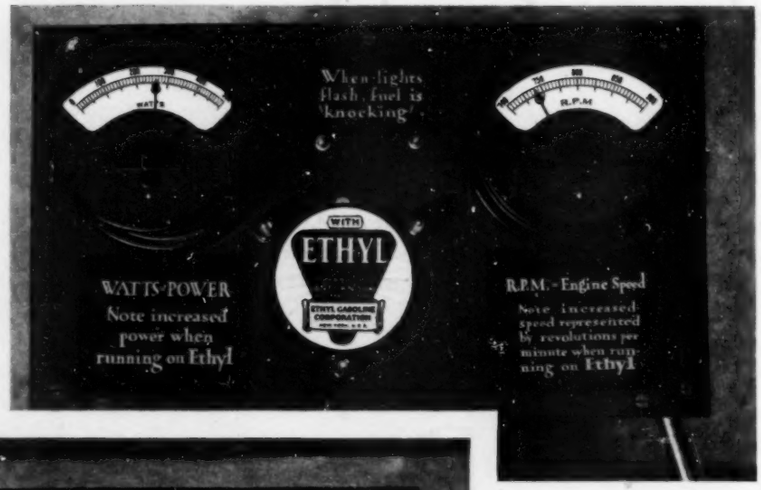


878

The *proof* that Ethyl develops more power

Right: This is the instrument board of a "knock" demonstration machine. The wattmeter (at the left) registers power. The tachometer (at the right) records engine revolutions per minute. When this picture was made, the engine was running on ordinary fuel.

Below: When the lower picture was taken, Ethyl had been fed into the carbureter. The wattmeter shows that the power has risen to the maximum; the tachometer shows a corresponding increase in revolutions per minute.



Knocks out that "knock"

ETHYL GASOLINE

"SEEING is believing." These pictures of a "knock" demonstration machine let you *see* how Ethyl Gasoline will increase the speed and power of your motor.

A simple valve switches the fuel from ordinary gasoline to Ethyl and back again. When Ethyl goes in, "knock" goes out, R. P. M.'s (engine revolutions per minute) increase, power goes up. That is how Ethyl improves motor car performance.

The Ethyl anti-knock compound in Ethyl Gasoline makes the difference. This remarkable fluid was developed by General Motors Research Laboratories after years of experiment to find an ingredient which would make gasoline a better fuel.

Make this convincing experiment in your own car. Use up the ordinary gasoline now in the tank; then drive to an Ethyl pump and fill. You'll see and feel the difference.

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Wherever you drive—whatever the oil company's name or the brand associated with it—*any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of average compression and bring out the additional power of the new high-compression cars. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

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The active ingredient now used in Ethyl fluid is tetraethyl lead

(Continued from Page 134)

already proved, upon the ignorant and discontented. No single government has thought it worth while to probe into your activities, Postinoff and Vitznow, but my secret-service man has done so. I could tell you why you have had to abandon the war with China. I could tell you why you are disappointed in Afghanistan. I could show you a record of your workings in the slums of London and New York. I could read to you the minutes of your last meeting in Barcelona. My secret service is ahead even of yours, although it has cost me men's lives."

"What is all this talk leading to?" Postinoff asked angrily, curious gaps occurring in the deep bass of his voice. "Turn your yacht round and land us. To such a man as you, there is nothing more to be said."

That rare and terrifying smile parted Warren Rand's lips.

"Let me have my way," he begged. "I am known throughout the world as a man of few words. Tonight, in this company, it pleases me to talk. This morning the newspapers of Europe announced my presence in London. That is according to instructions. If I had sent you two gentlemen an invitation under my own name, I doubt very much whether this great honor would have been vouchsafed to me; or if our friend Zachary had met with his Nice agent, I doubt very much whether he would have brought you two gentlemen here this evening. Your Nice agent, by the bye, was very thorough, Zachary," Warren Rand concluded. "He called here on his way to see you last night. It was a mistake to come on board, though. He is lying at the bottom of the harbor somewhere now."

The spray was streaming faster than ever against the closed portholes. The destroyer was beginning to roll. No one seemed to notice.

"So you are Warren Rand," Postinoff commented, mopping his forehead with a highly scented pocket handkerchief.

"I am Warren Rand, and I am at war with your country," was the calm reply. "The situation, as you perceive, is unfortunate for you."

"I do not see why it should be unfortunate," Zachary argued, with an attempt at indifference. "What harm could come to us? There are many people in Monte Carlo who know that we have come to lunch with you, and many others who saw us embark."

"And all Monte Carlo, I am sure," Warren Rand observed, "would be bowed down with regret if any accident should happen to you upon this pleasure trip—to you or to your friends—but one never knows."

"What accident might happen to us?" Vitznow intervened harshly.

"The deck of a destroyer is not the same thing as the deck of a yacht," Warren Rand pointed out. "Just now every part of it is dangerously slippery with the spray. Walking is difficult. My champagne is powerful. You might even, without any special carelessness, fall overboard."

"All three of us," Zachary scoffed.

"It might occur. You see, I picture it in this way. Vitznow here would be walking arm in arm with his friend Postinoff. He would slip. He would cling to Postinoff, and Postinoff also would slip. Both would go overboard. You, Paul Zachary—now, what would be your natural instinct in a case like that?" Warren Rand meditated, with a wicked gleam in his eyes and mockery in his tone. "We know, of course. A young man and a famous athlete, you would throw off your coat and go overboard to the rescue of your friends. We are now doing, I should say, thirty knots. We should be a mile and a half distant before we could swing round to offer you help. . . . Shall we go on deck?"

"In view of the present most unpleasant conversation," Postinoff demurred, "I prefer the saloon."

Vitznow seized the half-filled bottle of champagne by his side, helped himself with a trembling hand, and tossed off nearly a tumblerful of the wine. His face was already white and drawn with fear.

"I refuse to move," he announced.

"And I," Postinoff echoed. "I demand to be taken back to Monte Carlo."

Tellesom, almost for the first time, spoke.

"In all seriousness, sir, haven't you frightened these men enough?" he remonstrated.

His chief, ignoring the question, lit one of his cigars and passed the box around.

"Don't deny yourselves any little luxury which appeals to you, gentlemen," he suggested significantly.

Zachary leaped to his feet, and suddenly felt the pressure of a pistol at his side.

"Sit down, you fool," his host enjoined. "You don't suppose I should stage a scene like this without preparation? These stewards of mine are all gunmen, and they have their orders. . . . Tellesom, you will find John Glynde in the smaller saloon. Ask him for my reference books—P and V."

Tellesom rose from his place and obeyed his chief's directions. He reappeared in a few minutes, bearing two limp, calf-bound volumes.

Warren Rand, after turning over the pages of one of them until he found what he sought, prepared to read from the text.

"Stephen Vitznow," he began, "listen. Some of your crimes without doubt remain unreported, but here are others, the memory of which should make your last hours a vision of hell."

Warren Rand read in a dry, hard, but very distinct tone, and when he had finished, the sweat was pouring down the forehead of the man who had been leaning forward in an attitude of strained attention.

"Lies!" he gasped. "All lies!"

His accuser made no remark. He picked up the second volume and turned toward the other man.

"Postinoff," he announced in a matter-of-fact tone, "your turn has come."

Again he read. Postinoff sat back in his chair, gasping. The whole of his bulky frame seemed to have become convulsed. The veins stood out upon his forehead. He had the appearance of a man threatened with a stroke. When he tried to speak he was dumb. The fear of death had paralyzed his tongue. Warren Rand pushed the books back toward Tellesom.

"Well," he concluded, "there you are—unpleasant reading, even for me, who am not a man of sentiment."

"What concern is it of yours?" Vitznow demanded hysterically. "You are not even a Russian. You do not realize the conditions under which we were living."

"I see your point of view," Warren Rand agreed. "You may say that I am a self-appointed judge, sitting upon a self-constituted bench. You, too, were the same. You have dealt out death to hundreds of innocent people—innocent except that their vision differed from yours, their principles were not yours, they stood in the way of your clumsy progress toward an impossible dynasty. Now at last you are the condemned, and I the judge."

"Where did you get all that rubbish from?" Postinoff groaned.

"From Moscow, from your own archives and your own people," was the stern reply. "You have sent spies into every country in the world. You see, at the present moment, how much better mine have served me. Each of you two creatures—I cannot bring myself to call you men—have dealt out, without flinching, a multitude of death sentences from an illegal bench. You have sent men and women to their death without a throb of pity—hideously, brutally, wantonly. I retaliate. You are to die, and you, too, Zachary, the renegade—their tool—unless you can swim to shore, but by this time I should say that the minarets of Monte Carlo Casino have melted into the clouds."

Warren Rand rose to his feet, merciless, the contempt in his face growing every moment as he watched the frantic struggle of his unwilling guests to escape from the men who had closed in around them, and listened to the clamor of their terrified voices.

"Fill them with wine or brandy," he directed the stewards. "Let the affair be finished quickly."

Tellesom and his chief were left alone in the saloon. The former had opened one of the portholes, and fragments of spray came flying in.

"You can't go on with this, sir," Tellesom protested firmly. "It's nothing more nor less than murder."

Warren Rand finished lighting a fresh cigar before he answered. There was a faint disgust in his expressionless face as he threw away the match.

"That is the Englishman all the world over," he sneered. "That is the weakness which has made you drop from your place among the powers. Forgive your enemies, dilute your justice, turn your other cheek to the smiter. A weak-kneed race, all of you, lapping up false sentimentality with your mother's milk. I make no mistakes. Concerning those two Russians, one of them has been guilty of seventeen recorded murders of brutal character—several of them women. The other has taken a willing share in sentencing to death, without trial, ninety-two political prisoners, men who had done no wrong save trying to keep what was their own. Three of those ninety-two were my own men—spies, if you will, but honest spies, working in a just cause. What is the worth of justice, Tellesom, if it dare not punish as well as reward? As these men have sinned against humanity, so they die."

They were rushing into the wind. Papers were blowing about the saloon. The curtains rattled, and great, salty gusts, the breath of the sobbing dusk, roared through the porthole. Even above it, the human voice triumphed. Warren Rand listened, unmoved. Tellesom sprang to the nearest door and found it locked.

"Surely Zachary isn't as bad as the other two!" he pleaded.

"He was a creature of these men, and a renegade," was the indifferent reply. "Besides, it would be highly inconvenient to let him live, with the story he might tell.

Tellesom returned to the table. Some instinct told him that he was too late. He was shaken, however, with the horror of the whole thing.

"But how on earth are you going to explain this?" he demanded. "It seems to me that you are breaking off in your schemes, whatever they may be, and risking everything for the sake of punishing these men."

Warren Rand smiled mirthlessly.

"There will be no trouble," he pronounced. "The decks are slippery today for men who drink as deeply as these Russians."

XXXV

MR. PHILIP HAWKESON rose with some surprise to greet his host. It is not given to every man to be entertained by a Prime Minister in his dressing gown. Mr. Hawkeson himself wore the morning attire of a banker prince with the addition of a scarlet carnation in his buttonhole.

"I won't apologize," the Right Honorable Oliver Trowse said, a little irritably, as he shook hands. "I have scarcely slept all night. Don't tell me there's any fresh trouble?"

"There doesn't need to be," Mr. Hawkeson remarked drearily. "The stock exchange is going to pieces; merchants and manufacturers all over the country are becoming demoralized. How the devil does your Chancellor suppose this country can keep its end up with the pound at its present price? Why, the whole of the profit on any ordinary commercial transaction in any foreign country whatsoever is gone straight away. We can't live here by taking in one another's washing."

"Very good to start with," Oliver Trowse grunted. "This is the sort of conversation a man loves to wake up to after a bad night. Can't you conceive a few more horrors?"

"Why should I?" Hawkeson replied. "The time is past for treating our condition as merely a matter for irritation, sir. Something must be done."

"Something? What?"

"I have only one suggestion to make, and you'll hate it, but here it is: Send for Warren Rand."

The Prime Minister was guilty of a most undignified action. He threw the Times, which he had just picked up, into a distant corner of the room.

"That fellow again!" he exclaimed. "What can he have to do with it? Besides, he's still down at Monaco, isn't he, on that infernal yacht of his?"

"He flew home last week," Hawkeson confided, "and I'm afraid that he has a great deal to do with our present troubles."

The Prime Minister rang the bell three times. A young man who had the air of having just arrived hurried in.

"Sorry, sir, if I'm late," he apologized. "I didn't know you'd be moving at this time."

"It's Mr. Hawkeson here who's brought me out of bed," the Prime Minister explained. "Are there any telephones to Rand's office?"

"Something like a hundred private lines, I believe, sir."

"Get on to any one of them that brings you into touch with the arch-villain there," his chief directed. "Let them know that I wish to see Warren Rand."

"Something a little more genial, I suggest," Hawkeson ventured. "Ask if Mr. Warren Rand will step round and take breakfast with the Prime Minister."

"Anything you like," Trowse interrupted. "Send the message and get it over."

The secretary hurried off. Hawkeson reestablished himself in a more comfortable chair.

"Forgive me if I seem to have quartered myself upon you," he begged. "The fact of it is I haven't the faintest idea what to do if I go down to the City. You see, if there were a war or a dissolution of Parliament, we should know how to deal with matters. As it is, we're paralyzed. They keep on coming to me for advice, and I don't know what to say to them. You must face the position, sir. We're up against something unprecedented. We're being starved for gold. We must get hold of it, or we shall have the most disastrous month's exchequer to show that's ever been known."

"It's your job to prevent it all slipping away," the Prime Minister declared.

Mr. Hawkeson shook his head.

"You can't look at it like that, sir," he objected. "The depositor must withdraw when he chooses. They've skun us dry. Politically we may be all right. As a commercial institution—which is what a country must be, after all—we're on the rocks."

There was a sharp ring at the front door-bell, a moment's pause. The butler threw open the door.

"Mr. Fogge, sir," he announced.

The Chancellor made quiet but dignified entrance. He shook hands with the Prime Minister and with Hawkeson.

"You haven't brought any fresh problems with you, I hope?" Trowse asked, pointing to an easy-chair.

The Chancellor smiled a little dryly as he accepted the invitation. He took off his spectacles and laid them by his side.

"I do not think," he said, "that fresh problems need be considered. The old ones are trying us high enough."

"The present one is about as much as we can manage," Hawkeson declared. "How the devil are we to go on paying our debts and keeping our gold reserve so that our exchange holds up? I'm beat. What about you, Fogge?"

"There is only one course open for us," the Chancellor of the Exchequer pronounced, smoothing his silvery gray hair with his right hand. "We must add to our gold reserve, and add to it at once. The exchange just now is in a deplorable condition. Nothing but gold will help to stabilize it."

"You haven't a little gold in the cellar of your house, I suppose?" Hawkeson suggested sarcastically.

"I regret to say that I have not," the Chancellor replied, "but I may point out

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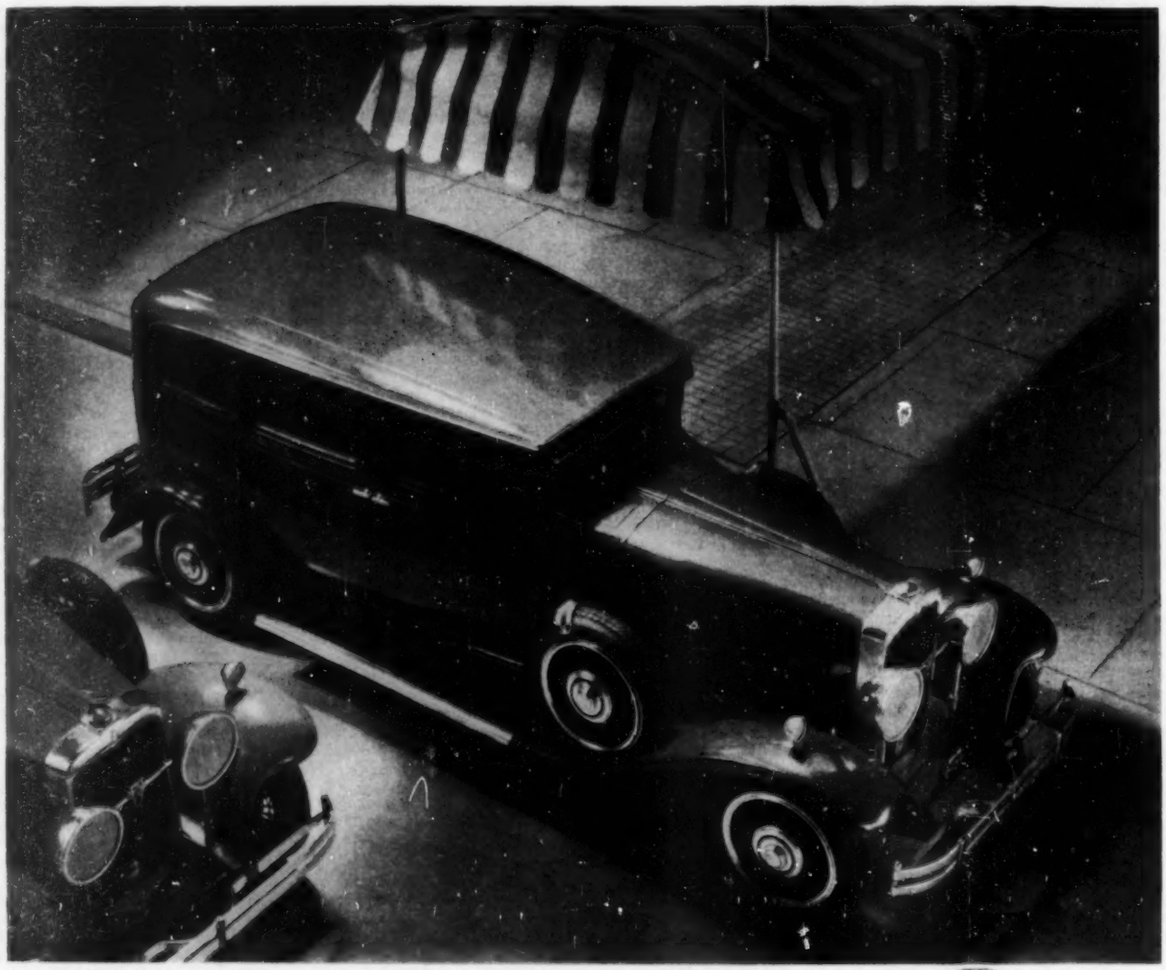
THE NEW PEERLESS

—BY A NEW AND AGGRESSIVE PEERLESS ORGANIZATION



Anton Bruehl

NOW MORE EMPHATICALLY THAN EVER
"ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES"

Nearly a year ago a new organization set out to create a new Peerless. What a rare opportunity! A name which goes back thirty years. Old time-proved standards and ideals to safeguard and around which to build into a great new future. The Custom Eight (shown here) is the first product of this new and revitalized Peerless organization. Every fine thought you have ever had about Peerless—everything you have ever known Peerless to be—are today doubly certain. Will you see and ask to drive the new Peerless?

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, CLEVELAND, OHIO

(Continued from Page 139)

that if you are not in a position to add to our reserves, then at least we must stop these withdrawals, even by an urgency act of Parliament. Now, will you tell me, Hawkeson," he went on, "who the mischief is it who's digging into the bowels of our resources like this? France has had her whack, but it isn't she who persists. Germany reached her limit some time ago. Of course I know the rumors, but what private person is there in the world who could embarrass a great country as we are being embarrassed?"

Once more there was a sedate opening of the door. The butler presented himself.

"Mr. Warren Rand, sir," he announced.

There was a brief and ominous silence, which had in it qualities almost of drama. The three men leaned forward in their places and studied the newcomer with eager curiosity. Warren Rand advanced into the room indifferently, without the slightest trace of embarrassment. He wished the Prime Minister good morning without offering his hand, and nodded to the other two men. The former pulled himself together.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Rand," he said. "I must apologize for ringing you up so early, but I thought perhaps you'd have breakfast with us, and a slight business talk before the day's work begins. You know Mr. Fogge and Mr. Philip Hawkeson, I am sure."

"I have met these gentlemen," Warren Rand admitted.

Trowse rang the bell and ordered breakfast to be served. A footman followed the butler, and the usual array of silver dishes, with tea and coffee pots, was set out upon the sideboard. The Prime Minister waved the servants away.

"We will help ourselves," he suggested. "Mr. Rand, Hawkeson, Fogge, you will find everything you want, I hope. After a night like I've had, tea—although I generally prefer coffee. Serve yourselves, gentlemen. As soon as we get started we'll ask Mr. Rand a few questions."

Warren Rand helped himself with great deliberation, and chose a seat opposite his host, with his back to the light. Trowse was not long before he commenced the attack.

"Mr. Rand," he began, "we've had one or two conversations already, but we have never made much progress. I'm hoping we shall have better luck today. We need your advice; perhaps your help."

"I am an American," Warren Rand reminded them. "Isn't it rather unusual that you should call me in to solve your problems?"

"Not in the least," Hawkeson snapped. "You're a citizen of the world—the world of finance, at any rate. Your country doesn't matter. . . . Where's all the gold going to, Mr. Rand?"

"I could answer your question," Warren Rand confessed. "I see no benefit to myself in doing so, but I could. Who wants gold?"

"Great Britain," was the unanimous response.

Warren Rand looked coldly down the table.

"Mr. Trowse can tell you how to get it," he said.

"I wish to heaven that I could!" the Prime Minister exclaimed. "Exactly what do you mean by that, Mr. Rand?"

"You have a bad memory, sir."

"You paid me a visit not long ago," the Prime Minister reflected. "You indulged in some rather vague threats as to what might happen if France and Great Britain persisted in their perfectly justified attitude toward the disarmament question. Am I to understand that this is the conversation to which you allude?"

"Precisely. Unfortunately you were not able to fall in with my point of view. Fate seems to have been rather against you since then, doesn't it? France has apparently lost the two battleships which inspired her opposition to sign, and you seem to have got into a curious financial tangle."

The Prime Minister stirred his tea vigorously.

"We'll have to use plain words, Mr. Warren Rand," he said. "Are you suggesting that it was because France and England stood out against the disarmament clauses that France has lost her battleships and we have found financial trouble?"

"I never suggest anything," Warren Rand replied dryly. "I'm simply pointing out facts. France is withdrawing her objections to the Disarmament Treaty, and will shortly instruct her representatives to sign it in due course. I think that she has done wisely. I think—if I might presume to advise—that you would do well to follow her example."

The Prime Minister raised his eyebrows and pushed back the over-obtrusive hair from his forehead.

"I am afraid you have been listening to rumors, Mr. Warren Rand," he observed.

"Ring up the French Embassy, and see," was the cold rejoinder. "You would probably have heard from them during the day."

The Prime Minister twice touched a bell under his foot. Carstairs answered the summons.

"Richard," his chief enjoined, "ring up the French Embassy."

He gave him some instructions in a low voice. The young man nodded and disappeared.

"Mind you," the Prime Minister went on as he attacked his bacon and endeavored to avoid the close observation of his vis-à-vis, "I won't say that it is impossible that France might sign, especially under pressure from us. I don't say that it is impossible that we might sign, but I can tell you this: At the present moment nothing is settled."

Warren Rand made no reply. There was a stilted effort for a few minutes at general conversation. Presently Richard Carstairs reappeared. He laid a slip of paper by his chief's side. The Prime Minister glanced at it, frowned, read it through more carefully and then passed it on to Fogge.

"You have at least the gift of prophecy, Mr. Rand," he admitted. "I hear from the French Embassy that a special envoy left Paris this morning with dispatches for us by aeroplane. The ambassador, in his confidential message, has given me an idea of their tenor. He believes that France is disposed, if we are willing, to modify her attitude toward the Disarmament Treaty."

Warren Rand pushed his plate away from him.

"You are talking diplomatically," he remarked caustically. "I only understand business talk. France is going to sign the Disarmament Treaty whether you do or not. If you are prepared to sign it, and give me your word—you and Mr. Fogge here—that you will, I will undertake that there will be no further withdrawals of gold for the present, and that you shall take what you want of forthcoming shipments without danger of interference from outside sources. You sent for me, I suppose, to make a bargain. There's my end of it."

They were all three guilty of unpardonable rudeness. They stared at Warren Rand with their lips parted, if not with their mouths open. The Prime Minister leaned forward in his place. Mr. Fogge adjusted his spectacles. The bank governor thrust a horn-rimmed monocle into his eye. They all seemed hypnotized by the man who had made this amazing proposition. Warren Rand took no more notice of them than if they had been flies.

"May I smoke?" he asked, producing his case. . . . "No, I'll take one of my own," he added, as the Prime Minister laid his hand upon a cedarwood box. "Thanks!"

He lit one of his black cigars, finished his coffee and leaned back in his chair. Mr. Fogge was the first of his companions to find words.

"I confess myself dumfounded," he said. "I do not think that in the whole history of Downing Street such an amazing proposition has ever been put forward by a private person to two cabinet ministers and a governor of the Bank of England."

"I dare say you're right," Warren Rand agreed. "Generalities and reflections seldom interest me. It's up to you three gentlemen to answer my proposition, however astonishing you may find it. I've a lot of work waiting for me. We don't need pen and ink and paper at a conference like this. I've given you my word. I shall keep it. You give me yours. I'll trust you."

The Prime Minister drew a long breath and rose to the occasion.

"Our messenger shall leave for Geneva this afternoon," he promised. "Great Britain shall sign the Disarmament Treaty in its present shape."

Warren Rand nodded shortly and rose to his feet.

"You two financial gentlemen," he said, "can go and take a holiday. I shall keep my word to the letter. I think you know that. Mr. Trowse, I thank you for your hospitality. You will forgive me if I hurry away."

The Prime Minister held up his hand.

"One moment, Mr. Rand," he begged. "You're a difficult man to get hold of. You seem to pass all over the face of Europe without warning, whenever the fancy takes you. You are here now, and we are secure from journalists or any outside interference. I am not going to be impertinent. I am not going to ask you, as a great many people might, how you can perform the miracles you promise, but I am going to take something for granted, and when I have told you what it is, I am going to ask you one question afterward. They say that you are out for the peace of the world. Good! It is a noble aim, and any man might be proud to have embraced it. This Disarmament Treaty is a rung in the ladder. After all, though, what must come afterward? The Peace Pact."

"The Peace Pact," Warren Rand pronounced calmly, "will be signed within a year."

"I will even go so far as to grant you that," Trowse conceded. "I will grant you that the Peace Pact may be signed with all its boundary clauses, its provisions and everything else. An amazing document! And now, answer me this, Mr. Rand: A new law is established, just as a thousand years ago or more laws were established in this country. It becomes illegal to bear arms. Who interferes if anyone chooses to break the law? Who is going to tower over the nations of the earth and wield the policeman's baton?"

Warren Rand nodded slowly.

"Sensibly put, Mr. Trowse," he admitted.

"Our Prime Minister has gone to the root of the whole business," the Right Honorable William Fogge pronounced. "That is where the steady common-sense mind revolts logically against any scheme that has ever been suggested for the pacification of the world. How are you going to stop the growth of the nations? Some may shrink, others develop in muscle and power. How are you going to keep the strong child from thrusting his hands into the pockets of his weaker brother? Your Peace Pact says he may not. Who is going to impose its conditions?"

"Very well put again," Warren Rand acknowledged, without change of countenance. "Now, Mr. Banker," he added, turning to Hawkeson, "what about you? You are thrusting this question upon me, all of you. What have you got to say?"

"I am not a politician," Hawkeson replied. "I am not even an ordinary human being with a broad outlook upon life. In a sense, I am not even a man. I am a creature of bank notes and gold and drafts. I am the silent, logical force of the world. I haven't a brain; I don't need one. I add eight to eight and make it sixteen. I take ten from twenty, and find ten remaining. I am a machine, Mr. Rand. I have no opinions."

"You are the greatest machine in the world," Warren Rand assented, "and when I am prepared to give an answer to the question you have asked me, Mr. Prime Minister, I will invite Mr. Hawkeson here to come to the conference, because he and I speak the same language. A pleasant breakfast and an interesting conversation, gentlemen. I thank you. . . . Don't ring, Mr. Trowse. I see the door there, and my car is outside."

He was gone with one of those incredibly swift movements of his which outdistanced even the butler who hurried after him. They watched the car drive away.

"That man," the Prime Minister declared slowly, "is mad."

"Crazy," the Chancellor of the Exchequer agreed. "He uses words like bricks from a child's toy palace."

Hawkeson, too, had walked to the window. He was looking through the slight mist at Warren Rand's disappearing limousine. He said nothing.

XXXVI

TELLESOM, a little irritated by the long delay, strolled into his wife's compartment of the transcontinental train de luxe. She held out her hand and drew him down to the place by her side.

"Listen," she said; "I have just come across this sentence in the European Review:

> It might be said that the poison was drawn from the fangs of Russia with the tragic death of the two men who had by some means or other usurped the leading place in her destinies. It was only a short time ago that the rumors of their disappearance were substantiated. Even now full details are lacking. It is known that they were yachting somewhere upon the Riviera at a time when they were supposed to be at work for their country in Geneva, and it is certain that they were in Monaco only a day or so before the rumor spread—a rumor of which there is now ample confirmation—of their death by drowning.

"What do you think of that, Charles? It's the first time that I have seen even as much as that in print."

"I think, as I always have thought," he replied, lighting a cigarette, "that your father is the most amazing man in the world."

"Anything else?"

"Also that he contrived by some means or other to have the most adorable daughter."

"Not bad for a husband of barely two months," she approved. "I wonder how much you knew about this?"

"I wonder," he mused.

"It happened while you were in Monte Carlo those few days?"

"Let it go at that," he begged. "I am bringing my work with your father to an end in Geneva this time. In fact, from what I can hear, he is breaking up all his establishment. I'll tell you more of the story afterward, if it is possible, even if I can't tell you the whole truth."

"I am not very curious," she assured him; "but speaking of Geneva, do you really think we shall ever get there?"

A train attendant was passing, and Tellesom stopped him.

"Why have we been shunted on to this siding?" he demanded. "We've been here an hour already."

"Orders from Geneva, sir," was the apologetic reply. "We have to let a special train go through here."

"Still more delegates?" Tellesom grumbled.

"It is for someone very important, sir. The whole line is being cleared. We shall get away in a few more minutes, though. The special is coming up the gradient now. You can see her pass this side."

They moved to the window, which Tellesom promptly lowered, and the man disappeared. The roar of the approaching train already filled the air. It was traveling at no great speed, toiling up the final ascent before the run down on to the plain. It consisted of two saloons only. The first seemed filled with men seated at small tables, two or three of them busy with typewriters. In the second, a man sat at a green baize table, apparently studying a document which his companion had spread out before him. A sharp exclamation broke from Tellesom's lips:

"Do you know who that is?"

(Continued on Page 145)

Benjamin Stoddert (Stoddard)
First Secretary of the Navy

Paul Revere

wrote it!

"THE LETTER THAT STARTED AN INDUSTRY"

Boston Dec. 31 1798

Sir:

I understand you have advised the Committee for building the Frigate in Boston not to send abroad for anything they can get manufactured in this country; those Sentiments have induced me to trouble you with this letter. I can manufacture old or new Copper into Bolts, Spikes, Staples, Nails, etc., or anything that is wanted in Ship-building; that is cast of Copper into pigs, draw the pigs into Barrs under the Forge hammer and then manufacture the Barrs into Bolts, Spikes, Nails, etc., etc. I supplied the Constitution with Dove tails, Staples, Nails, etc., etc.*

My greatest difficulty is to get Copper. Could I get a sufficient supply of Copper, I would undertake to roll Sheet Copper for sheathing ships, etc.

I have been induced to trouble you knowing that you are at the head of a department where you have the best means of knowing the resources of the country and your willingness to communicate anything that may be for the public good.

You will permit me to offer my services to you in Manufacturing Brass Cannon, Bells, Copper Bolts, Spikes, etc., etc.

I am, sir, with every sentiment of esteem

Your hum. Servt.

Paul Revere

BENJAMIN STODDARD ESQ
Naval Secretary at Philadelphia

**Historic U. S. frigate, later sheathed with Revere sheet copper.*

PAUL REVERE and SON,
Founders
BOSTON.
Cast Bells and Brass Cannon of all Sizes,
and all kinds of Composition Work. Manufacture Sheets,
Bolts Spikes, Nails, &c. from Malleable Copper and
Cold Rolled

Original business card of Paul Revere and Son

"THE LETTER THAT STARTED AN INDUSTRY"

23 years after his midnight ride, Paul Revere wrote this letter to sound another call—that of the urgent need for an American copper industry. He urged the government into its first search for copper. He opened the way for a government loan of $10,000 with which he built America's first copper-rolling mill. And, incidentally, he secured his first orders for Navy Department copper and brass.

Ox team transportation used for early Revere deliveries

Out of these "firsts" began the American copper and brass industry. These Revere beginnings themselves developed, in direct-line progress, into Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated.

What this letter started and where it led are strikingly pictured in the contrast between the original Revere business and the Revere business of today.

+

WHEN COPPER WAS SCARCE

For his raw material, Paul Revere had to buy, beg or barter every scrap of old copper which came within reach. His largest single "capture" was 19,000 lbs., salvaged for him by the U. S. Government.

Today, scientifically refined ingots, cakes and billets of pure copper flow into seven Revere plants in a never-ending stream—to produce an output of more than 250,000,000 pounds a year of finished products.

1801

+

FROM HAND TOIL TO ELECTRIC CONTROLLERS

Copper-rolling, in Paul Revere's plant, started with 16-pound "pigs." These were lugged about by husky "hands." Heated over oak-log fires. Rolled in rollers patiently adjusted by hand after each rolling. All directed by Paul Revere himself, whose watchful eye decided when to handle the metal in each operation.

In Revere plants of today, 1,000-pound billets of copper are brought to rolling heat in automatic oil-fired and pyrometer-controlled furnaces. Fed to the rolls by a touch on a lever. Reversed back and forth over operation-lines a city block long, all guided by men at distant electric controllers.

+

FROM OX HAUL TO KEY-CENTER SERVICE

Paul Revere shipped via sloops and schooners. When winter gales blew, ox teams hauled his product to New York and Philadelphia.

Revere today has seven plants in five major industrial centers, located for on-the-spot service to the Atlantic States, the Middle West, New England, the South and West.

To Paul Revere, the need for copper and brass was the need of the early shipyards. To Revere of today, the need for copper and brass is the need of this expanding modern electro-automotive age.

+

SINCE 1798 . . .

American industry has gone from a log-fire, husky-right-arm stage to an automatic-furnace, electric-control stage. The name Revere stood for copper and brass leadership then. Today Revere operates 25% of the country's copper, brass and bronze rolling-mill facilities, including the two largest copper mills. Thus, it perpetuates, in its progress, the spirit of Paul Revere and the whole characteristic rise of American industry.

1930

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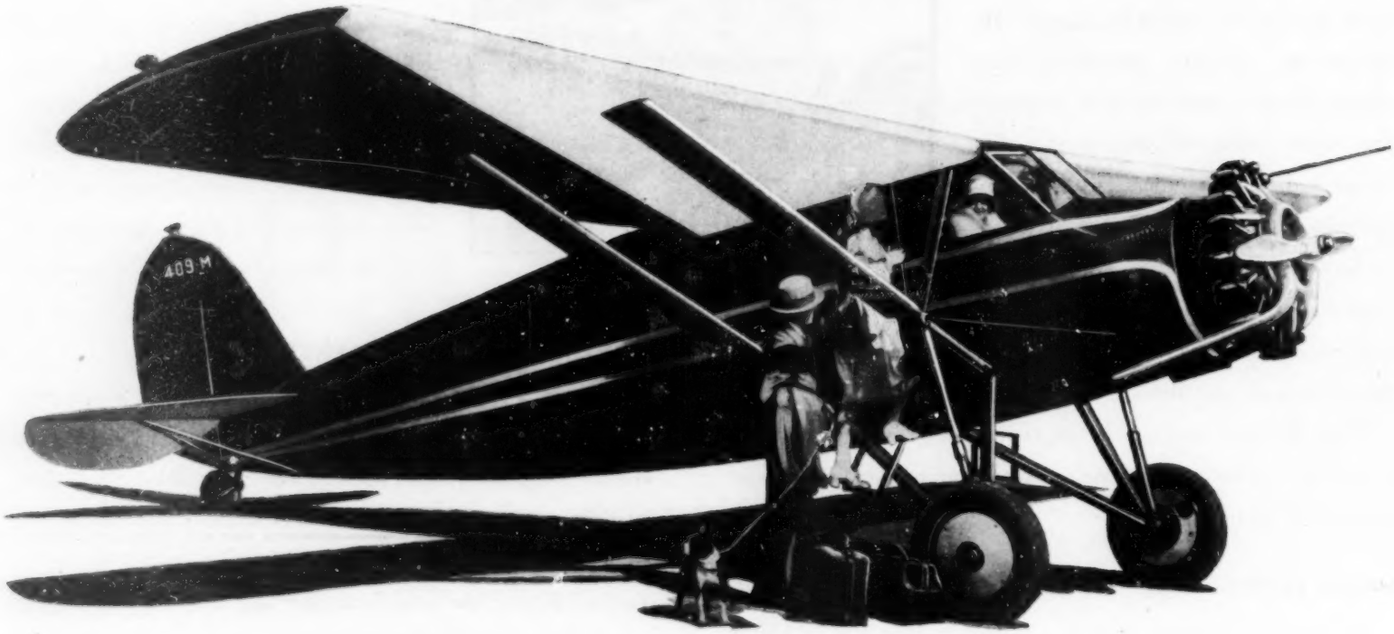

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(Continued from Page 141)

A glimpse was all they had—a glimpse of a man with a face like a statue, one hand upon the table in front of him, the forefinger of the other traveling down what seemed to be columns of figures on the paper which was being held out for his inspection. He was speaking. One could almost imagine the crisp words from that hard, firm mouth. In the chair opposite, the little man with flaxen hair and gold-rimmed spectacles was listening intently. There was an air of almost doglike devotion in his expression as he leaned across the table. Even as they looked, the train, with its flaming lights, had roared its way on into the darkness and disappeared in a tunnel. It was like a picture flashed upon a screen—a picture of real life.

"Your father and John Glynde!" Tellesom exclaimed.

They pulled up the window and stepped back into the compartment.

"What an amazing silhouette!" Tellesom continued, in a tone almost of awe. "The modern Napoleon on his way to lay down the law to the rulers of the world. If the thing had been staged, it couldn't have been more dramatic."

"It was marvelous," she agreed, a little gleam in her eyes. "If I weren't married to you, Charles, I think I'd like to be his secretary."

"You wouldn't have had a chance," he assured her. "Your father keeps women of all sorts at arm's length. We have only had one who's ever held any post at all in the administration. She is marrying John Glynde at the end of the week."

"What did father say about that?"

"Very much the same thing as he said when I told him that I was going to marry you—that he wasn't interested in the private lives of his assistants. In John Glynde's case, however, marriage was almost a necessity. He'll have a great position in Geneva as the governing director of the International Bank."

"It sounds magnificent. Does that belong to my parent too?"

He nodded.

"It's somehow or other connected with the end of his schemes. I don't pretend to understand it. I've watched the building grow for years, and I should think there isn't another like it in the world."

"Shall you tell him I am with you?" she asked curiously.

"It wouldn't make any difference," he assured her. "There was never anyone in history like your father. I used to wonder whether he was a *poseur*. I know now he isn't. He hasn't one single human feeling in his body except for his work. And concerning that he seldom opens his lips except to give orders."

"If he's so utterly heartless," she queried, "why this terrific, grinding energy of his? I could understand a man who is full of principles, devoting his life to a sacred object; but apparently my revered father doesn't possess any. Why should he bother himself about what happens to the world?"

Tellesom shook his head.

"My dear," he said, "I long ago gave up any attempt to understand the working of your father's mind. I've just done my job to the best of my ability, and left it at that. I don't believe even John Glynde, who has scarcely left his side for more than twenty years, knows much more about him than I do."

There was a shrill whistle, a rattle of couplings. With shrieking of steam and much labor, the transcontinental express abandoned its ignominious position, glided back on to the main line, and toiled on round the mountainside toward Geneva.

XXXVII

IF INDEED there was something of melodrama in Warren Rand's night journey across Western Europe with all his suite and retinue, there was drama of the real sort in the palatial room which Tellesom entered for the first time the following afternoon. "A triumph of interior simplicity," the world-famous architect who was responsible for its structure had declared, as he looked lovingly at the Doric pillars, the white marble floor, the stately carved roof, the fine sweep of the great windows. Of furniture there was scarcely any. A long oak table, which could have seated forty people, was almost lost in the center of the floor. At its head, on that memorable afternoon, sat Warren Rand, with John Glynde on a small chair a little behind him. On his right was the Right Honorable Oliver Trowse, Prime Minister of England; next to him Monsieur Foucquailles. Medano, Mussolini's trusted Minister, was opposite; Friedmann, successor to Anselm Loeb, whose nickname was "The Honest German," a few places away. By his side was Grateson, the American, a great diplomat and a future president. Behind, at a small table by themselves, were four other men of highly professional appearance. It was an amazing gathering to have been brought together at the invitation of any one man.

Warren Rand had been speaking when Tellesom was passed into the room, but he broke off and waited while the latter made swift progress toward him. He spoke no word of welcome; simply took the dispatch which Tellesom handed to him, slit open the envelope and glanced at its contents. He laid the communication with some other papers by his side, and motioned to a chair in the background.

"Remain for the present, Tellesom," he directed. . . . "Gentlemen," he continued, turning to his audience, "I thank you for your presence here. I should not have asked for it if I had not something worth saying to you. I am going to be brief—perhaps you will think surprisingly brief. You see several strangers at the table beyond yours. One of them is Sir Hugo Myer, who, I think, you will know is one of the greatest authorities upon international finance. There is also Mr. Henry Pritchard, representing, I am told, the best-known firm of accountants in the world, and the other two gentlemen are the most famous exponents of American and English law—Mr. Remington, of New York, and Lord Hindhead, from London. I have thought it wise to require their presence, in case you should wish to ask any questions arising out of the matter which we are about to discuss."

He paused for a moment. The Frenchman, who had never ceased looking around him since his entrance, indulged in a little gesture.

"We came to you full of anticipations, Mr. Rand," he acknowledged, "but before we go further let me congratulate you. I have watched this building in the course of construction for years. I congratulate you upon owning the most palatial and wonderful bank, architecturally, in the world."

"The building is truly amazing," Medano observed. "I should appreciate it more if our friend Mr. Rand had not apparently helped himself to half the money in the universe to fill it."

There was a little murmur of amusement—not altogether sincere. Warren Rand smiled grimly as he realized its artificial note. No one knew better than himself how he had embarrassed the money dealers of the world.

"Your complaint against me may be justified, *signor*," he admitted. "Perhaps, however, before we have finished this evening, you will look at things differently. I asked you to meet me here because, although I represent no country, and therefore can take no part in your formal discussions, I do represent a power—one of the greatest powers in the world—and for that reason I am venturing to claim a few minutes—half an hour possibly—of your time."

"I quite agree with Mr. Rand that he has the right to call us into conference," Trowse declared. "I have come all the way from England at his request. Otherwise, our representative, Mr. Peatfield, is in charge of proceedings here."

"You have already," Warren Rand continued, "signed a Treaty of Disarmament, which, if faithfully kept—and I believe that it will be faithfully kept—should lead to a great decrease in your national expenditures. Tomorrow is the final day for you to come to your decisions as to the Peace Pact. You five gentlemen, who are assembled here this afternoon, represent the five world powers. What you do the others will do. Therefore, I address myself to you. We are an unofficial gathering. Nothing that we say here is binding, nor will it be reported outside this room. I shall ask you, therefore, whatever questions I choose, leaving you to answer them or not, according to your inclinations. What are your instructions to your representative, Mr. Trowse, with reference to signing the Peace Pact tomorrow?"

"I have not absolutely decided," was the somewhat surprised reply.

"Monsieur Foucquailles, I venture to ask you the same question."

"I may sign, but ——"

The little gesture was eloquent.

"I shall sign," the American declared. "Those are my instructions."

"I reserve my decision," the German observed. "My present convictions are against signing. My government has left me a free hand, however."

"I shall sign," Medano announced, "unless anything happens between now and tomorrow to influence my decision."

"Now we know where we are," Warren Rand proceeded coolly. "This subject has been amply discussed in committee and in general session. I believe that I have correctly gauged the spirit of the majority of you. You probably say to yourselves—in fact, you have already said it—that no Peace Pact is of solid value because there is no guaranty that in the hour of temptation it would be kept. You argue that it is useless to make laws unless you have the power behind to enforce them. In this case you ask yourselves, 'Who is to exact any penalties that may be decided upon against the aggressor?' You have a code of laws, but you are without police or law courts to enforce them. Therefore—to the minds of some of you—the Peace Pact rests upon no logical foundation."

"I could not," Doctor Friedmann remarked, "have expressed my objections to the Peace Pact more clearly myself."

"I must confess that I feel the same way about it," Trowse assented.

"Very well," Warren Rand went on, "I have known for some weeks that the sentiment in favor of signing the Peace Pact was by no means unanimous, and I have prepared myself. It is my desire that it shall be signed whole-heartedly by all of you. It is to induce your signatures that I have invited you to meet me here today."

Then Oliver Trowse asked that simple question which the whole world had asked itself many times during the last few months:

"Why are you so anxious for the adoption of the Peace Pact, Mr. Rand?"

There was no change in the latter's face. If anything, his tone was a little dryer than ever as he answered:

"That seems to me, sir, a very reasonable question to ask, but a little beside the point. What does it matter? I may—although few people would believe it of me—have the heart of a philanthropist. I may be working toward this end for love of my fellow creatures, but I don't think that anyone would believe that either. Let the question remain unanswered. It will not affect the result. Let it suffice that I am going to offer you all what I hope you will consider adequate inducement to sign the Peace Pact."

Genuine interest quickly stifled curiosity. Everyone leaned a little forward in his place. It was an occasion, this, which had never happened before in the history of mankind—the coming together of the statesmen of the world at the bidding of a capitalist. Somehow or other everyone felt that it was an amazing and momentous crisis, that his standard of proportions was about to be changed as though by an earthquake. Capital had found voice—the world's latent and dynamic force, harmless enough when distributed among millions, but a terrible danger when gathered together from all quarters of the universe as this man had gathered it. In what manner would he propose to use his power?

"Before I proceed," Warren Rand went on, "I must convince you that I am in a position to carry out my promise. With that object in view, I have asked for the attendance here of Mr. Pritchard, the accountant, who is well known both in London and New York. . . . Mr. Pritchard, you have had free access to my banks, to my secret ledgers, to my brokers, to my men of law, for the last six months. An exact balance sheet no one could make out, because my fortune changes from minute to minute, but you can tell these gentlemen who are present here approximately how much capital I own free of all charge or liability."

Mr. Pritchard rose to his feet. He looked round the table. This was a proud moment in his life. No one else in the world had ever been able to make such an announcement to such an audience.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Mr. Rand has told you the truth. He has given me the secret keys to his affairs. With a staff of twenty clerks, I have been engaged for a great many months in making my calculations. I have been able to arrive at more or less final figures. When I tell you what they are, you will have to acknowledge to yourselves that Mr. Warren Rand is so rich that he stands alone as a power and a force to be reckoned with in the day-by-day history of affairs. I estimate Mr. Warren Rand, on today's figuring, to be worth some seven hundred million pounds sterling."

There was a dead and significant silence. One man's lips moved slowly, as though he were saying the sum over to himself.

"Pounds?" the American gasped.

"Pounds sterling," the accountant repeated. "There is no possibility of any vital mistake in the calculations. At any time, if Mr. Rand chose, he could increase those figures hugely by sacking your markets. He has refrained from doing anything of the sort. Mr. Warren Rand is worth seven hundred million pounds."

They were all more or less stupefied. Warren Rand continued coldly.

"Gentlemen," he explained, "I have asked my accountant to make this statement, not from any sense of vainglory, because the possession or nonpossession of money is largely a matter of accident, and it is probable that, being in command of this sum today, I shall die a poor man."

This time everyone found breath to indulge in little exclamations of mingled awe and wonder. Warren Rand listened to them all without change of countenance.

"Wait, gentlemen," he enjoined, "until I have stated my proposition. I pass on now to another phase of the present situation. Throughout Europe, and more or less in America, every country is suffering from scarcity of gold."

"Gold!"

One could almost hear some of these men beginning to think. The mystery of the generation—the slow absorption of gold in unknown channels!

"Gentlemen," Warren Rand went on, "you might, perhaps, believe that what I have done is an impossibility. It is for that I have asked Sir Hugo to be present. His cousin, as you know, is the first bullion broker in London. The world is suffering from a shortage of gold. All your exchanges are flopping about. Do you know where that gold is? In my cellars."

"It isn't possible," the American, who was the only one who seemed to have any breath in his body, gasped.

"It is the truth," Warren Rand pronounced. "I have been buying gold anonymously through my banks in various countries for five years—stripping myself to buy gold, especially where I could do so with some measure of secrecy. The banks have been supposed to be buying for their governments. They were not. They were my banks, and they were buying for me. I even risked the insurance sometimes to

prevent my name being published. In the States this week there is an article pointing out that the shortage of gold today amounts to very nearly five hundred million pounds. The man who wrote that article knew what he was talking about. In the vaults of this bank, gentlemen, is deposited, in bullion, specie and sovereigns, gold to the amount of five hundred million pounds."

Monsieur Foucquailles struck the table with his clenched fist.

"It is incredible!" he cried.

"The man is mad!" Medano shouted.

Trowse laughed heartily and scornfully.

"I always said that he was mad," he declared. "We were fools to come here."

The German was almost as hysterical as the rest, but he preserved his reason.

"Let him finish," he begged. "Let him spin the rest of his fairy tale."

Everyone was talking at once, contradicting one another, exclaiming, disputing. The American's voice was the first to ring out with any final word of challenge.

"Warren Rand," he said, "I'll commence by telling you frankly I don't believe you. Having told you that, I'll ask you a question. If this is true, what is the meaning of it? You've plunged the whole financial world into embarrassment and distress at your own cost. You can make no money hoarding gold. You're losing a man-sized fortune every day of your life."

"I will deal with your first statement," Warren Rand announced, touching a bell by his side. "This is a world event, gentlemen. I shall make no apologies for causing you a little trouble. I shall ask you to visit my vaults. Sir Hugo, and you, John Glynde, will escort our friends."

A man in uniform had entered the room from a private entrance close to Warren Rand's chair. The latter turned toward him.

"Sergeant," he directed, "let me have a guard of thirty men, on the vault floors, armed. These gentlemen will inspect the bullion."

The man saluted and withdrew. One by one the delegates rose to their feet.

"You are not accompanying us?" Trowse asked.

"It is not necessary," was the indifferent reply. "I spent an hour in the vaults as soon as I arrived. Sir Hugo is a great expert. He will show you that my calculations are correct."

They trooped out of the room. Warren Rand neither changed his place nor his posture.

"Tellesom," he asked, without looking round, "how many men of our original bodyguard have you here?"

"Eight, sir."

"Where are they stationed?"

Tellesom answered in some surprise. It was the first time he had ever been asked such a question.

"Four in your hotel, sir; one in your apartments. Two are in a taxicab drawn up behind your car here—one of them will be on the pavement as you cross. Another one has a motor bicycle to see if you are watched when you leave. This isn't a bad place for trouble."

"Isn't it?" Warren Rand queried. "I was shot at last night. I think they knew that you had not arrived. The man never came near, though. He may be skulking about again tonight."

Tellesom was troubled. He looked anxiously at his chief. Warren Rand had never before shown the slightest anxiety as regarded the means taken for his protection.

"I'll leave the place with you myself, sir, if you'll allow me," he suggested.

Warren Rand pinched a cigar, but laid it down by his place without lighting it.

"After all," he muttered, "it is of very little consequence."

"I should think it was of a great deal of consequence if anyone got at you while I was in charge," Tellesom declared. "It's my job to keep you alive."

Warren Rand made no remark. He sat in his old posture, waiting. Presently there was the sound of voices and footsteps in the corridor. The door was opened. They all came solemnly in. There was a new expression in their eyes as they looked at Warren Rand. Here, indeed, was a superman.

"Well, gentlemen?" he asked.

"The bullion is there," Grateson acknowledged in an awed tone. "I have never seen such a sight in my life, nor such wonderful vaults."

"How you accumulated it all I cannot imagine," Foucquailles murmured.

"That is not our present concern," Warren Rand observed. "I have had to use many subterfuges, and sometimes it has been very difficult. But there it is. Now, gentlemen, listen to me. We are agreed upon one point, I believe. No country in these days would dare to go to war without a large gold reserve in her treasury."

"It would be impossible," Medano declared.

"Absolutely out of the question," Foucquailles agreed.

"Very well. This is my idea of policing the Pact of Peace. The gold, as I dare say you noticed, is contained in several chambers of the vault. There is a letter on the door of each of these chambers. There is an F for France, E for England, G for Germany, I for Italy. You will sign that Peace Pact tomorrow, or agree to sign it now, and the keys of those chambers are at your disposal."

No one understood. Trowse expressed the general bewilderment.

"Tell us in plain words what you mean, Mr. Rand," he begged.

"I mean," Warren Rand explained, "that I am placing at your disposal, Monsieur Foucquailles, and yours, Mr. Trowse, and yours, Signor Medano, and yours, Doctor Friedmann, more than one hundred million pounds' worth of gold each, on certain conditions. You will find them fully elaborated in papers drawn up by my counselor here, in collaboration with Lord Hindhead. You can examine them at your leisure, but in plain words, here are the terms. First of all, the gold must be kept in the vaults of this bank, but in your name, belonging to your country, a tangible and available asset against your paper issue. Should any one of you embark upon war, you lose your gold. It is added to the stock of the others, and the recalcitrant power is free to make war if he can. As for you, Grateson," Warren Rand pointed out, turning to his countryman, "I have not offered you a stock of gold, for you have no need of it. Whatever comes upon the market now is yours for the buying."

Trowse was clasping his forehead.

"I am an ordinary human being," he bemoaned. "My brain cannot grasp this. Is the gold a loan?"

"Certainly not," Warren Rand replied, "else it would be valueless to you as against your paper issue. It is a free gift on condition that it be not moved from here. It will make not the slightest difference to your financial position whether it is here or in the vaults of the Bank of England, so long as it belongs to you. You part with it only if you break the Peace Pact. The President of the United States is the trustee. I received a cable from him, brought by my friend Colonel Tellesom here within the last hour, accepting the charge. The papers are there with Mr. Remington and Lord Hindhead. The whole affair is very simple."

"Is Mr. Rand correct when he says that the gold lying here can be reckoned as gold available, and in the nature of currency?" Trowse asked the lawyers seated at the smaller table.

"Absolutely," was Remington's confident reply. "The gold is under the trusteeship of the President of the United States. That is protection enough, I think, for anyone here."

They drifted into spasms of violent conversation, alternated by brief spells of stupefied silence. Medano leaned forward in his place.

"One realizes a thing like this but slowly," he admitted. "Help us, Mr. Rand—help us by telling us what your object is in this the most stupendous gift the world has ever known."

"My object should be fairly evident," was the patient reply. "I desire to end war. I desire the signing of the Peace Pact by the four European powers. I spent some years trying to think of a way by which the Pact could be made not only a florid gesture but a permanent reality. I took the advice of my counselors here. We evolved this scheme."

"But why?" Medano demanded. "Why are you so passionately anxious to stop war? I have never heard your name mentioned as a great philanthropist. Men fear you rather than anything else. I have heard of you simply as the unscrupulous wrecker of the money markets."

"I have laid no claim at any time to be a philanthropist," Warren Rand reminded him, "and I have no explanation to offer of my action. You can call me mad if you like. It really does not matter. I desire to end war."

Grateson leaned forward in his seat.

"Warren Rand," he declared solemnly, "you're one of the most wonderful men the world has ever known, but I don't get you yet. You don't suppose that you're going to stop war for all eternity?"

"My plan," Warren Rand pronounced confidently—"and I have thought it out with great care—will end war for many generations to come. I will tell you why. The scheme itself will be successfully operative for forty years. After that, when there has been peace for so long, no nation will ever feel again the lust for war. The spirit will die with the shrinking of armaments. No one in the earlier days will risk losing the gold, and when those are past, the habitude for strife will cease to be one of men's instincts."

Warren Rand had not the air of a man who argues. He just spoke. The burble of talk began again, but in a lesser degree. Presently he tapped upon the table.

"Let us bring this matter to a conclusion," he suggested. "Mr. Trowse, you will sign the Peace Pact and accept the gold?"

"I will," was the firm reply.

"And you, Monsieur Foucquailles?"

"I sign—I sign now—I sign when you like."

"And you, Grateson?"

"I was signing anyway," the latter reminded him. "I am bound to say I sign in a very different spirit now, though."

"Signor Medano?"

"My fingers are only aching to hold the pen," Medano declared.

"And you, Friedmann?"

"I sign, too, on behalf of my country, with a clear conscience and a full heart."

"The matter, then, is now out of my hands," Warren Rand concluded. "Lord Hindhead has the keys, and he will deliver one to each of you four tomorrow, after the signing of the treaty, together with my deed of gift. He will also have the documents prepared, setting out the terms of the gift, which you will also sign."

Friedmann got up and began a confused little speech of thanks. Warren Rand listened unmoved. They crowded around him with grateful gestures, but he remained curiously unresponsive.

"You waste words, gentlemen," he said. "What I have done, what I am doing, is not for your sakes. I do it because I choose. No one can read inside my mind and discover when or why I came to the determination which I have carried out, nor shall I take anyone into my confidence. I do this because I choose to do it."

They drifted away, chilled a little by his stony aloofness. Hindhead, who had papers to be signed, was the last to go.

"I never dreamed," he confided before he took his departure, "that I should ever have the luck to see history made like this."

Warren Rand's response was cold and monosyllabic. Not a moment had one of the speeches which had been showered upon him brought the slightest sign of gratification into his face.

The great lawyer, who was reputed to be one of the most eloquent of living men, left him because he could think of nothing to say.

"If you will let me know when you are ready to start, sir," Tellesom suggested, "I'll get my men together."

"It is of no consequence now," Warren Rand muttered. "The thing is finished. By the bye, did you tell me, Tellesom, that you had married my daughter?"

"Yes, sir," Tellesom replied. "She is here now in Geneva with me."

Warren Rand made no comment. He sat still in the same position, looking down the long table.

Then he spoke as though to himself, yet distinctly, and so unexpectedly that his listener started:

"I had two sons once."

Tellesom stared at his chief, amazed. After all, was it a human being who was coming to life, stirred by the great event of the day?

"They were killed in the war, weren't they, sir?" he asked.

Warren Rand had the air of a man who had heard nothing. Tellesom lingered for a moment. Then, reluctantly, he left the room.

Twilight came suddenly upon the city. Lights from the street flashed in through the broad windows. The solitary occupant of the great room never moved his hand to touch one of the buttons which would have flooded the place at any moment with soft light. He sat still in the same position; only, in his eyes, now, there was indeed a touch of the visionary. The empty chairs pushed back from the table had left no ghosts for him. He was looking through the wall, and his thoughts, whatever they may have been, were his own. When Tellesom came back, he started with surprise to find the room in darkness. He turned on the lights.

"The men are all ready, sir," he announced. "Will you come now?"

His chief made no reply. Tellesom hurried forward. Warren Rand had sunk a little lower in his chair, but his eyes still looked out into the unknown world. The irony of it was like a sob in Tellesom's throat. Eight men below to protect the life of a man who was already dead.

(THE END)

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5. You can insulate any part of your house or the whole house as you please.

The artist has cut away part of this house to show how the J-M Home Insulation (marked A) fills solidly all the space between studs, and between rafters. This invisible wall has an insulating value equal to more than ten feet of solid concrete.

Saves 41.5% on heating bill

"Inasmuch as I planned on heating with artificial gas, the problem of insulation was naturally of utmost importance, and one I carefully investigated. Compared to no insulation, I found that I could save 41.5% of a season's heating bill by the use of J-M Home Insulation and this represented 13.4% more saving than by any of the other insulators investigated."

F. H. Thorne, 162 Akeside Road, Riverside, Ill

Hundreds of homes have already been insulated by J-M Home Insulation Contractors, and in every instance the results have been more than satisfactory. "Fuel bills lower—house is warmer"..."Our second floor is comfortable at last"..."Hot summer days don't overheat our bedrooms"...These are expressions from letters that pleased owners have sent us since J-M Home Insulation made their homes more livable.

This J-M method is the only practicable means of completely insulating a home already built. It is equally effective for new houses. Wherever you live, you can probably have your house J-M Insulated at once. Our contractors now serve 75% of the country's homes. We have put the story of this new insulation into a valuable book, "The Invisible Home." A free copy is yours for the asking.

J-M Contractors in these territories serve 75% of the nation's homes

Metropolitan New York	Hartford, Conn.	Des Moines, Iowa
Westchester County	Providence, R. I.	Sioux City, Iowa
Long Island	Springfield, Mass.	Minneapolis and St. Paul
New Jersey	York, Pa.	Chicago area
Boston area	State of Maine	Marion, Ind.
Baltimore area	Decatur, Ill.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Syracuse area	Rockford, Ill.	Detroit area
Philadelphia area	Omaha, Neb.	
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Address JOHNS-MANVILLE
At nearest office listed below
New York Chicago Cleveland
San Francisco Toronto
(*Offices in all large cities*)

- ☐ Please send me copy of your free book, "The Invisible Home."
- ☐ Please tell me, without obligation, if I can have J-M Insulation blown into my home. I enclose photograph.
- ☐ Please send me name and address of J-M Home Insulation Contractor near me.

*Name*_____

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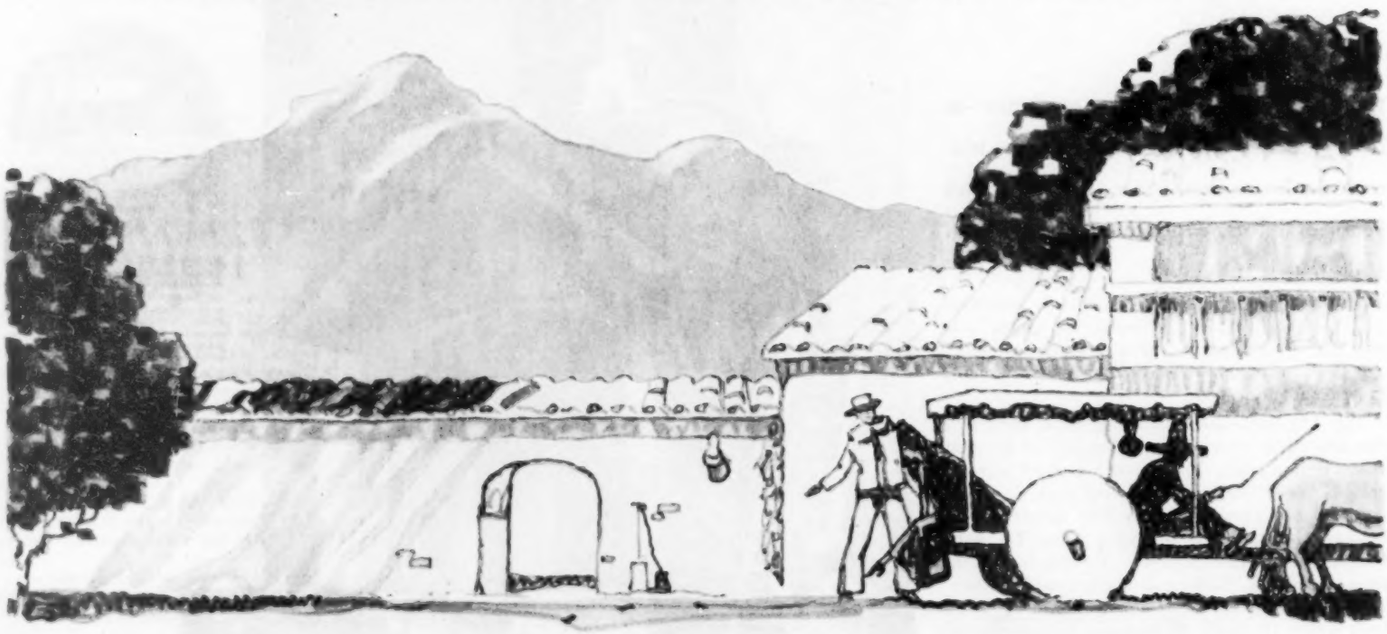
JM PRODUCTS Johns-Manville
HOME INSULATION

STILL . . . as in the days of the Dons . . . OLD SPANISH

HOSPITA

to all motorists who visit Southern California



Our services are free to visiting motorists

UNQUENCHED by the pressure of a modern commercial world, the spirit of friendly welcome to every wayfarer, born with the infant California, is just as much a part of the customs and manners of its people today as it was a century and a half ago.

No longer does an eager *mayordomo* gently take one's lathered and drooping horse, while a kindly open-armed *ranchero* throws wide the portals of his alluring ranch-house, bidding the guest enter with that immortal welcome: *"Pase Ud. Aqui tiene Ud. su casa."* (Come in. Please consider this your house.)

Gone are the days when the wanderer might break bread at the table of beneficent and sandalled friars, share their meagre cells, and help himself freely upon departure to their gold, their horses, or their food.

But that hearty and sincere welcome, famed round the known world, burns as vigorously as ever in the hearts of Southern Californians, and in the fabric of their institutions. The missions and the ranchos remain in all their one-time glamorous glory, but the task of catering to the needs of the 1930 motorist, who may traverse ten times the distance in a day that the dust-covered *vaquero* or the plodding padre covered in 1780, has passed to other hands.

In inviting the motoring world, everywhere, to come to Southern California, and to take advantage of its complete services made available to visiting motorists absolutely without charge or obligation, the 140,000 members of the Automobile Club of Southern California demonstrate that the splendid old tradition of the days of the Dons still lives.

Nowadays the transcontinental journey is a simple jaunt

Never before has it been so easy, so safe, or so comfortable to drive to Southern California. Better roads, more hotels, improved automobiles, and finer touring information service, make a transcontinental motor journey nowadays a simple and pleasureful jaunt.

You've wanted to come to Southern California for years. Why not make it your vacation objective this summer? The Automobile Club of Southern California is prepared to assist you in planning your trip. For almost thirty years this organization has offered its unexcelled facilities, gratuitously, to Southern California-bound motorists. It has gained a noteworthy reputation as the host to motordom in the increasingly popular vacation land of Southern California. With its headquarters in Los Angeles and its thirty-four branch offices, liberally sprinkled through its territory, it is splendidly equipped to make your visit here an enjoyable one.

Someone in your vicinity has motored to Southern California recently and experienced the hospitality of the Automobile Club of Southern California, which serves all visiting motorists with the same free and friendly service.

Those who have come know the joy of motoring in a State that has a network of 8135 miles of paved highway, linking such glorious and diverse scenic attractions as Yosemite National Park and sea-swept Monterey; joining twenty-one beautiful old missions redolent with countless romantic stories.

You can "discover" Southern California from the luxurious depths of your automobile

You can: Journey from the endless Pacific to the jagged crest of the Sierra, miles above the clouds, through a myriad of rapidly changing and inspiring scenes that relentlessly assail your vision.

—Fish in trout-filled lakes and streams, or camp beneath perfumed trees in great forests while night cloaks you with a solacing benediction.

—Doze away the days on vagabond jaunts to points richly historical and scenically magnificent, well known to civilized peoples before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock.

—Play golf on scores of emerald velvet courses under cloudless azure skies, or canter over miles on miles of quiet bridle-paths, scented with sage and vivid flowers.

—Mingle with costumed pirates and cossacks, and meet, face to face, world-renowned "headliners" on the streets of Hollywood, scarce twenty minutes by motor from the heart of Los Angeles.

—Loll for hours in the world's finest hotels and resorts where catering to recreation-seekers has become a fine and satisfying art.

—Shop in stores smart as the Rue de la Paix, with the finest of commodities and incomparable service always at your elbow.

You can do all these things and many others in this perfect vacation land, where Winter is a myth and Summer but a never-ending Spring. And remember—

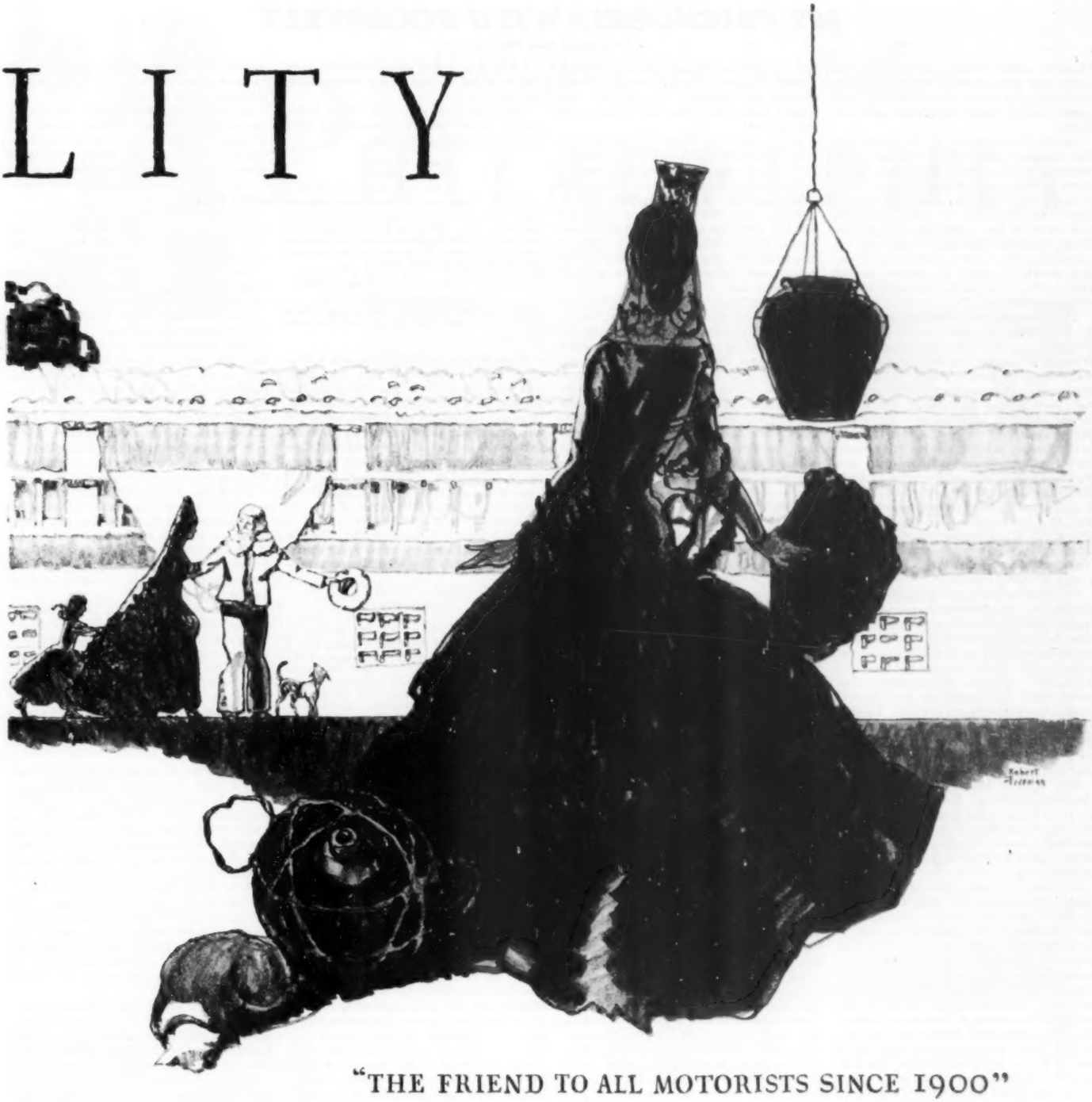
The Automobile Club of Southern California, with its Touring Information Bureau, Road Sign Service, Official Hotel and Garage Department, Highway Patrol, Outing Bureau and other departments, is constantly at your disposal to aid you and guide you and insure your having the greatest vacation of your life.

If you want to drive to Southern California this summer, fill in the coupon on the opposite page and we will send you, without obligation on your part, complete maps and touring information to guide you from wherever you may be to this magic land. And when you arrive, don't forget you're the guests of 140,000 fellow motorists who have made possible this great institution and its "host service."

How About the Pacific Northwest?

Have you seen Northern California and the Pacific Northwest, with their different but captivating attractions? Why not swing 'round that way on your journey home from Southern California? The Automobile Club of Southern California will be glad to furnish maps and full particulars when you arrive here.

LITY



"THE FRIEND TO ALL MOTORISTS SINCE 1900"

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

An Independent Service Organization — Strictly Non-Profit

Join . . . *Your* Motor Club

There's a reputable, non-profit motor club near you protecting and promoting your interests. It merits your support. Join it today!

BRANCH OFFICES

Alhambra			Santa Barbara
Anaheim	Hollywood	Porterville	Santa Maria
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El Centro	Ontario	San Diego	Van Nuys
Fullerton	Orange	San Luis Obispo	Ventura
Glendale	Pasadena	San Pedro	Visalia
Highland Park	Pomona	Santa Ana	Whittier

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
2601 South Figueroa St., Los Angeles, California
Please send me complete free information for a motor trip from

City_____

State_____ to Southern California

Name_____

Address_____

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH ROOSEVELT

(Continued from Page 25)

Moultrie, and so forth; and everyone was eager to be gracious and cordial to the heroic lieutenant colonel, now President, and a gentleman in whose veins flowed Southern blood.

Behind the ceremony of the sword was the stunning praise which Roosevelt had written in his account of the Rough Riders about the courage of Major Jenkins. When it was known that the President had accepted the invitation to visit Charleston and speak at the exposition, this led the South Carolina legislature to make an appropriation for a sword, which the President would be asked to present to the gallant officer who had served under him in the Spanish War.

The prevailing and spontaneous cordiality in Charleston had been anything but chilled by an affair that had happened in Washington during the autumn and that was still quite fresh in Charleston's memory. Senator Tillman, from South Carolina, had been invited to dine at the White House and had accepted the invitation. Before the appointed day Senator Tillman, in the Senate, fell upon his brother senator from South Carolina with both fists, and they had what is sometimes termed a little difference. It made a wide stir. Thereupon a suggestion quietly reached Senator Tillman that he withdraw his acceptance to dine at the White House. He did not take this suggestion. In consequence the White House withdrew its invitation. This made a very wide stir indeed.

The Tillman incident had highly pleased Charleston. He was from the up country—rustic, forcible, honest, anything but urbane, hostile by birth to the Charlestonians, and he seldom had lost a chance to let them know it. But there was another aspect of the matter. Directly the President's projected visit to Charleston was known, threatening letters began to arrive. Threats never stopped him from anything that he intended to do; they merely made him intend to do it more—but those who were near him felt anxious.

This anxiety was shared, I think, in Charleston, although I cannot recall that anybody there spoke a word of it to me; but the committee of arrangements was peculiarly strict in making known its decision that the President was to enter no private house whatever.

He came. He won their hearts by his good, easy manner, his ready tongue, his vivacity; won them not politically, be it well understood—that most solid part of the Solid South would never vote for him or for any Republican. He knew this—but personally he won their hearts, and lost them all in the twinkling of an eye. But not then. That came later. While he was there, he was *persona gratissima* to Charleston. This came to us from every side, and we were rather mixed in and up with a good part of it. In his speech he had one sentence, not of local or occasional application, but as permanent in the truth it expressed as any which lies at the foundation of sane government anywhere:

"You cannot create prosperity," were his words—or words to this effect—"by law. Sustained thrift, industry, application, intelligence, are the only things that ever do, or ever will, create prosperity. But you can very easily destroy prosperity by law."

That was an example of the sort of bromide which Roosevelt meant when he told Alice and me that he had to use bromides in his business, but he could put old truths home in his own vivid fashion, which made whatever he said striking.

Some bad moments of anxiety came to those who knew about the threatening letters, while they waited at the exposition grounds for the ceremony of presenting the sword, and watched the thick uncontrolled crowd pressing and encroaching—some bad moments, and then a long breath of relief. Just as it looked as if the committee had lost its grip on precautions, marines appeared, led by Captain Leonard, cutting through the confusion, shoving the trespassers back, and order was restored and maintained.

At the sight of Captain Leonard's one arm, Roosevelt's extraordinary memory flashed into action. During the troubles in China, Leonard had jumped into a river where a soldier—a brother officer, if I remember—was going under, and saved his life, but somehow got an arm infected and lost it. The President spoke a few words to him about that, beginning by hailing him by name; and Captain Leonard was a proud and happy man.

And now, back come Senator Tillman and the White House dinner again. Benjamin Ryan Tillman's relations with his brother senator from South Carolina, John L. McLaurin, had been growing worse and worse for some time before the day when what he said caused McLaurin to retort that he was a liar. This promptly produced the physical encounter between the senators. Up in the visitors' gallery was Prince Henry of Prussia, traveling *incognito*, as it is called in diplomacy, not a guest of the nation, a personal guest at the White House. He had come to represent his brother, the Kaiser, whose new yacht, built in the United States, the Kaiser had asked Alice Roosevelt to christen. The dinner to which Tillman had been invited and uninvited was given in honor of Prince Henry, who had witnessed the brief fight in the Senate.

Now if Charleston had been pleased by that rebuke to the up-country senator, the up country was so little pleased that it set out to spoil the plan of the sword. Tillman had a nephew of the same name, and the nephew was lieutenant governor of South Carolina. He gave out that there would be no sword and no presentation. Upon this, Mr. Gonzales, the editor of the Columbia State, and compiler of certain volumes of negro folklore in the gullah dialect, as admirable as anything of the sort I have met, started a popular subscription through the columns of his paper, inviting everybody to contribute one cent. In this he was joined by other papers. It was successful. The sword was procured. Hugh S. Thompson, a former governor of the state, and a former colleague with Roosevelt on the Civil Service Commission, represented the legion of contributors. He presented the sword to Roosevelt, who then presented it with a few words to Major Jenkins.

At those exposition grounds, when the procession was forming to march I forget where, a comical incident passed before my eyes. The director of the procession was a Mr. Hemphill, at that time editor of the Charleston News and Courier. He seemed very much aware of his responsibility, and read out his directions in a voice of perfect importance. He was telling us all what positions we should take, and he began, I think, with where the President of the United States was to stand. The President misunderstood him, apparently, and took a few obedient steps.

"Not there," said Mr. Hemphill peremptorily; "there"—and he pointed.

"I will go wherever I ought," murmured Roosevelt, with an inflection of meekness that wholly upset my gravity, and caused some heads to turn in surprise at me.

During these crowded Charleston hours, somewhere, I went back to our old disagreement about Balaam and Pedro. I told him that I was drawing near the end of The Virginian, working every day at it, sometimes nine hours; that the book was to be published in the spring. Did he still insist that I ought to suppress those details which had so shocked him nine years ago?

"Speak now," I said, "or forever after hold your peace."

"I shall never change my mind about that," he said. "I beg you won't keep that passage. It will deform the book."

I went to my desk and rewrote the page, and recorded the fact in my dedication of the novel to him.

While we were still down there, I evidently wrote him in the interest of a friend—a citizen of the town:

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

MARCH 21, 1902.

. . . I have your note of the 18th instant. It is never anything but a pleasure to hear from you. Give your friend a letter from you to file with his application for whatever post it is he seeks. I hope we can see you both on your way back to the North. . . .

APRIL 5, 1902.

. . . I am sincerely grateful to you.

Now, be sure to bring Frost up, and then I shall try to have both of you and him dine with me. . . .

Frank Frost, of Charleston, and a Harvard friend, a member of that same small club when I had first known Roosevelt, had enlisted as a private in the Spanish War, because he could not get a commission and was not easy in his conscience at the indifference to the Spanish War which his fellow citizens were showing. This I had seen happen in 1898, when my wife and I had paid Charleston our first visit. I had wished Roosevelt to know this about Frost, because its gallant patriotism was certain to appeal to Roosevelt particularly. That explains the first sentence in his letter above.

In May, 1902, The Virginian was published.

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

JUNE 7, 1902.

. . . I did not think it would be possible for you to combine those short stories into a novel without loss of charm and power. Yet I think you have greatly increased both their charm and their power as you have made the combination. It is a remarkable novel. If I were not President, and therefore unable to be quoted, I should like nothing better than to write a review of it. I have read it all through with absorbed interest and have found myself looking forward to taking up the book again all through the time I have been at work. I do not know when I have read in any book, new or old, a better chapter than Superstition Trail. . . .

Did I like his invariable attention and the praise that he so often and so warmly gave to my scribblings? I should think so! It far surpassed my hopes, and used to surprise me more even than I am surprised nowadays when somebody in a newspaper discovers that The Virginian is not the only book for which I am responsible. It had the luck to be a best seller for six months, was dramatized, heartily damned by the New York critics, ran for a while in non-American Broadway, for ten years on the road, is still played in stock after twenty-seven years, and has been three times filmed and once translated. It made money—actual money—an agreeable experience, wholly new for its author. A critic of today has lately pronounced it "overlong, tedious, and by turns too saccharine or too melodramatic." That it was not found so in 1902 proves merely that taste is never stationary, but perpetually changes, and that almost no fiction can long survive its own epoch. Yet it is possible that the critic who has found it so inferior a performance may be a trifle in advance of his own age; between May 1, 1928, and May 1, 1929, 33,986 copies of The Virginian were sold.

VII

WE STAYED at the White House, my wife and I, from January 8 to January 12, 1903. It filled me with a certain pride to reflect that I was the fourth generation of my family that had stayed there. My great-great aunt, Miss Isabel Mease, went there when Dolly Madison presided over it; my grandfather, Pierce Butler, when General Pierce was President; my mother during the same Administration; and now here were we, the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt. None of us had ever been invited for political reasons, but merely because of personal friendship, which seemed a better sort of welcome.

Our train from Philadelphia, due at 6:10, was forty minutes late. Dinner was at 7:30. Everybody was dressing, of course, when we arrived at seven and were shown to our rooms, breathless with suspense—but our trunks were there, dispatched two trains ahead of ours.

We descended out of breath, and were still more so on being shown to the dining room, where the company was already seated, and, upon our entrance, rose.

Soup was not yet served—we had missed being on time as narrowly as that—and in my embarrassment I said:

"Mr. President, don't arrest me; arrest the Pennsylvania Railroad!"

Mrs. Roosevelt was gracious and consoling; she had not known of our arrival or they would not have sat down. Various shiftings of places were caused by our coming, but the company was not large. It was all easy and informal and gay, as Roosevelt most liked to have it and did have it whenever political or diplomatic guests did not spoil it by their imperfect understanding of what agreeable society means.

I recall a dinner at the White House subsequently, where were Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mrs. Holmes, and we all knew one another very well. In the midst of the excellent talk and laughter, the President, in sheer joy, suddenly put both his hands on the table, bowed over them and exclaimed:

"Oh, aren't we having a good time!"

It is little incidents like this—little light straws which float up into memory as I write—that reawaken the pang of his being gone. One or two Presidents as great as he have been hosts of the White House before him, but none so astonishingly familiar with Europe, with history, with very nearly every important subject in the world, and as electrically delightful in dealing with any of them.

This particular dinner of Thursday, January 8, 1903, was my first meal there since the whole place had been done over beneath the guiding taste of Mrs. Roosevelt. He knew how a room ought to look, but less minutely how to make it look so. In matters of dress he was apt to wear anything that befitted the occasion—dinner party or walk in the woods—without much thrashing the matter out with his tailor—and somebody like Woodbury Kane or Winthrop Chanler should have chosen his cravats for him. Her exquisite and very personal simplicity of dress was attained as all art is attained—by gift united to cunning thought.

It was a changed White House indeed, since they had come to live there. Inkpots, wastebaskets, frosted-glass doors, clicking typewriters, the whole back stairs of office running, removed from the front stairs, where it had been suffered to encroach, and put decently out of sight. Very handsome admirable dining room, new furnished; simple, dignified new wainscoting of natural wood; and round about, the solemn heads of moose and elk. All the rest of the house in keeping; a sense of quiet throughout, instead of the ugly sights and sounds of business rattling away just outside bedroom doors. No display, everything simple but dignified, as the President's house ought to be.

As to the food itself, there was never a piling on of courses; it was always good, and simple, with sherry and white wine, but not champagne, unless by exception.

On this evening, as usual, he allowed us but a short time for our cigars; we soon followed the ladies upstairs into the room where they and the ladies of the President's cabinet were to assemble before the diplomatic reception. A member of the cabinet and his wife were already there, and soon came John Hay with his daughter, and

(Continued on Page 153)

Reshaping the heart of PHILADELPHIA

A GIGANTIC PROJECT IN CITY PLANNING

The PENNSYLVANIA'S 472 trains daily offer many unusual opportunities to visit this new city

ONE of the most important city projects in history is now under way in Philadelphia . . . a plan so far-reaching that it will completely change the heart of the third largest city in America.

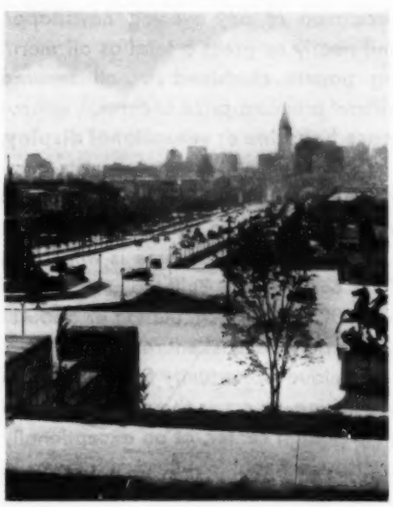
Along the Schuylkill new boulevards will sweep north and south, one double-decked for more than a mile. Old unsightly bridges will be destroyed . . . new bridges constructed. Here will be a river bank to rival the Seine.

On the west bank the Pennsylvania Railroad is building a magnificent new passenger terminal. No trains of any kind will enter the present Broad Street Station. And the famous old "Chinese Wall" will be torn down to make way for a ninety-foot boulevard from the new terminal to the heart of Philadelphia—one of the most impressive arteries of traffic in the world.

Suburban trains will cross a new bridge and by subway will enter a suburban station beneath the imposing new Pennsylvania office building.

Thus the Pennsylvania finds a new way to contribute to the spectacular growth and progress of its "home city." And thus Philadelphia is solidifying still further its unique position.

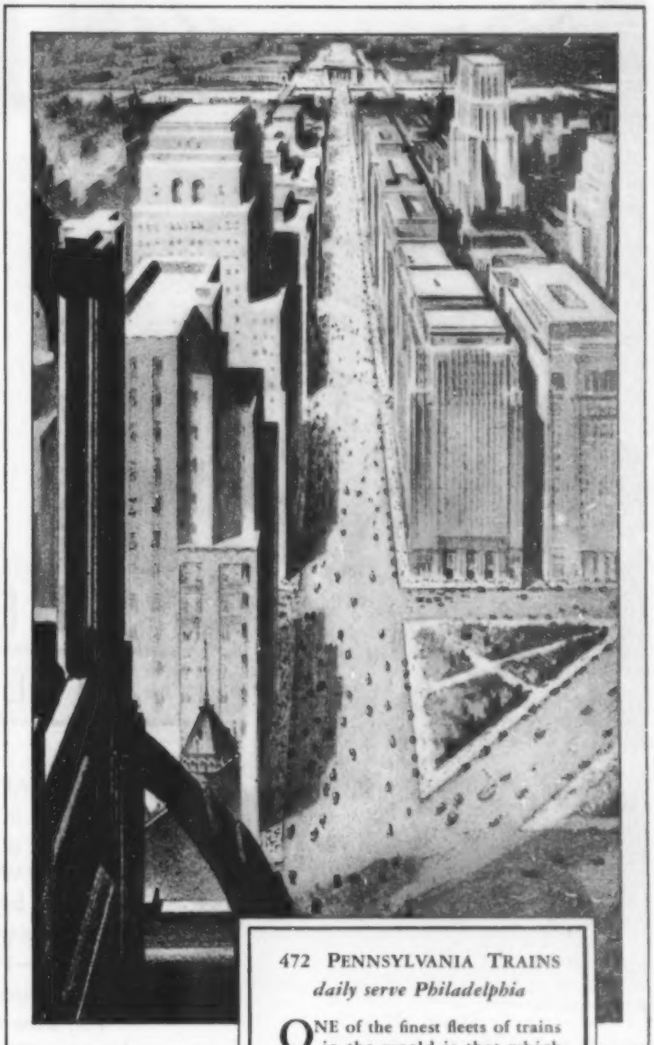
For here is both one of the oldest and one of the newest cities in America. None has played a greater part in history. None has better preserved its historic shrines. And yet no city in the world can boast a more progressive spirit, a more splendid achievement.



Philadelphia has adopted a constructive program of expansion. In the next ten years it expects to increase the value of its manufactured products by nearly a billion and a half dollars. (at left) *Fairmount Parkway seen from the new Art Museum—a splendid artery of traffic and the heart of the city's cultural activity.*

Visit Philadelphia

You'll want to visit Philadelphia—now more than ever before. When you plan your trip, why not call on the Pennsylvania Travel Service? Simply telephone your local Pennsylvania agent. He'll suggest different routes to choose from, and different things to see. Telephone him today . . . no obligation is involved.



(above) *An artist's conception of the magnificent new Pennsylvania Boulevard as it will appear within a few years with the new Pennsylvania Station in the background. This forms with Fairmount Parkway two sides of a gigantic triangle of boulevards.*

472 PENNSYLVANIA TRAINS *daily serve Philadelphia*

ONE of the finest fleets of trains in the world is that which serves Philadelphia.

25 trains each day from Washington led by the world-famous CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED.

57 from New York.

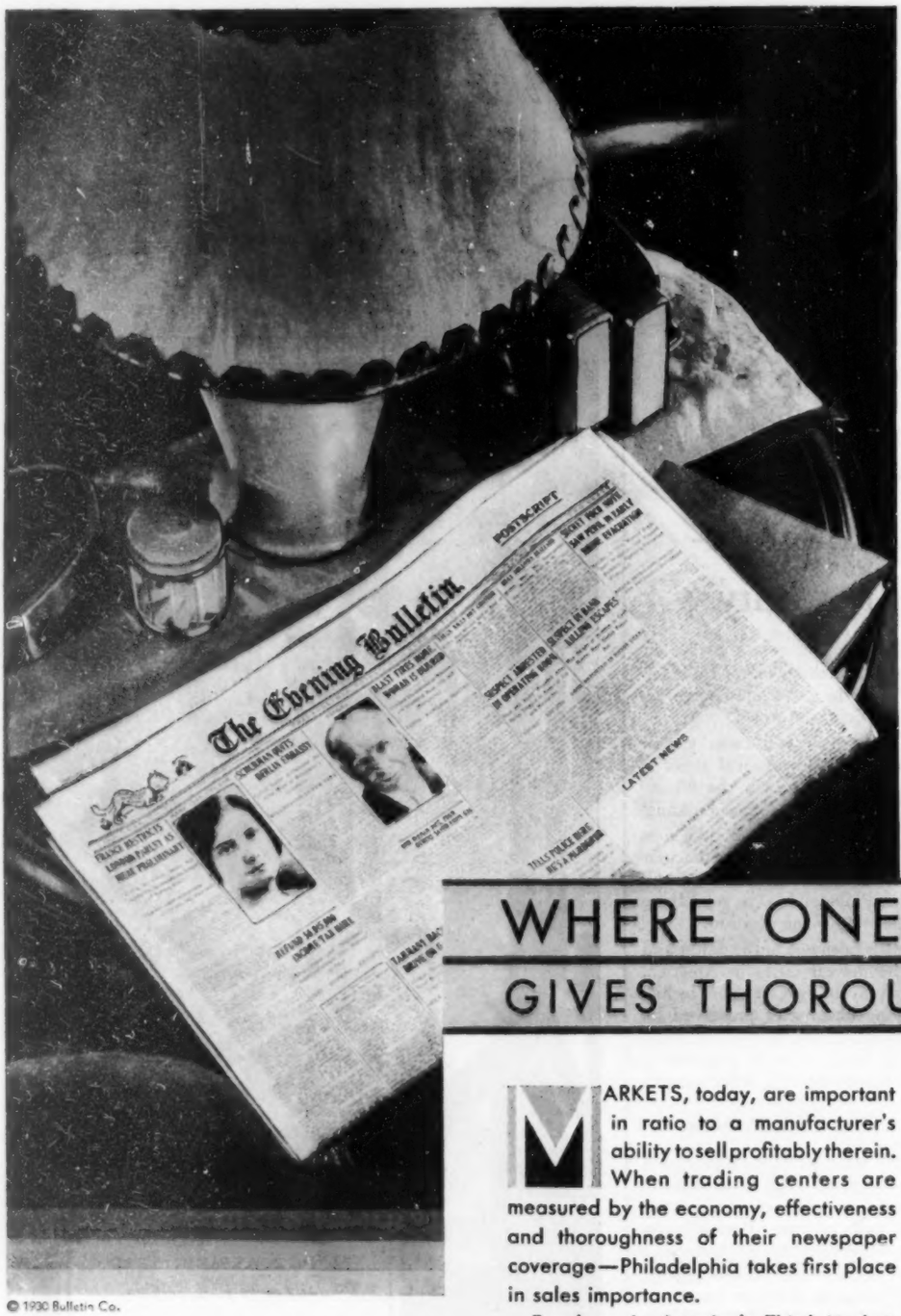
16 from Chicago led by the BROADWAY LIMITED, THE PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED, and THE GOLDEN ARROW.

7 from St. Louis led by THE AMERICAN and the SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS.

3 from Detroit led by THE RED ARROW, 3 from Boston led by THE SENATOR, 7 from Cleveland led by the BUCKEYE LIMITED, 25 from Pittsburgh led by THE DUQUESNE, 6 from Cincinnati led by the CINCINNATI LIMITED.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Directly serves 9 of the 10 largest cities in America



WHERE ONE NEWSPAPER GIVES THOROUGH COVERAGE

MARKETS, today, are important in ratio to a manufacturer's ability to sell profitably therein. When trading centers are measured by the economy, effectiveness and thoroughness of their newspaper coverage—Philadelphia takes first place in sales importance.

For, here in America's Third Market, is a condition which exists in no other metropolitan area: one newspaper being read by practically a whole people.

The Evening Bulletin is the newspaper of Philadelphia business . . . of the home.

The Bulletin, in six days, carries more national and local display lineage than any Philadelphia seven-day newspaper.

The Bulletin has more than twice the circulation of any evening newspaper, and nearly as great a total as all morning papers combined . . . all secured without premium, prize or contest, without scare headline or sensational display.

The influence it exerts over its community attests how carefully The Bulletin has builded for a third of a century.

Today, scarcely a home is without its daily copy of The Bulletin: a market of 572,600 homes; a circulation of 555,711 copies daily, almost entirely in this area.

A unique opportunity for investors in advertising to cover thoroughly a great metropolitan center, at an exceptionally low cost, without duplication or waste.

© 1930 Bulletin Co.

PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia—a great natural market: a city of individual homes that consume almost a billion dollars' worth of merchandise yearly; a city where manufacturing is so diverse that steady employment prevails; a city where $280,000,000 is at present being expended in a vast building program; a city where extensive railroad facilities, and a great tidewater port, with direct connection between freight car and ship and with lower rates, afford economical distribution. And above all! A city where one newspaper is read in nearly every home throughout this entire metropolitan area.

The Evening Bulletin

CITY HALL SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

New York Office: 247 Park Ave.
Chicago Office: 333 N. Michigan Ave.
Detroit Office: 321 Lafayette Blvd.
San Francisco Office: 681 Market St.

(Continued from Page 150)

Attorney-General Philander Knox with Mrs. Knox, and the room gradually filled.

John Hay I knew already, and had an interesting little talk with him before the President rejoined us to form the procession. He confided to me that it was an awful experience to have letters which you had written when you were an obscure and incautious youth turn up after you had become mature and a shining mark. A barrelful of letters like this had been mercifully discovered by a good friend of his at an autograph dealer's in New York. They dated back to his early twenties, in the days when he was still an irresponsible bachelor, and they had been addressed to an intimate chum, long dead.

"Good Lord!" I said. "Good Lord!" And my brain went scrambling distractedly back into my past, and the sort of letters I exchanged with fellow sophomores. But I returned to the present quickly. "Never mind," I continued. "When the Duke of Wellington received word from a woman, to whom he had once made himself as acceptable as a young man can, that perhaps he would like to have the letters he had written her back for a reasonable consideration, or should she publish them, he answered—you remember what he answered?"

"'Publish and be damned,'" quoted John Hay. "Yes, but this is chaste America."

"Chaste be blowed," I said. "Don't you know how they behave in all the rural districts?"

"One must never jolt a hypocrisy," said John Hay, "personal or national. But the friend who found my letters bought the whole barrel and sent them to me. In the hands of a reporter who knew his business, they would have made three columns of good scandal. . . . But you don't learn," he continued with a sigh. "Every day I still write notes filled with indiscretions, and I can't help it."

So do many men, I fancy. Were a venomous and lop-sided selection of my intimate letters to college mates, cowboys, Army friends, and my occasionally furious letters to other people to be made and published upon my death, I might well cut a sorry figure.

Presently the President appeared again, the procession was formed, and we marched down to the Blue Room. For the next two hours we were there. The diplomats, followed by the great American people, passed, making their exceedingly various kinds of bows or shaking the President's hand. The diplomats, of course, were very correct, and the presence of uniforms and decorations among the company brightened the monotony of the general aspect. As for the handshaking business, the President showed me a patent plan of his whereby he saved his knuckles from being crushed to pulp. I can't describe it accurately any more, but the main principle of it was that the other party to the handshake found him or her self wafted onward along the line without either being precisely aware of what had occurred or at all feeling that somewhere there had been a lack.

With whom was the handshaking started? With Washington? Whatever the date, it must have been an observance far lighter than it is now. Will any President have the courage to stop it? How long shall we continue to exhaust our Presidents with a mass of duties to which others should attend?

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt stood side by side at the head of the room, roped off from us guests. I do not see how the natural welcome of a hostess and the dignity of a great position could be more perfectly blended and expressed. She also looked very well, not tired; which seemed wonderful, considering the exactions that she had to meet every day. Next to her and her husband the cabinet ladies were lined up, and behind them stood John Hay—which I thought must be pretty slow for him; he took about as much part as one of the candlesticks. Next to the President stood a secret-service man, a truly ambrosial creature with shining clusters of yellow hair, a yellow mustache, a man's fine figure, and an eye that must certainly have turned the heads of many distracted females. The President told me that he was a mountaineer from West Virginia. Cabot Lodge said, while I was looking at him and commenting on his impressive appearance:

"Yes, and it's not pleasant to reflect that as he stands there his hand is on his revolver from start to finish."

And so for two hours the American people, with each name announced, passed in at the door to the President's left, and across the space roped off, and out at the door to the right, and into the big ballroom—the East Room—and the sight of them, coming and going, was more than Niagara. Women, men, children, some solemn and awkward, some composed and easy, some smiling; in every sort of dress, with every sort of hair, brushed or disheveled—and all of them showing somehow that emotion was possessing them as they greeted their President. The Star-Spangled Banner was waving in their hearts. Such an exaction should no longer be made upon the President, even though something be lost when it ceases to be a custom.

One of the people addressed Mrs. Roosevelt as well as her husband, saying:

"Good evening, Mrs. President."

She told me that it was the first time this had been said to her.

Nothing of any mark occurred on this occasion; but upon another, a very short stout lady came along and gave her name to the usher, who was rather tall. He looked puzzled, bent down to her, and she repeated it. He stood up, hesitated, and once more bent down as she met it by standing on her toes and once again giving her name. He stood straight, and with a forlorn expression and a failing voice announced:

"Mrs. Rooster."

"Mrs. Brewster!" shrieked the lady, and so passed on into history.

My wife stood against the rope with the other ladies, watching the American people during most of the ceremony; while I came and went, circulating about, meeting many whom I knew, and being most kindly presented to people whom they thought I should like to meet by Mrs. Cowles, or Miss Hagner, or Miss Bessie Kean, an old friend, whose brother was senator from New Jersey.

The room was full of old friends and acquaintances—Bob Bacon of Harvard, '80; Teddy Baylies of '79 and his wife; General Young, whom I had seen last in the Yellowstone Park; General Bates, Paymaster, with whom I had gone through the Yosemite, and a new acquaintance, destined to write the greatest American biography so far—Senator Beveridge; an engaging, vital, eager, charming creature, but too young for his years, not yet quite grown up. But he had the quality that endeared and made you remember him and be always glad to see him. As we sat together a few years ago at a dinner given by Nicholas Murray Butler to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, Beveridge was deep in his Lincoln, and made the meal delightful by his enthusiasm and his account of the interesting documents he had unearthed—pamphlets, newspapers, ephemera at the time, but of the highest value now as revealing the spirit of that time. My last sight of him, when he came to receive the Roosevelt Memorial Medal for his Marshall, was a very sad one. As he spoke, we wondered at the absence of that quality which had made his speeches so arresting; we did not know that he was a dying man; we knew it all too soon.

The President, as I have said, won the heart of Charleston at once, and immediately lost it. The cause of this was his appointing a negro to the office of Collector of the Port. It finished him with those high-spirited, sorely bruised people. Nobody who realized to the full how deep the bruise had gone could have supposed that they would see with composure any negro whatever, no matter how honest and worthy, holding office among them. Doctor Crum was such a person, this was freely admitted—but he was a colored man! The President had come to Charleston, had been made welcome, had uttered all sorts of friendly and enthusiastic words, had reminded them that he was part Southern himself—and had then gone away and insulted not only the whole city but the whole South!

That is how they put it. My wife and I heard them often enough and were able to understand it through living among them. It was the deep bruise; and the President, meaning well, but not aware how sore it was still, had pressed it. It was not the Civil War, it was what came after the Civil War—it was Reconstruction that was the real, lasting bruise. War makes everybody slightly insane, upsets normal equilibrium; so that the same man, in peacetime just a usual man, may be turned by the slumbering immensity within him waking up and taking control—may be turned by this into a hero, a saint, an angel, at one moment, and the next into a fiend.

But the bruise had come to stay; and Theodore Roosevelt, in his zeal to do the negro justice, did not see this quite adequately. This point I ventured to bring up. I didn't often tell him when I disagreed with what he had done, and I didn't often disagree. When I was silent it was either because I felt that he must know more about it than I did, or because he hated so to have you not think as he did, if he cared for you.

This was the charming, natural boy that lived in him; he could become absolutely plaintive as he pleaded and argued for his own view.

It began at the first breakfast in the White House the morning after the diplomatic reception, and he brought it up again at every succeeding breakfast.

Mrs. Roosevelt remained in her room, regulating her household in seclusion, and the young ladies did not come down; only Ethel and Archie were there, and they not every morning. The President put my wife on one side of him and me on the other. And so it began, that Friday breakfast, January 9, 1903. I can think of nothing more characteristic of him than this whole discussion.

"I don't think you ought to have appointed Doctor Crum," I said.

"You don't?" He stared at me, astonished.

"No."

He turned briskly to my wife, sure of a very different opinion. He knew the good works to which she was addicted, he knew that Dr. William Ellery Channing was her great-grandfather, that her background was crowded with New England worthies from the beginning, that she visited the Hampton school for negroes near Old Point Comfort, and greatly admired its organizer, General Armstrong. Very naturally, he turned to her from my unexpected heresy. Then he discovered that she was a heretic too.

"Why, Mrs. Wister! Mrs. Wister!"

He looked in bewilderment from one to the other of us. We remained mild but firm.

"Why, goodness me!" he broke out. "Why, don't you see—why, you must see that I can't close the door of hope upon a whole race!"

He went into it then, volubly and vigorously, not at all the plaintive schoolboy any more, but the mature and earnest Roosevelt, ably presenting his reasons—the political reasons and the moral reasons. He would favor no man who was unworthy, once he knew that he was unworthy. He had taken the greatest pains in this case. He was perfectly aware of the Charleston prejudice. He particularly wished to avoid it. He had especially chosen the office of Collector of the Port, because a person holding that position would not be brought into contact with many Charleston people in the discharge of his duties. He must recognize and support the party of which he was the head, but he must recognize much more his wider obligation as President of the whole people and not merely some of the people, he could not rule out any class as a class; and he wound up as he had begun, by repeating that he could not close the door of hope upon a whole race.

"But you didn't open it when you appointed Doctor Crum," I said. "You shut it a little tighter."

There was no use in another appeal to my wife; he saw that we were of one mind about this, and he continued addressing us both; my saying that he had merely shut the door a little tighter set him off on another tack—Lee had surrendered in 1865; that was almost forty years ago; the evil policy of Reconstruction had ceased twenty-five years ago; there was not the slightest warrant any longer for this attitude of a certain class in the white South. If an American citizen was worthy of an office, it should make no matter to grown-up people with pretensions to reason whether the man's ancestors had come from England or Africa.

"Perhaps it shouldn't," I said, "but it does. If your act theoretically ought to do good to the colored race, but actually does them harm by rousing new animosity, it's a condition you have to reckon with, not a theory."

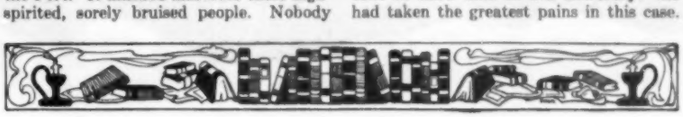
Time had come for the President to go to work. There was no more of this at that breakfast; but next morning, after pouring out our coffee for us, and eating his grapefruit and chirping away like some cheerful, vigorous bird about various things, he unexpectedly reopened the entire discussion of the previous morning. Everything was said over again on both sides, nothing new was added, because there was nothing new to add. The schoolboy couldn't bear to have us—my wife especially—disagree with him; he pleaded and argued for the rest of the meal. And so it was on the final morning; he went over all the ground again, and we again gave him the answer. It was a condition, not a theory; he had done harm, not good.

And then, at the very last moment, the schoolboy gave it up. Our visit was ended, he would not see us at the next breakfast. As we stood at the breakfast-room door, saying good-by, he suddenly spread out both arms and clenched his fists.

"Well," he said, his jaw struggling over what was coming, "if I had it to do over again, I—don't—think—I'd—do it."

Many years later, one of that Charleston group whose hearts he had lost, a man prominent in the public concerns of the town, said—so I am told—that he did not see how Roosevelt could have well done anything else than appoint Doctor Crum to that office. The Republican organization had presented to him a series of names which he had rejected, one after the other, as being, for this reason or that, undesirable, and to reject everyone whom the party recommended would have been very nearly, if not quite, impossible; he had at length selected the person likely to give most service and least offense.

But what remains with me of all this is not so much its political bearings, delicate and difficult as these were; it is he that remains, his pleading, his persistence in trying to bring you over to his view of an incident that was closed; his youthful, unsophisticated, obvious worry that two people who were of no political value to him, but important to him only in his friendship, should stick to their adverse opinion no matter what he said—and then, that last morning, the surrender, wrenched out of him in his completest schoolboy manner.



Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Wister. The next will appear in an early issue.

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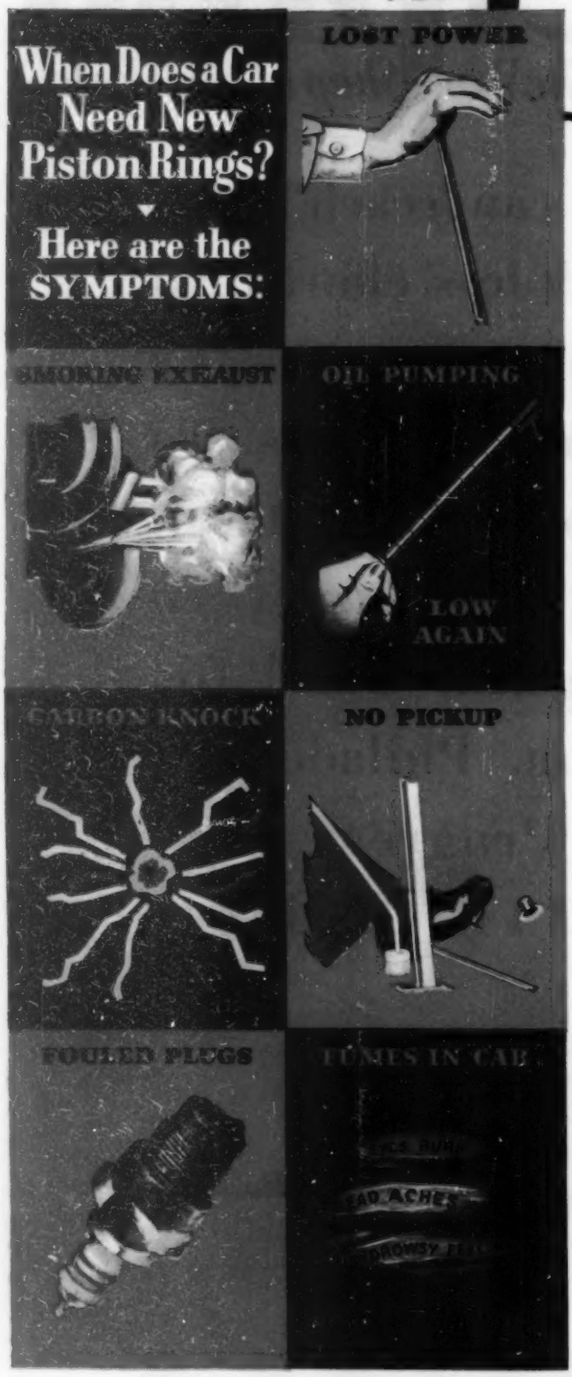
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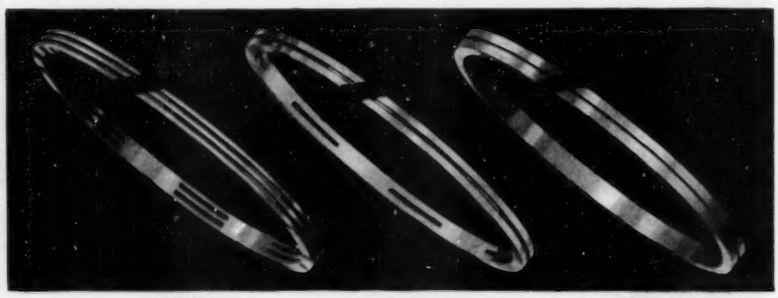

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PERFECT CIRCLES

THE SHEPPER-NEWFOUNDER

(Continued from Page 11)

about. They're sort of soft and—and—well, loving." Jimmy became embarrassed.

"I know the kind," said Mr. Murdock gently.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, relieved. "And what sort of a dog is he, Mr. Murdock?"

Mr. Murdock considered gravely. "I'm afraid, Jimmy, your description is just a trifle vague."

"You playing tomorrow, Mr. Murdock?"

"Why, yes. I think so."

"Then," begged Jimmy eagerly, "if I bring Sport up in the afternoon, would you mind looking at him? It won't take you but a minute, Mr. Murdock."

"How about Mel?" suggested Mr. Murdock. "There's a club rule against dogs, you know."

"Yes, I know. But I'll tie him to a tree outside the grounds. Sport'll lie there as quiet. He's an awful understanding dog, Mr. Murdock."

"All right. Yes. I'd certainly like to see him."

So, the next afternoon, Jimmy leading the way, Mr. Murdock walked down the drive to the county road where lay Sport, tethered by an old rope to a fence post. Truth to tell, Sport was not for the moment at his best. The outer semblance was intact, but the inner, informing spirit was somewhat relaxed by the uneasy circumstance of being tied up and abandoned in a strange place. In short, Sport's appearance was abject. He cheered feebly for a moment at sight of Jimmy, but immediately drooped.

This lack of spirit did not seem to affect Mr. Murdock adversely. He examined Sport attentively and at length. One skilled in expression might have identified a faint incredulity at what he saw. So long did his silence endure that Jimmy, hovering anxiously, offered a suggestion—from the dog book in the library.

"Don't you think he has noble proportions?" he asked.

Mr. Murdock uttered a loud snort which turned out to be a sort of cough sneeze.

"Very noble," he agreed after a moment of recovery. He turned to face his small companion.

"Jimmy," said he, "do you know what kind of a dog you have there?"

"No, Mr. Murdock! Tell me!" cried Jimmy, dancing from one foot to the other.

"Jimmy," repeated Mr. Murdock impressively—"Jimmy, that's a genuine Shepper-Newfounder!"

"Oh, Mr. Murdock!" cried Jimmy.

IV

JIMMY'S cup of bliss was now filled, and the two objects of adoration mentioned at the beginning of this story fully established. One played to the other, so to speak. With Mr. Murdock's identification of Sport as a genuine Shepper-Newfounder, Jimmy's affection was armored against many things that might otherwise have wounded it severely, though nothing would have diminished it.

The jeers of neighborhood small boys could not now affect him, nor even the fact that certain vulgar and overaggressive canines of the neighborhood on several public occasions rather put it over on Sport; though the first encounter troubled Jimmy until Mr. Murdock explained the situation. Across the tracks a great deal of prestige went with personal combat. That Sport should so promptly roll over in supine and abject surrender when bristled at by the Smith Airedale occasioned adverse and jeering comment.

That afternoon Jimmy found that Mr. Murdock was playing with a woman; a fact to which he had to resign himself by a mental effort. Nobody liked to caddy with women. But the first hole opened his eyes to the capabilities of this one. She smacked out as pretty a par as one would want to see; no scratch miracles, two on and two putts. Jimmy was a babe in years and in experience and in mind, but he knew a lot about golf, and he had noted this creature's long, slashing swing and carry through, and the straight-armed crisp jar of her iron to the green.

"Nice par," said Mr. Murdock pleasantly. "You really ought to be playing with Johnny Spence, you know. I'm truly apologetic for the club that I'm the only one available. I'm afraid you'll find my game very dull."

"I'd rather be playing with you," said she. "In the first place, your game looks to me plenty good enough to keep me busy; and in the second place, I am out for a nice, pleasant afternoon. Johnny Spence makes things so deadly serious."

"I thought all champs did," murmured Mr. Murdock. "Isn't that how one gets to be a champ, and keeps on being a champ?"

"I suppose so—for tournament and practice—but on a day like this ——" She waved her hand abroad. "Golf is a social game, after all, isn't it?"

"I am delighted to hear you say it," replied Mr. Murdock, "and immeasurably relieved—on account of the club, I mean. I cannot offer you its best golf on such short notice, but if you permit conversation, I assure I'll do my best."

The girl laughed, and without further comment teed up and drove well past the clump of trees on the second fairway.

As they separated after Mr. Murdock's slightly divergent ball, Jimmy sidled alongside.

"She can't beat you, can she?" He voiced not incredulity but loyalty.

"Beat me?" Mr. Murdock chuckled. "She could probably give me a stroke a hole and beat me—half a stroke, anyway. Don't you know who that is, Jimmy? That's Miss Herrick."

"Gee, Mr. Murdock!" gasped Jimmy, stopping short and gazing round-eyed after the champion of women champions. "Sure it is!" he marveled. "I seen her picter in the papers, but I never thought I'd see her!"

He fell into a daze of worship so rapt that Mr. Murdock spoke to him twice requesting his spoon, and then had himself to pluck that instrument from the bag. He displayed no annoyance, however. On the contrary, a smile of understanding amusement quirked his lips. As they left the second green—another par for Miss Herrick; as for Mr. Murdock—well, a great many members consider that trap on the left a gratuitous insult—Mr. Murdock checked Jimmy as he started to follow the other caddy.

"As long as this is a social occasion," said he to Miss Herrick, "I am going to ask to present Jimmy. Jimmy is not only a good caddy and a friend of mine but he is the youngest caddy in the club. But he is particularly distinguished because, as far as I know, he owns the only genuine Shepper-Newfounder around here."

"A genuine ——" began Miss Herrick; then caught Mr. Murdock's eye and stopped. "How do you do, Jimmy," said she, and offered her hand.

Jimmy, twisting and turning, thrust forward his small paw.

"Pleased to meet ja," he mumbled in a glorified agony, and scuttled away in a daze of happiness. He had shaken a champion by the hand! He had exchanged words with her!

The two grown-ups looked after him with complete understanding.

"You've made him very happy," said Mr. Murdock. "He is only ten years old—the age that worships its heroes."

"I think he worships you," said Miss Herrick simply—"and he should. I am enjoying this game." She glanced at Mr. Murdock, who was, as well as Jimmy, beginning to display symptoms of uneasiness. "But what was it—Shepper-Newfounder?"

Mr. Murdock explained, ending with a shout of laughter a vivid description of the dejected Sport tied to the fence. Miss Herrick smiled, but she did not join Mr. Murdock's laughter; and she looked at that young gentleman with a newly speculative light of kindness in her eyes.

It was not until the tenth tee that Jimmy was able diffidently to broach the subject nearest his heart that day. Miss Herrick had sent her caddy for adhesive tape.

"Mr. Murdock," Jimmy broke an opportune silence, "you know all about dogs. What do they use a Shepper-Newfounder for?"

"Use him for?" repeated Mr. Murdock.

"Yes; you know. Bird dogs is good for huntin', and bulldogs is good for fighting, and Airedales is fine for cats."

"Oh, yes, I see. Well"—Mr. Murdock hesitated appreciably—"I haven't had experience with the breed, but I should say they—well, they're good for sort of taking care of things, you might say."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, "Sport's pretty good at that. I let him lay down on my overcoat when I'm at school, and he takes good care of that. And if anybody comes outside the woodshed, he growls and barks." He stopped, torn between his need of justification and his loyalty. "I wisht he'd fight a little better!" he blurted out, and turned red. Reluctantly, in response to question, he divulged the recumbency of Sport before the onslaught of the Smith Airedale. He finished the graceless recital choked, almost tearful, but with a spurt of defiance. "That's probably because he don't care about himself," said he. "I bet if some ole dog attackted me, Sport'd fight him! I bet he'd take care of me!"

"Why, certainly he would." Mr. Murdock made the statement so matter-of-fact that it became instantly a certainty. "But about this other little affair. You say Sport rolled over on his back. Did the other dog bite him then?"

"No, sir, he just stood there and growled, and then backed off and went away."

"Perhaps that was just as well," observed Mr. Murdock. "That Airedale probably knew his stuff—very probably."

He pursed his lips and looked wise, and nodded his head two or three times. Jimmy gazed at him with all his eyes. Mr. Murdock appeared to arouse himself from some inner train of thought.

"You know, Jimmy," said he briskly, "I've owned a lot of dogs—several hundred all together, I suppose. And as an official in kennel clubs and field trials and such things, I've had to do with a lot of others. I've noticed they have a lot of ways of fighting. A bulldog, for instance, clamps hold and never lets go. A collie runs in and out, taking slashing bites. You take a Scottie—he's so small you'd never think he could fight at all, but most big dogs are afraid of him. Why? Because he's so short-legged he hops around and waits his chance, and runs right underneath and bites up at the softest and tenderest spots. That's strategy. It takes brainwork, quite different from just an ordinary fight that is all snarly and mixed up and generally useless. Now, I've never happened to see a Shepper-Newfounder fight. I don't like dog fights, but I'd like to see that just once. I've heard about it. Let me get this just right. You say that when the Airedale charged him, Sport immediately rolled over on his back, and then that the Airedale growled at him and backed away, but did not offer to bite him. That right?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy breathlessly.

"Ah!" said Mr. Murdock triumphantly. He turned to Miss Herrick. "That," he told her, "is the Shepper-Newfounder strategy. His position gives him an advantage. If that Airedale had taken one step forward—one step—Sport would have had him by the throat. But he knew better. His instinct taught him, I suppose. He retreated. Sport had him licked, and he knew it!" He arose briskly from the bench. "Here comes your boy. . . . Run along, Jimmy. I'm going to drive."

"That," observed Miss Herrick, "was really a noble effort. I did not know you had so magnificent an imagination."

"I was in rather a 'tight corner," submitted Mr. Murdock.

"Do you suppose he really believed it?"

"He isn't ten years old. And don't forget, he wants to believe it."

"You do know small boys, don't you?"

"Well," said Mr. Murdock, with a rather shamefaced smile, "I'm a kind of a small boy myself." He arose to tee Miss Herrick's ball. It was, as usual, her honor. "Let us hope," said he, "that in the interests of my reputation, the festive Sport will prove both discreet and conciliatory."

"I like small boys," remarked Miss Herrick, preparing to drive.

The game was a long one. They did not get in until late. As soon as Mr. Murdock had withdrawn to the locker room, a very apologetic president took Miss Herrick in charge.

"I'm so sorry we did not know you were coming," said he among other things. "If we'd had the least warning, I'd have arranged you a better game."

"But I don't want to be made much of," protested Miss Herrick. "I am here for a quiet visit. And I had a most enjoyable game."

"Yes, I know," agreed the president, "of course. But tomorrow I think we can promise you something more interesting. I've got hold of Mr. Spence—Johnny Spence, you know. He'll give you a battle more of the kind you are accustomed to."

"That is sweet of you, and kind of Mr. Spence," replied Miss Herrick, "but I already have a game. I am playing with Mr. Murdock."

V

THUS matters stood, very satisfactorily to Jimmy Milligan, until the day of the great catastrophe. This coincided with the second day of the annual club tournament. Johnny Spence was practically conceded top of the championship flight, of course; but there were various other flights and prizes, and everybody was keen and hopeful of doing his best in his own class.

To his own intense surprise, Mr. Murdock qualified in the first flight. He had not hoped for better than the second, and the third would have been good enough. But his glory was likely to be very short-lived, for when the drawings were made for the first match round, he found himself opposed to none other than Spence himself. He shrugged his shoulders whimsically and said something about snow upon the desert's face.

"I suppose," said he to Johnny Spence, "I would do as well to default, but that wouldn't quite do. I hate to bore you."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the champion, almost too soothingly. "It'll be a good practice game for me. Just what I need."

At which Miss Herrick's eyes narrowed appraisingly, and for a brief instant she allowed herself a wild conceit of Murdock rising to undreamed-of heights just for this one day. But she was a champion herself, and knew better. So, without specifying to herself her feelings about Mr. Murdock, she classified Mr. Spence as a little of a cad.

The only individual that day present who took this particular match with any seriousness was Jimmy. As he trudged alongside Mr. Murdock toward the first tee he inquired anxiously into the gentleman's morale. The gentleman's morale was all right, but his confidence in victory nil. Indeed, he laughed at Jimmy's earnest exhortations.

"Yes you can too!" claimed Jimmy. "You played a nice game yisterday qualifyin'. It was a nice 81. And what'd he do?"—nodding bitterly at Mr. Spence. "Seventy-eight! That's not so hot for a champeen! You'd 'a' made better'n that," insisted Jimmy as Mr. Murdock laughed,

(Continued on Page 160)

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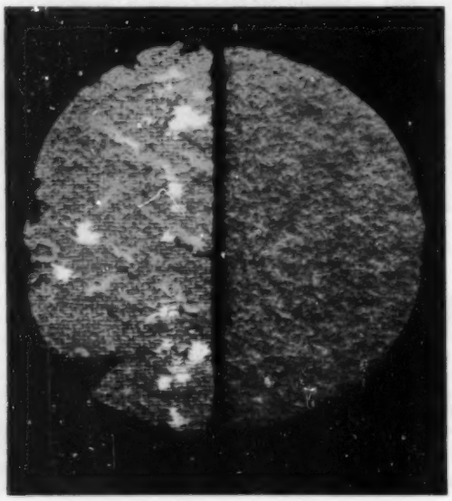

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the entire family, can be Konated without the slightest injury. There is no shrinkage . . . no disagreeable odor . . . no injury to fugitive colors . . . you don't know that your things have been Konated. But, moth worms *do* know! They cannot eat Konated cloth!

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At any season of the year, your Furniture Warehouseman can bring Konate Mothproofing Service into your home. Upholstered furniture, cushions, wall, door and window hangings, piano felts, rugs, carpets and woolen blankets can be protected from moths . . . insured for three years. Or, the work can be done at the warehouse. Wherever it is done, it is no bother to you . . . not even a moment of worry. You get a written guarantee, effectively backed by an Insurance Certificate issued to you by Lloyds Casualty Company of New York.

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Here is a Mothproofing Service unreservedly guaranteed; covered by a Lloyds Casualty Company Certificate of Insurance against loss from moth-damage for 3 years. Back of this remarkable double guarantee is an entirely new type of material . . . Konate . . . that disregards moths but immunizes the cloth itself. Years of experiment at Mellon Institute of Industrial Research . . . millions of moths bred for the purpose . . . many failures with many materials . . . then came Konate, a solution proved by over 100,000 Konated articles in daily use. Now Konate is a part of the Konate Mothproofing Service available locally. Behind the process stands the written guarantee of your local dealer; back of that, insurance by Lloyds Casualty Company . . . a double-tight, ironclad protection against moth-damage, available only through Konate Mothproofing Service.

Rugs and carpets, together with many other furnishings, can be Konated in your home or in a warehouse.

Hardly a home but has suffered from moth-damage. What disappointments . . . what extra expenses . . . have followed discoveries of moth-holes in personal clothing, in furnishings, and in household woolens! With Konate Mothproofing Service no farther away than the telephone, full protection against moths can be had with a minimum of bother and a minimum of expense. Dyers and Cleaners, or Furniture Warehousemen, collect selected articles, Konate them, and return them without the slightest noticeable difference, and you may have insurance without additional cost.

Konate is distributed by one of America's largest producers of Industrial Chemicals . . . a $50,000,000 corporation founded more than a quarter-century ago. This organization makes it possible for you to have Konate Mothproofing Service locally. If your local Dry Cleaner or Furniture Warehouseman cannot quote you on Konating, please write to us, mentioning their names.

It is very reassuring and rather convenient to have Konating done in your home. The moderate cost of Konate Mothproofing Service will surprise you.

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Konate Mothproofing Service is a valuable asset for your business. If you are not familiar with Konate and with the Konate franchise, ask us about it. The facts will be given to you without obligating you in any way.

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A NEW SERVICE FOR GUARANTEED MOTH PROTECTION

(Continued from Page 157)

"If you'd 'a' carried way through. I watched you close. You stopped your swing too quick. Your short game's good as anybody's."

"Stopping my swing too quick is the cross I bear," admitted Mr. Murdock, with a sigh.

Jimmy was checked a moment by his wonder as to what cross-eyed bears had to do with it; then he swept on:

"Now, you try this, Mr. Murdock: Don't think of her as a ball at all. Think of her as a feather. Then you'll swing way through!"

All of which shows how very seriously Jimmy was taking the match—thus to have broken all caddy traditions by, unasked, telling his boss where to get off!

Miss Herrick—one of the small gallery who followed, more to see Spence play than for the sake of the match—began to think, after a few holes, that she had somehow stepped out of actual life where real things happen and into a fiction story wherein the bright hero licks the professional, whether he be boxer, tennis player, golfer, or what not. For, indubitably, Mr. Murdock was rising to undreamed heights. He was getting almost as much distance off the tee as Spence himself; his seconds were clean and quite far enough to get him on or very near on the par fours, and to afford him a reasonably close approach on the par fives. Like many moderately short players, Murdock's game about the greens was deadly. Spence found himself playing against a par or a very close threat of a par at every hole. That is sufficient to make anybody, even a champion, settle down and pay strict attention. But settling down and paying strict attention is difficult when one has started out with a superiority complex. It is hard to come back when one has let down. Even if accomplished, it cannot be done instantly.

At the end of six holes the champion was one down!

The small gallery was immensely tickled. Of course, it could not last, but it was a good joke while it did last. Johnny would shortly tighten his game; Murdock would of course blow. They were all golfers, and they knew how that worked. Miss Herrick, the most experienced of them all, expressed it in a whisper.

"He'll crack when it dawns on him that he might have a chance," said she. "Then he'll tighten up."

Certainly at this juncture Mr. Murdock was a picture of abstracted relaxation. He did not appear conscious of the fact that he was playing a match at all. His mind seemed to be cast inward in contemplation of something most absorbing and interesting. As, indeed, it was; nothing is more absorbing and interesting to the struggling golfer than a new theory that seems to be working out. New theories that work out—for a short time—are what keep golf magazines going. Only once did he come to a momentary realization of what was going on, when a sunk twenty-foot putt gave him the honor. The fact had to be called to his attention.

"I'm not used to the honor," he smiled engagingly. "I'm afraid I'm shooting a bit over my head."

"I'll say you are!" growled Johnny Spence.

"Now I know you're a cad!" snapped Miss Herrick to herself viciously, and, throwing all good sense and experience to the winds, became violently partisan and plunged into the fiction world where the hero licks the universe.

Mr. Murdock socked one a good two hundred and twenty-five yards. They walked forward and rejoined the caddies.

"Do you know, Jimmy," he confided, "that feather idea of yours is a pippin? That's been my trouble, and I knew it, but I couldn't stop it. Somehow, when I heard the club crack against the ball, I let up. Couldn't get over the idea I'd done the whole job."

Jimmy was a mere child in most things, but in the psychology of golf he was possessed of a vast wisdom.

"Keep on sockin' 'em, Mr. Murdock," was all he said.

"Just you wait until I get at Squires and those highbinders!" exclaimed Mr. Murdock—which was a peculiar ambition to fill the mind of a man one up in a championship.

At the tenth tee the gallery was substantially increased. Scouts had reported something doing. Murdock was still his one up. People looked at one another incredulously. The air was tense. Jimmy was visibly trembling with excitement. Miss Herrick's hands were tightened into fists. Spence was frowning with exasperation. Nothing is more wearing than to find oneself unable, hole after hole, to shake off a lightly held opponent who develops unexpected strength. Against a proved antagonist it is not nearly so bad, but in this case, to the usual stress of close combat is added the frustration of a confidently expected break that continually postpones. Mr. Murdock was the only serene member of the little group. He did not seem to wake up to what it was all about. As a matter of fact, he did not give a thought to the possibility of beating Johnny Spence. He couldn't beat Johnny Spence! But he was immensely fascinated by this new feather idea and tickled to death with the way it worked.

The tenth green is atop a long slope. To its left is a small grove of trees, into which the unwary may easily hook his third shot. Both men were on in three, Johnny with a short chip within two feet of the cup for a sure four; Mr. Murdock by means of a Number 4 iron that landed a dozen feet from the pin. It was Jimmy's turn to take the flag. As he held it, while Mr. Murdock addressed the ball, his eyes wandered beyond the player to the little grove of trees. They widened with horror. There wriggled Sport, the Shepper-Newfounder, sniffing the air inquiringly. In some manner he had traced his master this far and was obviously preparing to join the party.

Jimmy tried to convey a hybrid between a telepathic, a grimaced, and a gestured command to Sport. Mr. Murdock putted smoothly to within eight inches of the cup, but not in. As he came forward to pick it up after Spence's growled "Conceded," he said to Jimmy mildly:

"You must try to hold quieter, Jimmy, when you have the flag."

Jimmy cast an agonized glance toward the grove. Sport had evidently not yet identified his master, for he was still sniffing the air. Johnny Spence stooped to his putt, lining up this short one as painstakingly as though it were yards away, taking his stance with care and deliberation. He drew back the blade of his putter ——

A wild shriek and upheaval. The silenced and respectful air was filled with clamor. Sport, the Shepper-Newfounder, had recognized Jimmy. He was leaping about in an abandon of joy, uttering short sharp barks of welcome. Johnny Spence jerked convulsively, stabbed at the ball, and it went wide. Nobody could really blame Johnny Spence for his next action, which was to straighten up and smite the cavorting Sport with his putter. Not only had Sport's performance tied the hole but the animal's elephantine gambols were not improving the velvet turf of the green. However, even as a member of the greens committee, it is doubtful if the latter consideration occurred to Johnny. You or I would probably have swatted that dog if, for example, some dub we had magnanimously and loftily started out two up and adjust was not only holding us but actually licking us on even terms. Johnny undoubtedly had one poke coming; and if Sport had had the sense to follow his usual tactics of ki-yi-ing retreat, all might have been well. But he did not. Perhaps he was overcome by terror; perhaps he had some muddled idea that it was better to stay by Jimmy. At any rate, on receiving the putter in his midriff, he sank abjectly to his belly like a toad, thus offering an admirable target for the toe of Johnny's boot.

"Get out of here!" commanded Johnny, and made dismissing gestures; then, as Sport merely cowered lower, he delivered another kick. Before he could repeat it, he was faced by an interposing small figure.

"You let my dog be!" cried Jimmy. "Don't you dare kick him!" He stooped to cover Sport's body with his own. "You great big bum!" he shrieked passionately.

Undoubtedly this called for disciplinary measures, beginning with a report of conduct to proper authority—Mel—as set down in By-law XVIII. Mr. Spence cut red tape by slapping Jimmy's face, at the same time exhorting him not to be impudent. Whereupon Jimmy hurled the bag of clubs, to the further damage of the green, and, sobbing, fled, accompanied by Sport, who instantaneously recovered his spirits and frisked ahead in enjoyment of what he considered a race.

"Jimmy!" Mr. Murdock called after him, but as this merely increased Jimmy's pace, he shrugged his shoulders sadly. "I'm sorry," he told Johnny. "Take it over, please."

But the member of the tournament committee refereeing would have none of this. Even worse, he ruled that, as in all this scuffling Johnny had inadvertently kicked his own ball aside, he had lost the hole. Which, you must admit, made it complete!

I would like to record how, with two holes lead, Mr. Murdock then proceeded to sweep through to the great triumph of eliminating the not too popular champion in this first round. But I cannot falsify events.

As a matter of fact, the distressing incident bothered him, so that he forgot about thinking of the ball as a feather, reverted to less than even his customary game; while Johnny Spence was by now so angry that he delivered supergolf. Some people—a very few—are like that. They never play their best when they are too peaceable. He took every succeeding hole with strokes to spare; thus winning the match on the sixteenth green.

Miss Herrick walked back to the clubhouse with Mr. Murdock.

"I'm so sorry," said she. "I think you might have beaten him if ——"

"Oh, I didn't hope to beat him," said Mr. Murdock cheerfully. "But poor little Jimmy ——"

"He's a beast!" flamed Miss Herrick, obviously not referring to Jimmy.

"Oh, you can't really blame him," returned Mr. Murdock tolerantly. "Those things get you. He wouldn't have done it if he'd had time to think."

"Yes, he would," insisted Miss Herrick. "He's a beast."

"Jimmy was very impertinent."

"Jimmy is just a baby."

"Well, I'll say he has full-grown language," grinned Mr. Murdock. "I'll have to be severe with him."

But Jimmy never came back to be lectured. He had disappeared permanently, it seemed; for the Fairlawn Club links saw him no more. Mr. Murdock inquired of Mel, but Mel could not help. Nor could, or would, the other caddies. Indeed, one or the latter cinched the matter. Meeting Jimmy one day somewhere across the tracks, he told him, as instructed, that Mel was looking for him, but added with a grin:

"I bet if they ever catch you they put you in jail and poison that ol' dog of yours."

"Was they very mad?" asked Jimmy anxiously.

"Mad?" The caddy laughed derisively. "Oh, no, they wasn't mad! You know what they did? They ruled that hole against Johnny because when he swiped that ol' dog of yours he kicked his own ball."

So Jimmy became an exile. He took it all much to heart. Not only had he automatically fired himself by sassing a member but he was a keen enough golf psychologist to know that he had ruined his adored hero's chances of victory. It was all very unfortunate.

VI

MONTHS passed, but Jimmy did not entirely recover his spirits. He attended school and did his chores so meekly that Mrs. Milligan was gratified, though a little uneasy. His passionate comfort was Sport, the Shepper-Newfounder. Sport was growing rapidly in personality, as dogs are wont to do when greatly loved. Not that the marks of inner development were flagrantly reflected in the outer seeming. He learned no tricks; he performed no quotable prodigies of intelligence. To a stranger, Sport would have appeared only as a rather extraordinary looking creature, markedly devoid of the *joie de vivre*. But between him and his small master grew up a rare felicity of communion. Side by side on the curb the two sat for long periods of time in brooding immobility, Jimmy's arm about Sport's body. And between them flowed, unobstructed, many trusts and worships and loyalties and deep, glowing understandings beyond the containing capacity of words; strengthened and amplified on Jimmy's part by what he had sacrificed, by the content of what he had lost, by his adoration for Mr. Murdock, whom he was to see no more. From this relationship gradually came a knowledge that was conviction and faith. Jimmy knew that not only was the Shepper-Newfounder the finest of canine breeds but also he knew that Sport was the best of all the Shepper-Newfounders. Sport knew that his master was a god.

From such mystic blendings of spirit the two would sometimes arise from the curb to wander across the tracks to the business district, where Jimmy would comment to Sport on what was to be seen. He talked to the dog as to another human being. Once he looked up, to catch sight of Mr. Murdock driving by, accompanied in his exceedingly sports roadster by the lady champion of champions. Jimmy darted into a doorway, dragging the bewildered Sport with him, where he crouched, clasping the dog's head close to his own.

"That's him!" he cried excitedly, turning Sport's eyes in the proper direction. "That's him—the finest man in the world!"

He did not identify to Sport the champion, though the latter rated headlines wherever she went.

About a month later, on one of these aimless excursions, Jimmy discovered something in Blenkensop's window that held his attention. It was a poster advertising the imminence of the kennel society's annual dog show, and giving a list of classes. Jimmy read them through carefully. There were bewildering numbers of breeds—chows, Pomeranians, bull terriers, Irish terriers—all sorts of terriers—pointers, setters, Chesapeakes, greyhounds, whippets—dozens of them. Jimmy had not known there were so many sorts in the world. Yes, there it was—Pinscher-Schnauzers—that would be Mr. Murdock's kind. But as he neared the bottom of the list he realized that there were no prizes offered for Shepper-Newfounders. He was just about to turn away, when his eyes fell upon the last line before the signatures of the committee:

"Best Dog: First prize only."

Jimmy's heart lifted. He noted carefully the place and the date of judging, and turned away.

"That's us, Sport, ol' dog," said he.

On the appointed day and at the appointed hour Jimmy appeared before the gate, in one hand a carefully saved fifty cents and in the other a cotton rope at the end of which slunk Sport. One of the things that put Sport ill at ease was a crowd. For one thing, it had so many legs and feet; and Sport's early years had impressed upon him that those were the implements of swift kicks. He proceeded reluctantly, dragging back sufficiently to convey his distrust.

"You can't take that dog in here," the gateman stopped him.

"I brought him to the dog show to be judged," panted Jimmy, whose propulsion of Sport had not been without effort.

"Come on! Stand to one side!" ordered the gateman. "You're holding up the line."

Jimmy started to expostulate further, but subsided as a huge policeman sauntered

(Continued on Page 163)

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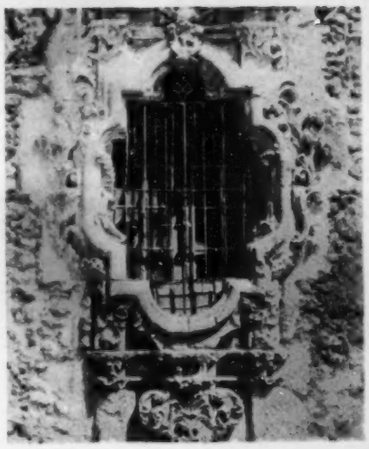

NEAR San Antonio stands the San Jose mission, built in 1701 by Franciscan monks. The south window of the baptistry, an artistic achievement in wrought-iron by the Spanish sculptor and monk, Huicar, today forms an interesting comparison in durability with the crumbling walls about it.

Authorities regard this wrought-iron window, brilliant in conception and meticulous in detail, as one of the finest examples of architectural ornamentation in the world. And time adds to its beauty!

The reason this wrought-iron design has withstood the corroding influences of time is the *Vital Element* which does not rust. It is a barrier against the chemical reactions under exposure which destroy other metals in a few years. This *Vital Element* is iron silicate, the time-defying ingredient in wrought-iron.

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Foreign scrap is never used in the production of genuine wrought-iron. In the puddling process, pig-iron is refined and the *Vital Element*—iron silicate—is distributed uniformly throughout the mass.

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Byers Genuine Wrought-Iron Pipe, through decades of widespread service, has demonstrated its superiority for building and all other uses where installation begins and ends the pipe problem. It costs more than ordinary pipe because it is extraordinary. It will last longer and provide more protection than any cheaper pipe you can buy. Demand Byers Genuine Wrought-Iron Pipe. Identify it by the Spiral Stripe. Send for Bulletin 38.

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BYERS GENUINE WROUGHT IRON **PIPE**

AN INVESTMENT—NOT AN OUTLAY

(Continued from Page 160)

in his direction. With kids from across the tracks cops were final. Jimmy drew away, followed, now briskly, by Sport. At ten paces he stopped and gazed back. The gateman, he decided, had a mean face and would never listen to reason. The cop was—a cop. So Jimmy continued his strategic retreat to the street. He had not the remotest intention of acknowledging defeat; the gateman was an unexpected annoyance, that was all. He walked along the building and around the corner until he came to a small square opening with which he had become familiar on other occasions, when the place had been used for boxing. He knew this for a coal chute.

Looking sharply up and down the alley, he popped himself into the opening, at the same time commanding Sport to follow. As Sport failed in coöperation, Jimmy came to a stop at the end of his cotton rope. Sport's eyes bulged, but he braced his forefeet and held. Extreme disapproval seemed to lend him weight. After pulling for a moment in vain, Jimmy had to scramble back up the metal chute and out the opening. He looked down at the now prostrate Sport with exasperation.

"I tell you it's all right!" he cried. "You got to come on if you want to be judged!"

He got behind Sport and tried to boost him bodily into the chute. Sport flattened himself; he increased his weight by at least forty pounds; he allowed his rear end to be slewed around with his front end as a pivotal point. Jimmy tugged and hauled until he was red in the face and he had to stop for breath. After a moment's thought he returned to the attack. This time, when the rear end slewed around, he lifted it to rest on the edge of the opening; then, with astonishing rapidity, shifted to the front end and lifted strongly. Before Sport had fathomed this strategy he found himself clinging with his front claws to the wooden lintel while his hind claws slithered from an inclined metal surface into which they would not bite. The next instant Jimmy had hurled himself bodily, like a football player, at the face of the agonized dog. The two of them, tangled together, slid down the chute, to land with a slight jar on a pile of coal.

"There! You poor nut! Now come on!" said Jimmy, gathering the end of the rope. "We gotta hurry or we'll be late."

Sport came on willingly—anything to get out of here. But at the top of the ladderlike stairs he went into reverse with a suddenness that nearly upset Jimmy. Here were people—people in crowds. And here were dogs—dogs in hundreds. If there were two things in the world that Sport despised, it was crowds and dogs—especially dogs. And these dogs were, most of them, voicing all sorts of opinions, mostly derogatory of this and that and one another. Those of them who caught sight of Sport hurled at him the most injurious of epithets. If he could help it, Sport did not intend to proceed a single step into that terrifying vociferation. Nor did he. Nevertheless, he proceeded. Jimmy's blood was up. With the rope over his left shoulder, he leaned forward and tugged. They moved forward, leaving in the sawdust on the floor a broad trail plowed by Sport's braced forefeet and his prostrate rear.

For a time nobody in authority marked them, though a few idling spectators stared in amusement. But just as Jimmy had managed to reach the outer fringe of the close-packed crowd around the judging ring, the derisive and outraged ululations of the dogs chained to the benches that followed their progress like a wave attracted the attention of the powers. A number of handlers hurriedly elbowed their way through the spectators to see what was exciting their charges. Jimmy was pounced upon.

"What'n hell you doing here with that mutt?" one of them demanded.

"I want to see the judge," demanded Jimmy stoutly.

"You can't see the judge," said the man roughly. "You don't belong here. Out you go now!"

Jimmy expostulated excitedly. He even cried a little, and the tears made tracks in the coal dust on his cheeks, but they were tears of defiance. A center of small commotion formed itself. People turned to stare. Jimmy looked about the ring of faces in despair. They were all strangers. He found in them curiosity, amusement, but no support.

"Come on now!" repeated the man. "We can't 'ave this, you know."

The front rank of the spectators gave way to an authoritative thrust.

"What's all this?" inquired a familiar voice.

"Why, this 'ere young un, sir ——" began Jimmy's tormentor.

"Why, it's Jimmy!" Mr. Murdock cut him short. "What's the trouble, Jimmy?"

"I brought Sport to be judged," stated Jimmy, plucking up heart, "and these men won't let me."

Several people near enough to hear started to laugh, but Mr. Murdock fixed them with so deliberate a stare that they fell silent.

"I cannot imagine, sir, 'ow he ——" began the handler.

"That'll do, Jenkins," ordered Mr. Murdock. He stooped to Jimmy's level.

"I see," he said slowly. "Of course you are a little bit late, you know ——"

"Yes, sir, but I couldn't help that," replied Jimmy. "That guy at the gate wouldn't let me in."

"How did you get in?"

"Through the coal chute," Jimmy informed him.

"Of course, I might have guessed that," agreed Mr. Murdock, his lips quirking in a quick smile. "But you know, Jimmy ——" he said, slowly and gently. He hesitated, groping. "Well, there is no Shepper-Newfounder class, you see."

"No, sir," agreed Jimmy. "I know that. I was entering him for best dog."

There was no restraining the gust of laughter that swept the bystanders, but it was rather kindly laughter; and in any event, Jimmy paid no attention to it.

Mr. Murdock straightened up with an air of decision.

"All right. Come with me," said he. He took Jimmy by the hand and led him to the ringside, through the crowd, which parted to let them pass. The dignity of the progress was somewhat marred by Sport, who adhered to his original mode of progress.

"You wait here," Mr. Murdock told him. "I've got to finish judging these setters. Then we'll see. You needn't be scared. Here's Miss Herrick."

"I'm not scared," said Jimmy, and smiled up at Miss Herrick.

Jimmy watched the judging with enormous interest and a slight sinking of the heart. He watched the setters standing quivering like beautiful statues, heads high, eyes fixed in far-off gaze, forepaws straightly side by side, tails horizontal. He watched them as they moved in slow stately pacings or swift graceful trottings back and forth. Jimmy had had no idea there was so much to judging. He watched Mr. Murdock as he went carefully over each contestant in turn, measuring, feeling, squinting from one angle or another.

Now he wanted to get away, and if the crowd had not hemmed him in so closely and if Miss Herrick had not held him by the hand, he would quietly have disappeared. Not that his loyal little heart acknowledged for a moment that any of these animals could hold a candle to Sport as a dog. But Sport, though indubitably a diamond of the first water, was as indubitably a rough diamond; and Jimmy could not bear the thought of his being misvalued in the eyes of the world through lack of a few tricks.

But it was too late now. In a moment the ring was clear. Mr. Murdock beckoned to one of the other officials, who listened to him and disappeared; then approached the spot where stood Jimmy and Miss Herrick, and where cowered the now thoroughly demoralized Sport.

"Come on now, Jimmy," said he.

Miss Herrick detained him with a hand on his arm.

"What are you going to do?" she whispered anxiously.

Mr. Murdock did not reply, but smiled at her. He stooped and lifted Sport bodily over the fence and carried him to the platform, where he placed him on his legs. Sport immediately collapsed like a toad. This prostration did not appear to disconcert Mr. Murdock in any way. He proceeded in the most businesslike manner to measure Sport's skull, to lift his lips in order to peer at his teeth, to pass his hands appraisingly over Sport's body. He took a long time at it.

The crowd was, on the whole, quiet. Here and there somebody snorted or giggled, but most of those watching the performance were stilled by an eager curiosity to know what it was all about. Finally Mr. Murdock straightened his back, holding a restraining hand on Sport's evident desire to bolt.

"Jimmy," he called, "come here a moment."

Jimmy climbed into the ring and trudged over to Mr. Murdock's side.

"Do you think you could get him to stand up?" inquired Mr. Murdock.

Jimmy thought he would try. Sport recognized the effort with a hasty lick of his tongue, but remained true to his safety-first idea.

"I think I could if I had a piece of chocolate bar," said Jimmy at last. "He likes chocolate bar."

"Fair enough," agreed Mr. Murdock. "Hawkins, go buy a chocolate bar at the stand and bring it here."

The man disappeared.

"Sport don't know nothin' about all these tricks those other dogs did," suggested Jimmy diffidently.

"Oh, that! That's just for setters," replied Mr. Murdock indifferently.

Hope crept again into Jimmy's heart.

"You think he's got a chance, Mr. Murdock?" he inquired breathlessly.

"I can tell better when he stands up," replied the young man, with a brusque air of importance.

Hawkins appeared with the chocolate bar. Sport sniffed incredulously. This was the first redeeming ingredient in an otherwise deplorable situation. He arose to his feet.

Mr. Murdock squinted from several angles.

"That's all!" he said suddenly. "Oh, Barnes!"

The official he had first spoken to came forward. In his hands he held a small silver cup, which he passed to Mr. Murdock. Mr. Murdock faced the crowd.

"First prize," he announced in a loud voice, "to Jimmy Milligan's Shepper-Newfounder, Sport, as the Best-loved Dog."

He turned and gave the cup to Jimmy.

VII

THE bystanders cheered and laughed. Dogs in all parts of the building howled their reaction to the emotion that was in the air. In the midst of the confusion, Mr. Murdock bustled Jimmy and Sport and the silver cup through a gateway in the ring and through the crowd. This was easy as contrasted with Jimmy's entrance; for Sport appeared to sense the fact that he was on his way out, and now strained ahead so violently against the cotton rope that Jimmy could barely hold him.

Outside the press of the crowd they encountered Miss Herrick.

"Look! Look what I and Sport got!" cried Jimmy, holding out the cup.

"Isn't it magnificent!" said Miss Herrick, but she looked at Mr. Murdock.

"What are you crying about?" demanded the latter.

"I'm not crying," she denied with a sniffle, "but it was a beautiful thing. And now I know you are the kindest man in the world."

He leaned forward and looked into her eyes. She looked sturdily back.

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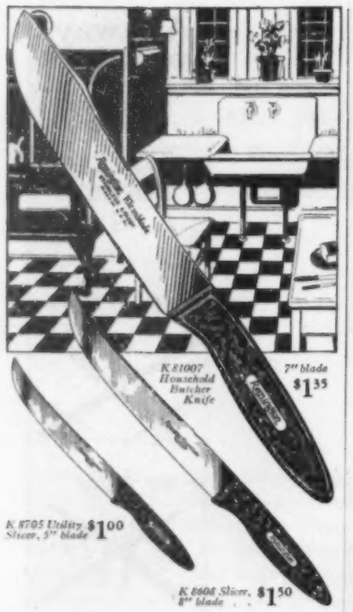

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At this moment Sport decided for home, and decided so suddenly that he yanked Jimmy from his feet and sent the precious cup rolling across the floor. Mr. Murdock retrieved the cup, anchored Jimmy, and himself took charge of Sport's rope.

"I'm going to send Jimmy home in my car," he told Miss Herrick. "I'll be back in two jiffies. Stay on this spot. I want to see you. On this spot!" Mr. Murdock looked very stern.

"I'll be here," agreed Miss Herrick meekly.

Mr. Murdock strode away toward the entrance gate at a terrific pace. Jimmy fairly dangled from his hand. Mr. Murdock seemed unaware of him or of the now ebullient Sport. At the curb he paused while a very marvelous car drew up.

"Take this young man home," he told the driver. "He will tell you where he lives."

"And the dog, sir?" The chauffeur looked dubiously at Sport.

"And the dog, most certainly." Mr. Murdock seemed in a great hurry, but recollected something at the last moment: "And, Jimmy, I want you to caddy for me Saturday afternoon. Be there without fail."

"But Mel ——"

"I'll fix Mel."

"All right, Mr. Murdock," agreed Jimmy happily. "Oh, Mr. Murdock!"

The young man turned back almost impatiently.

"That was awful," Jimmy mumbled—"what I did, I mean. I see by the papers Johnny licked you, and if it hadn't 'a' been for me ——"

His distress was so obvious that Mr. Murdock curbed his haste.

"Don't think about it any more. Forget it. In the long run it did not make one bit of difference."

"You was going good," insisted Jimmy. "If you'd licked Johnny Spence you would have been champeen."

Mr. Murdock became preternaturally solemn, with the solemnity Jimmy recognized as a concomitant of Mr. Murdock's kidding mood.

"If you can keep a secret, Jimmy, I'll confide in you. I agree with you thoroughly that the Murdocks ought to have a champion in the family. If you will excuse me I'll go attend to it now."

AMERICAN BUSINESS AND BUSINESS MEN

(Continued from Page 38)

division of the annual earnings and property of these huge companies.

* * * * * * * * *

Nearly half a century ago—it was the year 1881, to be exact—a would-be publisher lay fast asleep on a pile of papers. Outside were scores of newsboys waiting for an extra, for it was a critical moment in that three-month period when President Garfield lingered between life and death. Despite the clamor outside, the youth slept on, only to be awakened when the presses were started and the extras were ready for distribution.

The power of concentration—a readiness to shut out everything from one's mind and rest—is something which many business men have acquired only by self-enforced discipline. Frank B. Noyes, now president of the Associated Press and also the president of The Evening Star of Washington, learned his first lesson in concentration when he slept between those extras at the age of seventeen. Out of his long years of business activity, Mr. Noyes points to a relationship between mental concentration and throwing off worry.

"I never worry about something I can't help," he revealed. "Whenever confronted by anything that requires action I do all that I can to arrive at a decision as to what ought to be the proper course for me to pursue. Like other business men, I sometimes take my problems home with me, and while reading a book the solution will subconsciously come to me. But having once taken the action or reached a decision, I can blot it out of my mind. Again, I say it does not do any good to worry over something you can't help."

As an illustration of this habit of mind, Mr. Noyes remarked on the letters that business men frequently write on subjects that have perplexed them, but on which there can't possibly be an answer for an interval.

"Having once made a decision and written a letter," continued Mr. Noyes, "it doesn't do any good to worry about what the reply will be. You can't cross a bridge until you come to it anyway. Many people have hypothetical worries—they think constantly about what might happen. Until the answer you are waiting for comes you can't know definitely what your own course must be. So why worry about it?"

Some men are blessed with an even temperament and they can absorb their worries without upsetting their mental equilibrium. Too often the worries of business are the result of personal friction—the passion of anger which eats like a cancer into the dispositions of those who feel themselves aggrieved. Mr. Noyes told me that early in life he had an ungovernable temper, but soon found that it did him more harm than anybody else, so he sought to repress it, and by so doing acquired a self-mastery which has contributed no little to his years of prolonged business activity. For in 1931 he will have completed fifty years of active newspaper work. As the presiding officer of the board of directors of a far-flung news-gathering organization and as publisher of a newspaper himself, he could, of course, impose upon himself as many worries as he chose.

"I learned early," he said, "never to do anything that I could make anyone else do. I believe that in successful delegation of authority and power to others lies the secret of good business organization."

Mr. Noyes has always managed to rid himself of detail and yet keep a vigilant eye on what is going on all around him. He is a studious reader of daily reports and has a penetrating way of finding the vital spot in a mass of figures.

All this may or may not point a moral—it is an individual's battle with invading worry. At sixty-eight, Frank B. Noyes has few gray hairs. His complexion is ruddy. He is not robust, but he does not lack vigor. He takes his work seriously, but not too seriously. And his poise may be attributed to will power, with a characteristic determination to segregate the causes of worry and concentrate on them at specific intervals rather than allow their intermittent intrusions. Many men are keenly alert to the trouble spots in their businesses, but not always so expert in diagnosing the trouble spots in themselves.

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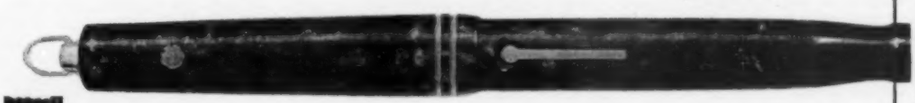

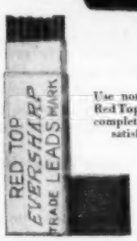

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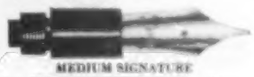

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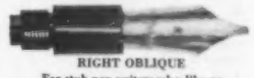

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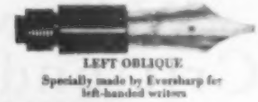

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ZIMBOLACI'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 21)

"He—this Zimbolaci who had kissed my beard several hundred times a day on the island of Cyprus ——" Ali Bey breathed harshly, with a movement of his arm which stirred the flame of the tall spermaceti candles at his back. Abd Errahman, with his full coffee-colored face, and body spare as a mummy, and clothed only in a puffy turban and a string, got to his feet; the Sàkalàva girl's fan hung like a fantastic bat from her limp wrist; Captain Hassan bin Ibrahim's luminous mild eye wheeled with the others. All were looking at that little green-and-yellow door above the broken staircase. The upper half of it had swung out; and now Scharife, Arad's purchase, his slave, closer to him than his heart, his neck vein, cried fiercely:

"He is a liar—a poet and a liar! But even if the divan at Constantinople had decreed his death, there was just cause. This man had already changed himself into a hyena and eaten humans. It was discovered by his failure to rub off all of the hyena's tail against a tree when he returned into his human body."

Ali Bey's eyeballs moved strangely, his jaw slacked as if a kind of vertigo, a *coup de soleil*, had attacked him. He was not angered. It was rather as if the heavens had opened to reveal this houri wrapped in silk and stretched on a brocaded couch at the top of a flight of silver stairs infinitely long, and protected by a silver roof.

"Thou—thy very self—fairer than the sheltered egg!" he cried. "Djamila!"

"Impossible!" Hassan bin Ibrahim cried. "Not Zimbolaci's daughter?"

"With Allah nothing is impossible. We are but feathers dropped from his wing," Abd Errahman reminded them gloomily.

"Captain Whitney has bought her," Captain Hassan said. Ali Bey clutched the red Morocco case containing his Koran, and fixed his powerful eyes, with the burning devils of sin and piety fighting in them, full on Arad's face.

"Wilt thou sell?" he shouted. "I offer you four hundred sequins! Five hundred!"

Arad felt his head in a vise. Five hundred. Five times Lettie Shand's lost adventure. How could he refuse? But Scharife, in a white turban and blue shirt to shield her from the glances of demons, ran down the camel ladder and halfway down the broken-off staircase.

"Do not sell me to this man," she implored.

"I sell? I give you freedom," Arad groaned out.

"I cannot take it. I am your slave."

Ali Bey poured on the rug out of a canvas bag a heap of sequins, Persian piasters, doubloons, Spanish dollars, gold Venetian coins, and some bearing the stamp of the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid's reign.

"Sell; thou wilt gain. Slaves are exacting. You are well rid of her. She has a sweet tooth; she will eat all your dates and honey. And she is the daughter of her father Zimbolaci. She will poison thy soul."

"I will not! May Allah seize him by his lying sinful forelock and drag him on his face into the midfires of hell!" Scharife cried desperately.

"It may be as well to sell," Hassan interjected mildly. "The Sultan is expected in a day or two. He is under the Persian wife's thumb, but it will not be well for the purchaser of his favorite slave to be found here. Unless you sell, you had better embark at once aboard this dhow—the She-Mule—which is bound for Muscat and Aden."

"Embark—embark," Scharife whispered.

"I have no money."

"Pledge me, your slave, for the passage money. In Muscat I have friends who will redeem us both."

"Embark then!" Arad shouted, seeing his fate hung round his neck closer than his neck vein, in the person of this ravishing slave who could neither be sold, exchanged nor freed. Ali Bey motioned his slave to rake the impudent coins back into the bag.

Abd Errahman, sitting against a bale of cinnamon on the high poop of the Baghalah—She-Mule—drew smoke through the shank bone of a goat, and said quietly, "I saw a ship's topsail shine a moment since on the sea's threshold. Would it be the British frigate?"

The massive Ali Bey looked with contemplative eyes at the sand heaps in the dhow's open hold, where the fierce pilgrims were lighting individual fires to cook their evening meal. The She-Mule had been going round lately in this ocean like a hen with its head cut off. Near Muscat she had fled from the mere rumor of Johassem pirates—those rascals who cried "God is great!" with each head they cut off against a ship's rail, and afterward perfumed decks—and now she had lost the favoring monsoon, and the mighty breath of India, redolent of the spices of Trincomali and Coromandel, blew them day and night toward Aden. The dhow, in shape like a pear cut in two longitudinally, shambled before the wind, and Abd Errahman, who had charts printed on linen showing in detail the latitude and longitude of the infernal regions, had no sea charts and got his bearings here only by random glimpses of the shape of some distant headland, fogged in clouds of fine yellow dust which the northwest wind had swept up and carried here from Mesopotamian deserts.

"Even if it is the frigate," Ali Bey said at length, "she will not hold up a ship bound on a pilgrimage to Mecca."

Abd Errahman, once the slave of a butter merchant at Mocha, and later a desert rider and Baloche mercenary, shook his head faintly. In the desert he could tell the print of a thief from that of an honest man in the sands, but on the sea he contented himself with listening to the creak of the giant steering tackle and calling five times a day on Allah.

"If we escape this fellow by running before the wind," he said now, watching the looming topsail, "it will only be to fall into the hands of these devils in the neighborhood of Sib. This coast is inhuman."

Arad Whitney, in brown linen coat and pantaloons, presented himself.

"Let me have the loan of your Koran, Ali Bey," he said sharply. "My slave wants to read in it."

"Your slave. Despise your slave or she will despise you," Abd Errahman warned him, but Ali Bey did not refuse him the Koran. The Salem trader had showed to great advantage in that business of outmaneuvering the Johassem pirates. He had somehow got the dhow into his hands without any formal transfer, and now many of the pilgrims were inclined to think of him as the master of the hour.

Ali Bey, giving him the Koran, murmured, "Allah give me only a little of what he has given you." But when the boy was out of hearing, Abd Errahman asked, "Which is slave and which is master between them? Or is it love? Has he purchased a lump of sugar with a mountain of gall?"

"But if sugar be the mountain," Ali Bey suggested. "Certainly, she is beautiful. Her hair is black as feathers of the male ostrich, her neck is Allah's watch tower, her lips are rubies set in ivory, her arms are slender swords mounted in silver. But her eyes—her eyes are black as the muzzles of loaded pistols, warm with the flash of powder."

"Life is a sea, and men blind billows on its surface," Abd Errahman contended. "The slave occupies the cabin, and the master stands guard outside. Three times a day he brings her dates and honey. He has given her a knife. You saw him yourself take it out of the hands of that foolish Persian who used it only for picking his teeth. And now, when the master sleeps, the slave watches," went on the captain of the She-Mule earnestly. "She is a sorceress, I hear, who can turn a man into a bearded goat."

"Night of power," Ali Bey said suddenly, "we shall have sand in our teeth before we know it. The beach is not far off."

"Allah make hard things easy," Abd Errahman said, without moving his shoulders from the bale of cinnamon. The man, clasped by his bare legs to the top of the great pole mast with its forward rake, cried down that the water was shoaling. But Arad, holding the Koran with both hands on Scharife's knees—she was sitting on a cedar chest bound with cords—had no thought of the razor edges of coral reefs. He did not see the sun sinking between apple-green mountains, nor the remote saffron-colored sands, with the rows of palms growing darker and seeming to push their stems up directly out of a lilac ocean.

"Again. Read again," Arad urged his slave.

Scharife put the point of the Persian's silver-hafted dagger to her teeth, dropped it to the Dog Star on her breast.

"This passage is well-known," she assured him. "Thus: 'And who of you is not rich enough to marry free believing women, then let him marry such believing maidens as have fallen into his hands as slaves.' . . . Well, am I not thy slave—I, Andrea Zimbolaci's daughter?"

The dhow was filled with wind-driven bats and butterflies; a yellow butterfly lodged on Scharife's breast, covering the Dog Star there. .

"But I am an infidel!" Arad shouted. "You are commanded to marry believing men."

Scharife lowered her face swiftly to his, and her great eyes searched, entreated.

"You an infidel? Oh, my master Salem, how can you be an infidel—you who speak the language of heaven so sweetly? Have you considered? What of that day when the summoner shall cry to hell, 'Art thou full?' and hell shall answer, 'Are there more?' Tell me, is it easier to believe, or to lie in hell forever with your right hand chained to the back of your neck? Ah, no, by the veil of night, by the fig and olive, by earth which openeth her bosom, by the star-bespangled heaven ——"

"What are they all shouting at now?" Arad interrupted. He stood up and recognized the Bold Runner by her cream-colored bulwarks, her red-painted ports. It was Captain Webb's topsail that Adb Errahman had mistaken for a frigate.

"Old Bullhead has got wind of me at last," Arad thought.

A puff of smoke at the Bold Runner's bow was followed by a splash of solid shot under the dhow's counter. But the beach, not half a gunshot off, was black with horses, asses and wild dromedary riders. The frenzied pilgrims babbled shrill prayers, asking, among other things, to have the spirits of the drowned Egyptians lay hold of that ship's on-coming keel.

But the Bold Runner's second shot pierced the dhow's great right-angled sail fairly. It burst like a pinched grape skin, but the She-Mule's forefoot was already in the sand, and the pilgrims pitching forward on their faces in involuntary attitudes of prayer. Arad, with one arm round his slave and the other clutching the carved head of an Egyptian god, a poop ornament, saw the surf black with naked spearmen coming full tilt with knives in their mouths.

"Old Bullhead will be taken in the same net," he thought, seeing the Bold Runner's sails shaking in the wind. "He's certain to put a boat ashore after me."

And, in fact, the Bold Runner's longboat was already in the water.

"What cock-and-bull story have you told this sheik?" Captain Webb—old Bullhead—croaked. It was the fifth night from

(Continued on Page 168)

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(Continued from Page 166)

the taking of the dhow and the Bold Runner. The Sheik Bel Arab of Sib was encamped under a holy sycamore, with his slaves, women, wives and spearmen. Abd Errahman, late captain of the She-Mule, had covered himself with sand, but Captain Webb sat disconsolately in his underclothes—all that Bel Arab had left him—with his gouty foot swathed in dirty canvas. Old Bullhead was yellow as a lemon peel from his years of haunting the deadly mouths of the oil rivers of West Africa, but he still had that damn-my-eyes look of an old salt about him, even after three days on the back—the stern, rather—of the camel called El Harami—the Ruffian—whose spine was like the blade of an oar set on edge. The Ruffian's belly, too, vast and smooth by reason of the three barrels of water he had taken in at the last well, offered few finger holds.

"I have told him to take us to Aden and get his ransom there," Arad said.

"Who from?"

"The sheik asked that very question, sir. He asked the man's name. I told him, 'Consul.'"

"Consul! Faugh! If I had a white rope's end handy, I'd make you turn your back to windward, big as you are. I'd skin your back. Consul!"

"What else was I to say, sir? His eye pierced me to the soul. 'You agree,' he said, 'before God most high, to pay one hundred dollars for each, and for me personally a double-barreled gun? This is a long desert, there is risk in the southwest, and I could sell you easier in another direction.' So I swore, captain, by Allah, and by the authors of my days, and by the sacred stone, and by the burning souls of those wretches who ——"

"That's enough," old Bullhead grated. "I don't doubt you piled the agony on thick enough. You've got that slave of yours gone, and that's one mercy. You don't even know which way they took her."

"I am thinking she was in the same caravan with Ali Bey," Arad said darkly.

Old Bullhead snorted. Abd Errahman, with only his head out of the sand, whispered, "These people are afraid. They have sniffed a war wind. They are keeping the fires low, and I saw them, a little while ago, feeding the camels opium to stop their grumbling."

Bel Arab's lampblack spearmen were in fact wakeful. They had finished buttering their bodies and their red heads, had eaten their shark meat—which would have baffled the product of Doctors Peabody and Fisk, those Salem manufacturers of incorruptible teeth—and now went about putting ear to the sand, listening, and then roaring like a lion or laughing like a hyena, to indicate to other possible desert voyagers that this well was not a place of social meeting.

Toward noon of the next day, confronted with a line of horseshoe-shaped sand dunes, the caravan stopped uncertainly.

"Behind these hillocks is—whatever is," Abel Errahman declared. "Yonder are tracks," he cried bitterly to Bel Arab.

"Tracks?"

"Tracks.

Abd Errahman put his very nose to the suspected sand, and the spearmen in secondhand wigs, formerly the property of English barristers, hemmed him in. Their oiled spears quivered and their buttered bodies shone like lacquer. Herbs here were reduced to blackened cinders, and the horses' tails, full of electricity from the dry air, crackled as they beat off the flies, which, like slaves or camels, it seemed, feared to desert the caravan and take chances alone with such a dismal valley.

Abd Errahman stood up slowly.

"Your fears are justified," he said to Bel Arab. "These are women."

"Women?"

"Women—all women, by my neck and yours. To the last woman."

The old Baloche mercenary whose ship sense was so much at fault knew desert indications to a hair. By hoof marks, even when wind-blown, he could tell at a glance whether the animals were loose, freighted or mounted, and if mounted, whether by men or women, jinn or mortals.

"Well, in any case, they have passed—they have missed us," Arad muttered.

"He who sees the track sees the foe," Abd Errahman said sternly. "Well, life is a storm, and man only a handful of dust flung against it. These are not women to trifle with; they are ——"

But speech was choked in his throat with the advent of a burning sand shower which blotted out everything, or all but a dire shape, shrouded in this sand wind, mounted on a swift horse, and clad, it seemed, in some kind of bright calico wraprascal. Then the air in a twinkling was full of spears, gun flashes and fierce women's voices. Bel Arab was beaten to his knees; he was a captive with a spear driven through both cheeks, and his horsemen fled into the desert.

Arad, brushed by a horse's shoulder, felt his hand seized. Scharife, in a leather skull cap, with a lion's hide around her body and a shield of boiled hippopotamus hide on her left arm, was sliding toward him, shaking clear of the shield, freeing her big toe from the iron stirrup.

"Is there anywhere a mosque more beautiful than heaven's vault?" Scharife murmured from the turreted parapet of a house deep in the oasis of Ihrah. She was clad in a twist of red silk, with thirty-eight-ounce silver rings around her ankles, and an ugly red weal on her forearm where she had put a brand to remind herself, first by the burn and later by the scar, that a vow of love or hate was still unfulfilled. Her eyes were black; the lashes, touched with antimony, would have made the blackest bee envious, Arad thought. And then, her teeth—like camels' milk. Ali Bey was right. "Can you still think," Scharife cried, gripping Arad's arms, "that this blue sky is but an empty socket, lacking Allah's eye?"

"Not in Egypt, not in Norway, are the stars so fierce as over this Desert of Oman," Arad said.

"And who but Allah caused my women to attack the very revenue caravan in which I was a slave? It is true, Ali Bey escaped on a dromedary and notified them, but Allah directed his footsteps. And could you not believe that this oasis was the very paradise promised by the Prophet?"

"Yes. . . . If only I had not sworn an oath to get this old captain of mine to Aden."

"He shall be sent. Consider. This oasis is no bigger than my palm, my heart, yet all the riches of Oman are crowded here. Fig, olive, walnut, citron, pomegranate, sugar cane and coffee bushes. Let this be the fire where you warm your soul, O master Salem."

The desert wind, stirring in the inky palm fronds, was sweet as the music plucked from David's harp, mysterious, fragrant as the breath of love.

There was no noise. The women who had been wounded were quartered in the ground floor of this house. The rest had played with the great rope swings hanging from the palms—for Arabs love to swing; they had eaten of a leaf brought by camel loads into Aden, which produces hilarity; but their laughter had died, and they slept, wrapped only in oasis gloom, to the music of running water.

"This slave of mine may be a captain of thieves, but she is closer to me than my neck vein still," Arad was thinking. Aloud he said: "My captain won't be satisfied short of Aden."

"My troopers will take him to Aden."

"He won't go without me."

"Not if steel prods him? These desert riders of mine are merciless. Their flesh is like iron. They go for days on a diet of dates, sleep naked in the sand. I—I too. . . . Already, since I have breathed this desert air, my arm is stronger, my aim is truer."

(Continued on Page 171)

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TILLYER LENSES

Accurate to the very edge

(Continued from Page 168)

She hung her whole weight from his neck by her arm. Her eyes, lighted only by the glow from the coffee furnace, adored him.

"I am a seaman," Arad faltered. "I know nothing of the desert. If, like Abd Errahman, I could tell a thief's track in the sand from an honest man's ——"

"You can tell a snake's from a camel's. The rest will come. You can tell happiness from misery, and love from hate."

"I am an infidel, I tell you."

"So you are always telling me, but I do not believe that. You know that one day the sun will be folded up, and the stars will fall, and the seas dry, and the mountains crumble like carded wool. Children know this. Well, then, on that day when the sky shall be stripped away like a veil—nay, like the skin of a flayed animal—do you think Salem will give you fairer visions than this oasis? How can you convince me that you will prefer then to drink in hell as the thirsty camel drinks, and never satisfy your thirst?"

For whole seconds there was no sound but the bubbling of clove-scented coffee in the coffee furnace near the stairhead. Zimbolaci's daughter used all her sorcery, and the trader sank to his knees. The violent booming in his ear, like surf, was only, he became aware, the beating of Scharife's heart. Yet suddenly he had a clear vision of the Bold Runner, laden with coffee, ivory and spices; her sails white under a flying moon, her hull rising and dipping to the long seas that rolled green over the weather fence. Madness; the Bold Runner was in the Sheik Bel Arab's hands, Lettie Shand's adventure was lost, had slipped like sand through his fingers; he could neither recover it nor come into her presence without it. Yet, in this fierce yellow world, with only Allah's eye to watch him, his visions were still of Salem—the Haste, the Brimbles, Gray's Rock, and Marblehead fort. Scharife, his slave, was the daughter of a poisoner, and had dripped cold poison in his veins.

"Let me drink in hell then!" he cried thickly.

"We can still be happy," Scharife reminded him.

"The only happiness is self-forgetfulness—so they say in Salem."

"Then death is the most satisfying self-forgetfulness," Scharife flung at him; and Ali Bey's description of her eyes as muzzles of two loaded pistols was never closer to the facts. "Well, you shall not die. I will make you my slave, since I cannot be yours. Do you hear? You shall crouch in the sand outside my tent, spread my carpets, polish my spears, read my prayers, load my camels. . . . Yes, by Allah, you shall be forced to scrub my neck and shoulders night and morning with sand, my handmaiden. You are a slave henceforth, a slave from Zanzibar."

"Good! File my teeth then, slit my ears, slash my cheeks, choke me with flour and blind me with pepper," Arad grated. "Bury me standing to the neck in sand, I shall be a seaman to my last breath."

"Oh, may Allah blacken your happiness!" Scharife sobbed.

"May Allah break the legs of all your camels!" Arad stormed.

At this truly dreadful curse Scharife gasped and, vanishing into the tiled stairway, banged to the copper-ringed door at the stairhead. Almost instantly Ali Bey crawled over the parapet. He had, it seemed, climbed up a rope swing in a neighboring palm and swung himself onto the roof.

"Ah, friend of my soul," the celebrated Ali Bey murmured.

"You," Arad said savagely. "I thought perhaps you had turned yourself into a hyena again."

"It is true, I was within a hair of being eaten by a hyena," Ali Bey conceded. "But then, how to turn myself back into a man? There's the rub. Well, here is a choice for you. Shall we take these four knives and stand toe to toe until one of us is left remaining; or, on the other hand, will you see fit to sell this slave of yours for three hundred sequins, which is what these women have given me for my services in rescuing their leader?"

"This slave of mine," Arad repeated, "for three hundred sequins. I like this better. Put the knives up. She is yours. But how can she be made to follow you?"

"With you gone, I shall accomplish it. For the time being, I can give up my holy errand," Ali Bey announced. "Let her turn east or west, she will see nothing but the face of Allah, hear only the voice of love. Only relinquish her, escape, and these sequins are yours. Escape is easy. My camel is outside the thorn ring at the edge of the oasis, a rose-colored dromedary, very fleet, watered and provisioned. The old man, your captain, has been roused already. This camel will go three days and nights without stopping. You sleep and cook on his back, and take turns at the neck position. I will describe the route to Aden. The sand showers will conceal your tracks, and furthermore, I will put them off the scent."

"Good. Put the sequins into my belt. This moon-faced beauty is yours," Arad whispered ironically. Ali Bey folded his hands over his heart in the usual desert salutation.

"This camel here—the miscreant—won't rise," Arad said in a dusty voice to Captain Webb.

"You have forgotten the words. *Ikh! Ikh!*"

"That makes him kneel."

"Knock him between the ears."

"That is only to stop him. He is stopped already. No, he has pricked a hoof," Arad groaned, and swept with one blood-shot eye the line of yellow desert which came like a grim sea in sand ripples up to their very ankles. The atmosphere was all on fire. Far off, and still huge as ever, was the monstrous mountain called the Believer's Back, because in shape it was like one of the faithful praying with hands, knees and forehead on the ground. For two mornings Captain Webb, baking out his lame foot in hot sand, had shaken his fist at that mountain, at that implacable Believer. Yet he himself did not believe.

"We'll have to walk," Arad said.

"Walk? How can I walk with this cursed foot?"

"When you can't walk I'll carry you."

They limped away in frayed camel-skin sandals, and the abandoned camel followed them with his eyes and a babyish quivering of his flexible lips. The desert swallowed him, and the two fugitives stumbled across a vast sheet of isinglass which cut their worn sandals to shreds and struck sun into their eyes in blinding flashes.

"Maybe another time you will think twice before laying out money in a slave," Captain Webb complained.

"I could have had five hundred sequins for her at Zanzibar," Arad answered.

"And wouldn't take it. No, not you. Instead, you dally and lallygag, and put me to the trouble of getting on your trail. By the holy poker, if Lettie Shand hadn't made a point of getting me to swear by the bloody wars that I would keep an eye on you, I wouldn't find myself in this predicament. I'm covered with pink ants."

"I got three hundred sequins for her as it was."

"It weighs you down. You'll see. You'll have to drop it."

In fact, coin by coin at first, and then by the double handful, Arad was forced to throw his treasure to the sands. His mouth and tongue were crusted with a waxlike crust; his lips cracked, his bones crumbled in the fierce heat. The sun was like a lion's flaming breath. He moved spellbound in an evil dream from which there was no escape, and which altered only for the worse.

When that night they camped under a dead tamarisk by a well choked with sand, they roared feebly like lions and laughed like hyenas, to frighten away wandering Arabs; and they were answered by an indifferent roar of a neighboring lion who evidently knew this well was dry, since he came no nearer. Captain Webb muttered that J. Chaney, in Water Street, Salem, who sold lion-skin overcoats along with his Petersham surtouts, ought to be along with them.

"Chaney would drive a hard bargain with the beasts," old Bullhead whispered grimly; and they licked dew from their knife blades, as once, becalmed in the Bight of Benin, they had licked dew from ship's iron and eaten tallow arming from the bottom of a ship's lead.

By noon of the next day they had no images in the brain except such as had to do with water. A phantom hand offered water in a bowl, and withdrew it. An oasis turned into a clump of dragon's-blood trees and sickly green acacias. A camel's-back cloud dripped rain in buckets, but the sun drank it in mid-air. A waterspout became a fiery pillar of sand, which made them kneel as low as the Believer, and let the flesh be grated from their naked bodies. They had lost all track of time. The celebrated Capt. James Riley, in his captivity, had marked the days on his leg with thorn pricks, but these captives had no thorns.

They could not tell, later, by what degrees they came into the valley of elephants, but there, soon or late, they found themselves. Elephants lay all about as thick as sand, but they lay on their leathery sides, capsized, hamstrung, and dead of thirst. The sun flashed on their tusks.

"Here's trade at last," old Bullhead cackled feebly. "Here's prime ivory and heavy average, if I know ivory. The Bold Runner ought to make a saving voyage."

He pulled at one of the tusks; it slipped from his hands and he rolled in the sand. He was, he said, monarch of all he surveyed, and Arad, to humor him, crowned his captain king of this desert by dropping a few blackened gum leaves on his head. They staggered on, now falling like dry sticks from the camelfold; again, with curses standing each other up like ill-behaved manikins. The hides of these unbelievers were filled with flaming darts from the garrison of heaven, poured out of a sky of brass; and they could never wink out of their eyes the colossal shape of that mountain of a believer, eternally on his knees. Arad's eardrums were tortured by the exaggerated sound of sand particles rolling down into his footprints when he lifted his raw feet. Ivory was everywhere, a king's ransom; it was like the vision of dry bones of Ezekiel; but the boy had Captain Webb on his back now, and he was forced to drop the last handful of his accursed sequins.

Old Bullhead fancied he was on the sea again.

"Take the wheel, you lazy ship's cousin," he croaked in Arad's ear. "Can't you see we're abreast of Little Misery already? It's the fourth Salem channel, you long fool. Stand to the westward till you bring the north part of Naugus Head onto the north part of Coney. West by south a half south."

"That'll leave the Cutthroats to the south'ard," Arad muttered.

"Say it does. Pass between the Middle Ground and the Triangles, and you can't come to any harm. Now, boy! Now you've got Hopkins' steeple well open to the south'ard of Crowinshield's lower store. Haul up for the anchoring ground. Lettie Shand has seen your topsails by this time, I wouldn't wonder."

Arad Whitney, sinking lower, heard the cluck of water under Derby Wharf. It was easy enough to think himself in Essex Street with a St. Iago cigar in his mouth, his throat cooled with a foaming draught of Newburgh amber and pale ale. For a long while now he had not dared to look back at the Believer, but the noise of sand particles had turned into the thunder of horses' hoofs. *Coup de soleil* touched his brain with its powder flash; horses were reined up on every side, brown women with aquiline noses and black hair fell out of the sky like curses, walled him in with their shields, barred his way with red-hot spears.

"O Allah," he shouted, flailing his arms, and using Abd Errahman's favorite formula,

(Continued on Page 173)

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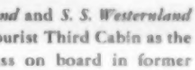

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(Continued from Page 171)

"shadow me in thy shadow on this day when there is no shade but thy shadow!"

"Thou art shadowed, thy prayer is answered!" Scharife cried, dismounting and pressing close against him in her lion skin, which the sun's rays had heated unbearably hot. "Allah hears his son."

The revolted captain of the emir's guard, this long-haired scourge of the desert, held the sinking trader up and moistened his lips with water from a prayer bottle.

"Why do you look here for me?" Arad muttered.

"Ali Bey has powerful eyes. I buried him in sand to the neck and asked him where you were. He looked once and saw you. Next we found your camel. Again, on a patch of flint where there were no tracks, we found here and there a coin."

"Well, I am your slave. Bury me standing."

"No, by Allah. You are the knife, I am the flesh," Scharife murmured. As soon as a tent had been erected over them, she asked submissively, "Is it your will to return to the oasis? That is Allah's shadow."

"No. I go on my pilgrimage—to Salem."

"I am the slave of my slave."

"I have no ship!" Arad cried, inspired.

"But I love you better than myself. It beseemeth not me to take other lords than thee, oh, my master Salem. Since you cannot be free without a ship—and certainly a horseman without arms is nothing better than a plucked bird—I will get your ship back in exchange for my captive, the Sheik Bel Arab."

"But the ship is empty. My captain here has been robbed of the specie with which he meant to trade. If it was Canton, China, Houqua would trust him with half a dozen shiploads, but the trade with Zanzibar has just been opened. If we should return to Salem without the customary ivory ——"

"Ivory? But here is a valley full of ivory. It is yours to the last tusk. I will stop a shark-meat caravan and compel transportation to Sib."

"As I am a child of sin, I do not deserve—I have not earned ——" Arad was beginning brokenly and piously.

"If Allah did not pardon sinners Paradise would be an empty place," Scharife reminded him. "You go, but this wretched little Salem cannot keep you always in its camelfold. You will come again."

"My beard is in your hand. They will send me again."

"That is what I think. My ivory will bring you. Well, God imparadise you both."

"You both." He knew that Arab habit of speaking to a man as if he were two men, his erring self and his guardian angel, his familiar demon, the spectator in his blood. Sinking like a drowned man in Scharife's arms, Arad Whitney felt these two men locked together in his breast.

On a fall night in Salem, Arad came ashore from the Bold Runner. Some kind of festival was in the air, he inferred. Union Street, full of mud, was just one long stable, and even poor Mrs. Rust's garden was jammed with carriages and horses. Young Arad learned that there was a cotillion party in the supper room of Hamilton Hall, and that Lettie Shand was there. He sent Honeycomb's boy in to fetch her down to him at the back entrance.

Waiting, Arad stared through a lower window at Lucas Estes, who had exchanged his post horn for an elegant twelve-keyed silver bugle with gold trimmings, a present to him by popular subscription. The boy was playing an E flat solo with variations. Cease, Rude Boreas, Arad thought the tune was. Suddenly he felt ghostlike, legendary, as always on returning home. Salem remembered him, stared at his adventures and absorbed his cargoes, but could he take Salem quite into his confidence? Could he impart, even to Captain Shand, his owner, the terms of that strange desert bargain? And then he thought, what if Lettie Shand should fail to recognize him?

"Arad."

There was Lettie, not a handspike's length away from him, her dress of sprigged muslin covered by an Indian Cashmere shawl festooned over her left arm. She wore, fetchingly, the very bell-crowned hat that Arad had brought her home from Wales, for no better reason than that Welsh women were the most beautiful and captivating in the world. But were they? he now asked himself. Had they enough *élan*, were they headlong, could they tell when to throw caution to the winds? *Testa lunga*, that was the Italian of it. How would they look, wrapped in a lion skin and nothing else besides? Or, for example, Lettie ——

"You can tell your father his ship's in," Arad said a little throatily. "The Bold Runner is tied up alongside."

He stepped forward impulsively in his red shirt and tar-smeared pantaloons.

"Arad, no; not here." No *testa lunga* in the gold-haired Lettie's eyes. "Anybody might go by. . . . Well, one. . . . There. . . . It *is* you. You are thinner, but you look well. You have been sixteen months away, but I suppose to you it seems only yesterday. Tell me quick; how have you done with my adventure?"

"I bring you five for one, in ivory, from the Desert of Oman," Arad reported. "You would be surprised at the quantities and quantities of elephants there. They live by uprooting trees full of burning milk. I tried to drink the milk myself and blistered my lips."

"You are beginning your fairy tales early this time home," Lettie laughed, and tapped his nose with her sandalwood fan. "How do you kill your elephants, pray?"

"They are killed for us. An Arab on a white donkey lures the elephant past a bush where another man is waiting to hamstring him with a knife or shoot a poisoned arrow into the sole of his foot. Naturally, after that, in time he sinks down and dies of thirst. He has my sympathy," Arad added, staring.

"And you have his ivory. A fair exchange," Lettie said, frowning and moving her fine shoulders under the shawl. "But these infidels can never be anything but base and cruel. They will poison a man, I suppose, as quick as an elephant. And their terrible religion. I remember how eloquently Doctor Bentley once preached on the infidels. He said eternity to them was just lolling on a green silk cushion with some dark-eyed, improper, foreign woman."

"I don't know that it speaks well for the lady in the case, if that's eternity," Arad said somberly. What if he told Lettie now that the Bold Runner, as she stood, with all tackle, apparel and furniture, to say nothing of a priceless cargo of ivory, was just a heart gift of one of these same infidels? What if he told her that henceforth the fortunes of the house of Shand were founded on one cunning prayer to Allah from his own lips? Instead, he said, "Eternity to me was waiting for old Southwick's cowhide to fall when I was one of the johnny-cake-and-ashes boys in Southwick's Alley."

"I can't have you trafficking any more with this terrible Arabia," Lettie Shand decided for him. "What if you were taken slave again? It set its mark on you before. It did truly. You were like a stranger when you made love to me in Arabic. And then these fights with Northwest Indians, and Fiji cannibals and those awful yellow Chinamen. It's coarsening. Next you'll be dickering in slaves—creatures made in God's own image."

"In God's own image," Arad repeated, with certain reflections of his own.

"There is blood on trade, we can't deny it!" Lettie Shand cried. "I vow, if I had not been born a trader's daughter I couldn't stomach it at all. I can't as it is. I've got news, Arad. I've got father to agree to take you into partnership. You're needed here."

"He'll never think so now. I've opened a new market."

"Others can develop it. You're not indispensable, I'm sure."

"Nowhere but there," Arad replied with an enigmatic laugh.

"Let's not discuss it now. This is not the time or place," Lettie said swiftly. She shivered; the warmth was out of her eyes. "I think I had really better go back in. You can't come with me, Arad; you're not dressed for it. Perley Poore's Newbury riflemen are being entertained. The poor fellows slept on the common last night in tents with just a single blanket apiece—imagine—and only oysters to eat."

"That was hard."

"I'll come see my ivory tomorrow."

She left him abruptly. Arad felt himself a stranger in the earth, so situated that only things hull down, remote, could have reality. Such as, now, the stars shining over Oman. "Voyaging was victory," the Arabs were always saying to justify their wanderings; but what, looked at closely, was this victory? Queer that the two men in him would never let him come to rest. In the end, no doubt he would be caught between pilgrimages; there was probably no escape from his dilemma except to founder in an open seaway. The Salem band, inside, played Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming, and Arad, standing stock-still, saw the veil of heaven stripped away "like the skin of a flayed animal," offering the vision of Scharife, his slave, in Captain Hassan bin Ibrahim's house at Zanzibar, dropping her sweet poison almost with her father's art, from that queer stone staircase ending nowhere, broken off in midcareer, unfinished, like the house of dreams.

THE DOLE

(Continued from Page 7)

paid for as it is mainly by the industrious and successful workmen in other trades. Whatever else may be said about such an arrangement, it is certainly not the use to which the insurance fund should be put.

Next on the Live Register come the women. There are 250,000 of them. No one dares mention them, because they have all been given the vote, and it is supposed they will use their votes against any public man or party which does not adopt a superfeminist attitude. All the same, I will venture to say that unless a woman is solitary or the breadwinner of a family, her position in industrial insurance is entirely different from that of the average man. The woman living with her father or her husband, who has acquired some time ago the qualification as an industrial worker and has now found out she can put in a claim for the dole, certainly does not belong to the class of unfortunate fellow citizens for whom the system of unemployment insurance was called into being.

When we have dealt with those who have paid for every penny of their benefit, and the women, we have covered three-quarters of the British Live Register of unemployed persons. Half are only receiving what they have paid for by state organization and personal thrift; another quarter consists of women, many of whom are living in menkept homes, and most of whom can find a ready opening in domestic service.

Up to this point there is nothing which should cause serious concern. On the contrary, a system is at work which, were it purged from these minor abuses—in so far as they are abuses—would be sound and healthy, making alike for popular contentment and good housekeeping. I have no hesitation in saying that none of these figures, covering as they do three-quarters of the British total of unemployment, ought to be included in the weekly returns.

All benefit which workmen have earned by their previous thrift, all benefit paid to women for which they have subscribed, ought to be regarded not as an evil but, on the contrary, as a proof of highly developed social institutions which, purged from their frailties, would justly constitute a model to less carefully considered systems of society.

The average number of unemployed assumed by the Socialist Government as likely to be maintained during the next two or three years has been stated at 1,200,000. About 600,000, at least, of these at any given moment have paid for all they get. Another 300,000 are the women whose unemployment certainly does not constitute a grievous social evil. There remain 300,000 to be accounted for. Let us examine these.

In the hard years following the war, with all the stringency caused by necessary deflation, with all the dislocation arising from politically fanned labor troubles, large numbers of workmen became unemployed who had exhausted all the benefit for which they had paid and which the fund could provide. The Coalition Government of Mr. Lloyd George, oppressed by unparalleled difficulties, yielded itself to what we can now see to have been a weak and dangerous expedient. It allowed these workmen who had run out of the benefits for which they had paid, to continue to receive, as if they were members of the insurance fund, benefits for which they had not paid and never could pay. The consequences were disastrous not only to the solvency of the fund, which was the least part of the trouble, but to the character of the insurance system. No distinction was drawn between covenanted and uncovenanted benefits, and the uncovenanted beneficiaries were treated on the same footing and through the same organization as the covenanted. This vitiated the whole principle of unemployment insurance and perverted the objects for which the scheme had been devised. It classed the self-supporting workman with those who had, in fact, become indigent. It disparaged the whole principle of contributory insurance. It lumped together in one indiscriminate mass pauperism, saving, forethought and mutual aid. It cast the insulting aspersions of the dole over an enormous number of workmen; in fact, the large majority who by previous self-denial and state organization had provided against temporary misfortunes. It presented to the whole world a distorted picture of British national life. It falsely advertised to every country more than a tenth of our whole working-class population as if they were living in a state of pauperism. It provided a weekly means of crying down British credit. It caused all our friends abroad a bewilderment and regret, and all our enemies a jubilation, both of which were at least three parts unfounded. And this is still going merrily on.

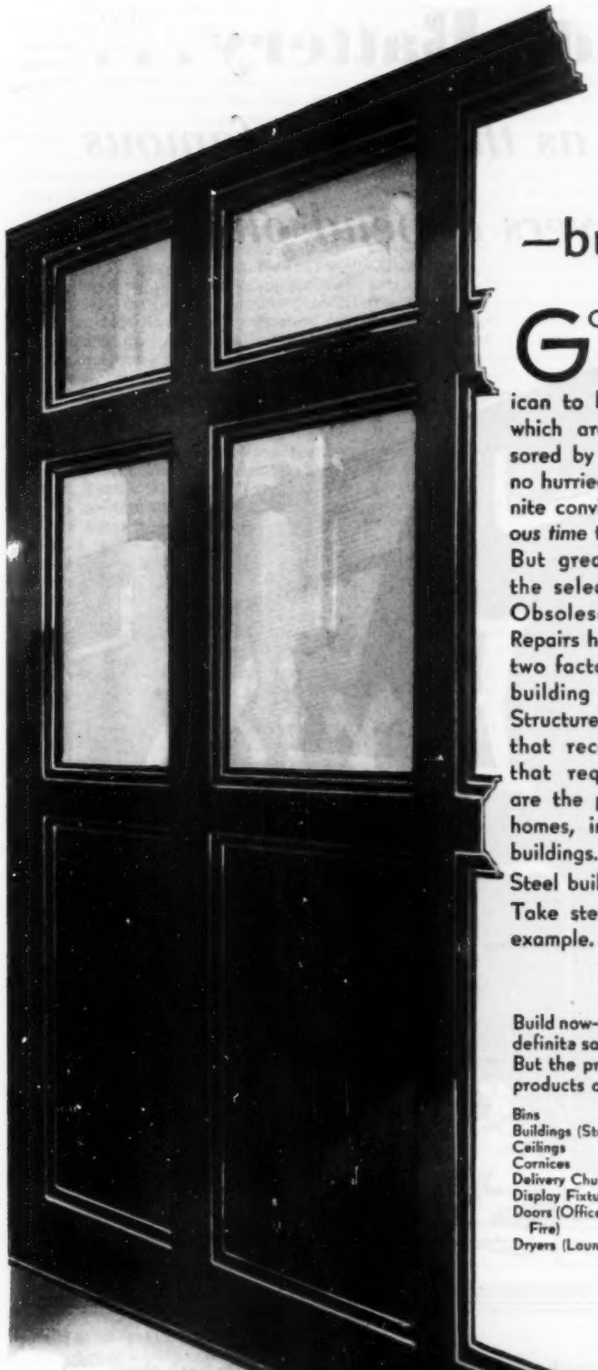
But now we have to look at the unemployment totals from a different angle. Among the many fallacies and willful misrepresentations which have gathered round the unemployment problem, none is more erroneous or more frequently encountered than the statement that "there is a standing army of 1,250,000 unemployed." No term could, in fact, be more inapplicable than that of a "standing army." It is not a standing army but a dreary militia that we must contemplate. The 1,250,000 who figure on the register are not individuals permanently unemployed but only the representatives on any given day of a far larger number who use or have used the insurance fund and draw covenanted or uncovenanted benefits. If we analyze this alarming total on any day, we should find that more than half had been or would be

(Continued on Page 177)

Save

and

Save with Steel



Build Now—

—but with the PERMANENCE of STEEL

GOVERNMENT officials and commercial groups are today urging every progressive American to build this year those structures which are needed. This suggestion, sponsored by the nation's best informed men is no hurried gesture. It arises from the definite conviction that *now* is the *advantageous time* to build.

But greater care must be exercised in the selection of building materials . . . Obsolescence has come too quickly. Repairs have been needed too soon. These two factors alone are costing American building owners $900,000,000 a year. Structures which definitely fight off time; that recognize no early obsolescence; that require little upkeep and repair are the present need. . . This applies to homes, industrial, public and commercial buildings.

Steel building products fill this need.

Take steel doors, panelling and trim, for example. These products arrive already to erect. No warping, sagging, shrinking or cracking can take place. The doors go up quickly—fit perfectly. The trim snaps into place with absolute precision. As a result, the building is finished many weeks ahead of the usual time.

But better still, no noisy, dirty, expensive re-fitting is ever required. The beautiful baked-on finishes—or those applied on the job—remain fresh; unmarred for years. One dollar per year per door is often saved in revarnishing expense alone. Cleaning costs are halved—no scrubbing—a dry cloth takes off the dust. Tenants stay, for their space remains beautifully modern.

—And in office and industrial use, the steel partition is gaining rapidly. With all the advantages of a permanent, easily cleaned finish; these partitions can be erected or moved easily and speedily without interfering with the employees—without the dirt and expense of re-plastering and re-finishing. Lost rent, lost hours and lost money are saved.

. . . and Steel Never Starts a Fire or Feeds the Flames

Build now—but build profitably with the permanence of steel. For wherever steel is used, it makes certain definite savings. In one case it may be weight, in another time or fire loss, life, space, labor, dirt, money. But the proof that these savings are real is found in the constant development of new steel building products and rapid increase in use of the following well known ones:

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Buildings (Standard Steel)
Ceilings
Cornices
Delivery Chutes
Display Fixtures
Doors (Office, Home, Elevator, Fire)
Dryers (Laundry)
Eaves Trough
Elevator Enclosures
Forms (Floor)
Joists (Strip)
Lath
Lockers
Marquise
Medicine Cabinets
Panelling
Partitions (Office, Toilet, Shower)
Radiator Enclosures
Roof Decks
Roofing
Shelving
Siding
Skylights
Stacks
Stairways
Tile (Wall)
Trays (Laundry)
Trim (Baseboards, Chair Rails, Moulding)
Ventilating Ducts
Ventilators
Window Trim

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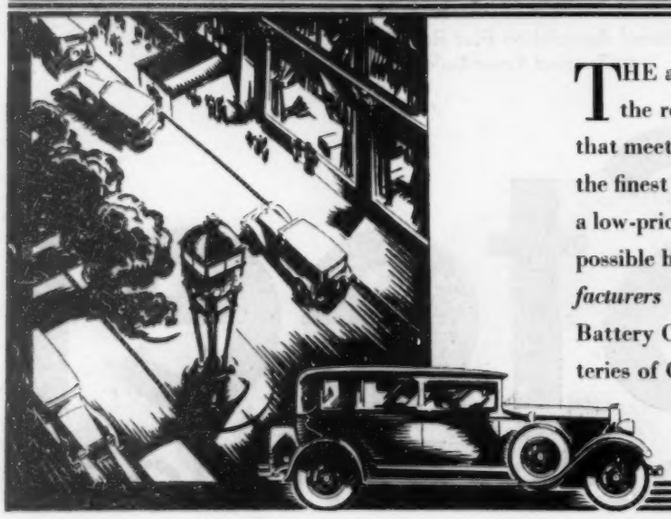

THE airways hum with planes, and Exide Batteries ride with them. On the roads below, millions of cars carry Exides. The same engineering that meets rigid flying requirements has built your car battery. If you want the finest battery that science can produce, buy an Exide. And if you want a low-priced battery, Exide will give you greatest value. Such value is made possible by the tremendous resources of Exide . . . *the world's largest manufacturers of storage batteries for every purpose.* The Electric Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia. Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

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Exide
BATTERIES

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employed within a month; that three-quarters would not be out of work for three months; and that even of the remaining quarter—composed as it necessarily is of the least efficient, trusty and active members of the community, the stragglers from life's battle, the weaker brethren, not excluding the inevitable admixture of shirkers and impostors—even in this last melancholy quarter only a small proportion had not found work within six months.

Such facts have only to be stated to show the folly of all plans of marching off the unemployed in gangs and battalions to artificially fomented public works and professing thereby to remedy unemployment. There is, indeed, a small proportion for whom some disciplinary control in labor colonies might well be appropriate, but the vast majority must look only to reabsorption in the normal or natural industries of the country.

I ought not to quit this question without running the risk of making some positive proposals. What would England do about it now, if she were wise? What would she do if a government existed strong enough to rise above the overbearing and overweening currents and tides of electioneering? Her first step should be to purge her system of unemployment insurance of every vestige of uncovenanted benefit, and thus to draw a hard, clear, unmistakable line between insurance and relief. No one who has not paid his full actuarial contribution should receive a farthing from national insurance or be associated in any way with its finance and economy. The reports of the working of insurance should be presented once a year. The total of the uncovenanted unemployed should be an entirely separate publication. They must be provided for. They cannot be left to starve—no one is ever allowed to starve in England—but they must be decisively divorced from insurance. The totals relating to them should be published every week, or every month, or every quarter, as a matter for discussion.

The Sheep and the Goats

In view of the base use which has been made of these figures in a recent past, it would be necessary to continue for some time the usual statistics, so as to provide a comparable basis. But in my view the total of uninsured employed—the real unemployed, not those who by admirable precaution have spread the wages of ten or eleven months over twelve, but the definitely non-self-supporting element—should be published quarterly, and with them should also be published a general review of the state of the poor law and other forms of pauperism. This, by a saber stroke, would free Great Britain from the many misconceptions and disparagements which flow from the present muddled, misleading figures. It would be seen, for instance, that apart from women employed in industry—this is a special branch of the problem—the number of persons declaring themselves unemployed who have not paid proper contributions varies from 300,000 to 500,000 according to the season of the year. In a population of 45,000,000 such a fact demands the earnest attention of Parliament and the public departments concerned with social welfare. But it affords no foundation for the hateful processes of national self-depreciation which are now in progress, and would lend no countenance to those who incubate pessimism from interested motives.

Once this initial step has been taken, the unemployment problem would be reduced to its true proportions, and serious though their proportion, they would afford no opportunity for party and political maneuvers at home, and would no longer decry our country abroad. The treatment of this unfortunate body of citizens should be varied according to their numerous categories, and this is the proper study for the present House of Commons. It must vary from generous measures of public aid at one end of the scale to quite strict methods of toning up at the other. There is no real difficulty in this. In the old trade-union days, before the state concerned itself with unemployment, very practical and salutary methods were adopted by the workmen themselves for dividing the sheep from the goats. There is not one of the real Labor Ministers of the present Government—I exclude the careerists and the Liberal renegades—who is not conscious of this fact. I suspect that every one of them, whatever they may say, will be grateful to me for proclaiming it with some roughness: Separation and, that once effected, for the sheep, compassion; for the goats, discipline.

It is contrary to our conceptions that any person should, otherwise than of his own free will, be in utter destitution, and our arrangements are in this respect more complete than those of any other people in the world. But if the ne'er-do-well, or the confirmed, sturdy loafer, or the Bolshevik misfit, or other members of the tribes of Tired Tims and Weary Willies—alas, I must add Maneuvering Marthas—seek in their dire straits the aid of the community, then they should receive that aid in forms which will do them good, even if they do not give them satisfaction.

A Bad Lesson for Youth

Above all, the youth of the nation must be rescued from the present confusion. It was with repulsion that we and those who in other countries take a friendly interest in our affairs saw the Socialist Government present to every youth of sixteen, on leaving school, his card of unemployment insurance, tainted as it is at present with uncovenanted benefit, and directing his young attention, at the very threshold of his life, upon the possibility of obtaining a weekly dole. This measure marks the nadir of unemployment insurance. If we had looked about to find the worst and dullest thing that could be done, here it is, clothed in the form of the dole. It should be declared forthwith that no young person under sixteen or eighteen years of age should receive any form of unemployment relief, except at a training center, and under such conditions of discipline as will tend to make a man of him. There is time to do this still.

I have surveyed with what I expect will be unpalatable candor some of the prominent features of the British unemployment problem which have been brought home to me by my responsible duties during the last twenty years. The first conclusion to which I seek to guide the reader is the monstrous exaggerations of the scale and importance of unemployment in the real economic life of Great Britain. The advance made by the British people during the present tumultuous century in social life and comfort has been enormous. The houses they live in, the clothes they wear, the food they eat, the amusements and leisure they enjoy, the education they possess, the culture and contentment which they have acquired, have separated them widely from the conditions which their fathers remember and their grandfathers can never forget.

Yet in some moods we seek to represent ourselves as a decayed and disconsolate community, morbidly obsessed with one particular puzzle of modern life, and ready to quit the paths of sanity and progress in the hopes of unraveling it. The more unemployment is exploited by party politicians, the worse it will become. The more we bite on the sore tooth the more surely we shall induce an abscess at its root. The robust and clear-sighted relegation of unemployment to its appropriate place in national affairs is rapidly becoming a matter of national safety. The exploitation of it by every party in the state has already become a national scandal.

Not the least of the evils which these follies are bringing in their train is the general discredit in which the marvelous social institutions and bulwarks against individual misfortune which we have built up are now increasingly involved.

During the whole of the twentieth century, British people have been building up these great insurance systems. They are unexampled in the world. There is contributory insurance on a compulsory and nation-wide basis against sickness, invalidity, accident, old age, widowhood and unemployment. We have brought the magic of averages to the rescue of the millions. Those who have not studied the actuarial qualities of these schemes will be astounded if they merely contrast the few pence paid a week by every industrial worker with the massive benefits resulting therefrom. Once everyone is compelled to contribute, insurance enters upon a new domain. No longer is it the pack horse of all bad risks; it has the full life of the nation to draw upon.

Thus the percentage of misfortunes which afflict individuals is easily carried on the shoulders of the whole mass.

The Workman's Estate

A British workman, dying at thirty-five and leaving a wife and four children, has a virtual power of bequest to his family equal to £600 sterling; a sum utterly beyond the power of ninety-nine men out of a hundred to save from weekly wages in Europe. Old people at sixty-five have twenty-five pounds a year. This they obtain without prejudice and as a supplement to any private savings they have made. The poorer members of the bourgeoisie look with envy upon these vast schemes in which the artisan and the laborer are compulsorily comprised. They would gladly pay three or four times the contribution to have the same reward as a nucleus of their individual thrift.

A future generation will have to judge whether all this policy of national insurance—for which, next to Mr. Lloyd George, I have been more directly concerned than almost anyone else—will have made for the enduring strength and vigor of the British race. Personally my faith is firm. It would be quite impossible for our anciently built-up society, with its inevitable deposits of old, weak and poor people, to adopt the rigorous and almost ruthless individualism which young nations in vast regions are still able to assert.

Within their sphere the actuaries are able to explore the future. Their statistics unroll blandly and inexorably before our eyes. As we study the population charts of Great Britain we can see our history written with cold, dispassionate knowledge. Here is the great expansion in our numbers which attended and followed the industrial revolution of Victorian days. Here is the impingement which the teachings of Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant began to make upon it from the 80's onward. Here is the horrid gash of the slaughter of the Great War. Here are the old-age pensioners arriving in such unwelcome, increasing numbers, sixty-five and seventy years after the mid-Victorian expansion of the birth rate.

Room to Quarrel

We lift the veil of the future. We know the rate at which the population was born; we have the tables of mortality, and we can see the consequences of the greater care of old age, better hygiene, better conditions of life and labor, and their interplay with the modern teachings of birth control. We can now forecast the kind of British nation which will inhabit England, let us say, in 1970. We know that the population then will not be much larger than it is now. We know that it will contain an ever-increasing proportion of old and feeble people and of no longer productive elements of society. It is only by means of all these immense insurance funds started far in advance that we can gather the strength with which the new life of the nation will be able to carry the dead weight of the old.

I do not sympathize with those who think that this process of compulsory mass saving will sap the virility and self-reliance of our race. There will be quite enough grindstone in human life to keep us keen. We need not worry about that. But certainly the British social legislation in the twentieth century has already evolved a far more sociable, urbane and instructed people than we have known before. I cannot feel reproach when I learn they no longer wish to leave their native land and face pioneer hazards in mighty countries beyond the sea. I am glad that the hard pressure of extrusion has been mitigated. Everyone was impressed, when, during the General Strike of 1926, the nation with its millions faced one another for a fortnight with clenched fists and compressed lips in the confusion of divided loyalties, that no shot was fired and no blood shed. An underlying sense of security about ourselves is dominant in the British mind. We expect to quarrel. We have always quarreled in class and party fights. Our institutions are devised to enable us to wrangle and dispute and for every dog to have its day. But we do not fear one another. We know we shall settle matters somehow or other among ourselves without violence or the severing of the golden threads of tradition.

In this long, slow, sure movement amid exceptional difficulties toward social stability and the basic assent of the masses in the compromises and anomalies of a complicated society, the insurance systems of Great Britain have played a solid and recognizable part. All the more it is important that we should be ceaselessly cleansing these systems from abuse and humbug and, even at the cost of what some would judge unfeeling action, preserve them in pristine and perennial vigor.

PHOTO. BY BRADLEY D. ROSS

Indian Mill Creek, Grand Rapids, Michigan

"COUNT YOUR COUGHS IN THE FIRST ACT

then have pity and get S.B.'s"

says Wm. FAVERSHAM

"IT happens often—somebody starts coughing—then another—another—and suddenly there's a whole chorus. Can you imagine how that disturbs the actors, the audience—everybody? And it's no fun for the cougher either!

"Really, it isn't necessary. All you have to do is to invite a box of Smith Brothers' to the theatre with you... If everybody would do that there wouldn't be a cough from overture to exit march!

"S. B.'s have helped American audiences since the time of Edwin Booth. And they're still as good as ever."

Smith Brothers' Cough Drops bring gentle, pleasant relief. Quickly they soothe throat irritation. Quickly they clear away hoarseness. And quickly they *stop coughs*. Fine also for "cigarette dryness."

5¢ *Two kinds: S. B. (Black) or the new Menthol.*

GENTLEMAN'S GAME

(Continued from Page 9)

One evening, when one of these affairs was in progress, Tom had occasion to consult Sonny about a mishap to a particularly cherished pony. After the business was concluded, Sonny pressed Tom to stay for the celebration, and Tom, after some urging, consented.

At the party he conducted himself with the same smiling courtesy and ubiquitous usefulness that he did on the polo field, and at the end of the evening Sonny told him to be sure to come the following night. By the end of the trip, young Tom had become as accustomed a figure at Sonny's social festivities as he was on the polo field, and it was as a matter of course that the relationship continued on their return to Long Island.

So young Tom became one of that small number of people without wealth and without family who are the constant intimates of those whose wealth and social background are of such immensity that the possession or nonpossession of it in others is to them of no account.

And young Tom could have gone even further had he so desired. There was more than one debutante who had seen in this steady lad with the laughing Irish eyes the promise of a more certain happiness than that offered by marriage to a spoiled sophisticate of her own kind. But it was in vain the girls smiled or the fathers patted Tom paternally on the back, calling him "My boy," and presenting him with a fine untrained pony or a case of Scotch for Christmas.

This was not what Tom wanted. Sometimes, when, after a late party, he drove out to his Long Island house and prepared a sandwich and a cup of coffee—he still attended to his own personal wants and had no cook or valet—he wondered just what it was he did want.

Not marriage, certainly. To be dependent on a rich wife's favor! To be dependent on anyone's favor! Dependent—that was what the Denmans had been for three hundred years! He wanted to shut out all that. His only happiness lay in those sleek ponies, now drowsily standing in his stable. The ever-increasing dollars in his bank account. No Winbourne, nor anyone else, could take that away from him. He was surely, and not at all slowly, building. Those horses, those dollars, were a barricade around his self-respect—a self-respect that had been shattered by the realization of his so impossible, so presumptuous love for the Honorable Alicia, in County Galway, seven years before.

Sometimes he toyed with the idea that this material progress of his might somehow form itself into a bridge spanning the chasm. Ridiculous! Suppose he were acquainted with every nabob in America—what would the Winbournes of Slane Castle care for that? Suppose he could sell all the ponies in his stables for ten thousand dollars apiece and invest the proceeds at 100 per cent! Still, as far as the Winbournes were concerned, he would remain a Denman become suddenly and somehow ludicrously rich.

Then one day that happened which, in his heart, he had always known would happen. It was in the early hours of a June morning and he was on the practice field of the unpretentious polo organization with which he was formally affiliated. At the far end of the field he noticed a youth who was also working a pony. A horseman—that boy! Young Tom could recognize that, even across the length of the field. But no polo player. Why, that offside forehand was so choppy and weak it was positively pathetic, and the lad apparently did not have the slightest idea of how to work his shoulders into his back shot.

As was his custom, Tom deftly stroked his ball to where the young player was riding, in the hope that he might be able to offer a few words of cheery and tactful advice.

But when he came up to the boy, he found it was not a boy at all. Under the little blue-and-gold helmet were tight packed the tawny curls of the Honorable Alicia.

She recognized him instantly. "Why, Tom," she cried, "what are you doing in America?"

"Just trading a bit of horseflesh, miss." His voice instinctively assumed a note it had not known for years. A proper note for a Denman talking to a Winbourne. Not servile exactly, but tinged with just the right proportion of attention and respect.

"Mother went on a cruise to Japan two months before the end of my year with her, and I'm here—a sort of orphan—waiting for dad to come over from England. He's going to be captain of the British team in the Internationals next year and he's bringing a couple of other players with him, so they can become acquainted with American methods of play and perhaps pick up a few ponies. . . . That looks like a handy nag you're on, Tom."

"Yes, miss, a top pony; one of Kemano's best—a top pony." And so saying, he raised his hand to his cap and galloped away, hitting long vicious strokes until he had carried the ball to the far end of the field.

There he told his stableman he was through for the morning, and getting into his neat, standard-make roadster, motored from the field.

A few days later, at a dance given by one of the polo crowd, he met her again. He would have gone back to the stag room, if she had not seen him first and floated up to him in the long swirls of a smoky white gown.

"Why, Tom!" she cried. "They've been telling me what a keen polo player you've become. What did you mean by high-hatting me the other day?"

"I didn't high-hat you, miss." Tom lowered his eyes.

"Oh, yes, you did!" insisted Alicia. "And you're doing it now."

"But I'm not," protested Tom stubbornly. "Really I'm not, Miss Alicia."

"Oh, yes, you are," she pouted. "Aren't you even going to ask me to dance?"

And when he actually held her in his arms, the warm softness of her body against his, her tawny hair brushing his cheek, he suddenly realized it was no use. The love that had made him leave Ireland was still as burning, as irrevocable as the day he had left the shadow of Slane Castle.

Nevertheless, he made as brave a fight as possible. He was with her as seldom as his hungry heart permitted. When they were together, he kept the talk mostly to impersonal subjects—horses; the chances her father had of organizing a successful team for the Internationals next year; the condition of Lord Winbourne's ponies, which had recently arrived. And always she matched his impersonality with an imperturbable impersonality of her own, saying little herself, listening to his horse talk with grave interest and understanding. Yet her eyes were not grave. Not grave at all, but gay, impudent and laughing somehow.

It was perhaps a month after their first meeting that they went to a party at Sonny Vanderhoef's. They did not dance together more than once or twice in the evening, but as the guests were gathering for the ham-and-egg breakfast, they slipped away and, by a preconcerted plan, met a little later in riding clothes at Sonny's mansionlike stone stables.

Here Tom had arranged to have two hunters waiting for them. Giant creatures they were, all of seventeen hands high, restless and plunging, in the chill of early morning. As Alicia was a Winbourne, Tom did not consider it necessary to ask if she thought she could manage her brute. He merely grasped the bridle with both hands, holding firmly while she mounted.

For an hour they rode; cantering along the sandy trails that vein the Vanderhoef estate, or, when some particularly lovely stretch of wood invited, quieting their mounts to an ambling walk.

Just as the sun showed redly through a lacing of white birches, they turned into a great open space—the mile-square field where Sonny had put in a steeplechase course for the training of his hunters. Almost every conceivable kind of jump was there—rail fence, stone wall, in and out, tombeau, and an exact reproduction of the world-famed Beecher's Brook.

Alicia flashed Tom a smiling challenge and ranged her horse alongside of his. Then, stirrup to stirrup, they took the course, sitting erect in the English manner, breathing in great gusts of air, looking at each other and laughing as their mounts charged the barriers, took off and landed with almost automatic precision, like tin toy steeds on a child's race course.

When they were on the trails again, walking their horses to cool them, Tom noticed that Alicia's saddle was slipping, and he dismounted to adjust the girth. As he was doing so she touched his shoulder lightly. He looked up. Slowly, as though it were the ordained conjunction of two forces of nature, she slid into his arms. He knotted the reins of the horses across the conveniently projecting limb of a tree. Then he kissed her.

The next day Tom sat down to write to his father. To his surprise, it was not so simple as he had expected. "Father, I am going to marry Alicia Winbourne." How incredible, how preposterous those words would appear to his parents in Ireland. They would not rejoice. Oh, no! Custom and a certain peasant shrewdness had ingrained in them the idea that happiness is best attained by keeping one's place. Tom's mother, welcoming Lord Winbourne's only child Alicia as a daughter-in-law! Young Tom could picture his father emitting long strings of Irish oaths and stomping the ground at the very mention of such an idea.

He tried to talk it over with Alicia as he took her for a drive in his roadster that evening, but she interrupted, laughing, "Say, if you think your family won't approve, just what do you think this will do to my dad?"

"Lord Winbourne will be angry?" asked Tom, knowing the answer beforehand.

"Positively explosive. He'll blame it all on my mother leaving me so long in America, and he'll do his best to have war declared. And by the way, Tom, I'm sure he's going to be quite beastly about money."

"I don't give a hang about that," rejoined Tom. "I have money. Not money the way your family have always had it, but enough to keep us from starving."

"It wouldn't make any difference if you hadn't," said Alicia, tossing her head defiantly.

"You darling!" cried Tom, stopping car and discussion as he took her in his arms.

A few days later, Lord Winbourne and the two men he had picked out as forwards on his next year's team arrived on the Olympic, to be met by Alicia and a contingent of grooms. Of course, Alicia realized this was not the occasion to bring up her own affairs. What time could a Winbourne give, even to his daughter, until he had first seen to the condition of his horses?

The ponies were duly inspected and found fit. Fit enough, indeed, for Lord Winbourne to play them any time he should so desire. His Lordship's pleasure was increased by the receipt of a message from Sonny Vanderhoef asking him to join in a pick-up match the next afternoon.

Alicia smiled. When Sonny Vanderhoef staged a pick-up game like this, it was practically certain that Tom Denman would play. And once her father had seen young Tom play polo, seen the way these Americans treated him, then perhaps he would begin to understand.

The game, the next afternoon, was all that she had hoped for. Young Tom, playing

(Continued on Page 181)

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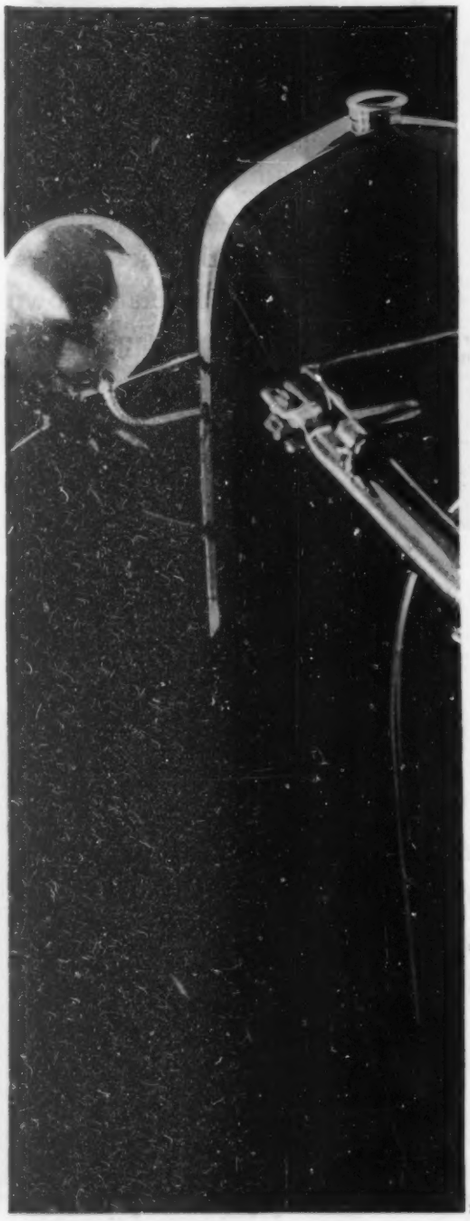

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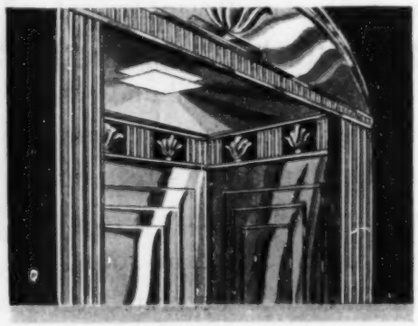

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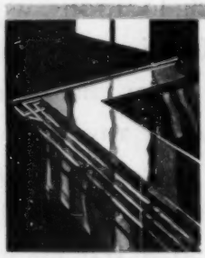

ALLEGHENY METAL

(Continued from Page 178)

his usual careful game at back, scored five goals. Notwithstanding, the opposing side, on which were her father and Sonny, won by a score of fourteen to twelve. While Alicia drove home to the hotel, Sonny dragged her father to his house for bathing and highballs. Another guest was Murtough O'Melvaney.

Like young Tom, O'Melvaney had emigrated to America as a youth. Only, his assets on arrival, instead of two good horses, had been considerably less than two dollars. Nevertheless, he had taken root and burgeoned—"burgeoning" being the only fit word for it—from pick-and-shovel day laborer to foreman, from foreman to contractor, and from contractor to multimillionaire and bosom friend of many of the financially and politically powerful in the land.

Having known O'Melvaney for many years and having sized up Lord Winbourne in five minutes, it appealed to Sonny Vanderhoef's sense of humor to start them drinking together.

The third highball produced results.

"The reason you English are always losing at polo is because your teams aren't made up of Irishmen!" roared O'Melvaney. "Now, if you only had a few more players like Tim here"—he touched the arm of one whom we will call only "Captain Tim," because all lovers of polo will know his last name anyway—"now, if you had a few more fighting Irishmen like Tim, I say——"

"Tim learned his polo playing with the British Army," returned Winbourne a little stiffly.

"Sure, and why did he go into the British Army? Because at the time he joined up, Ireland had no army of her own. Now, I tell you that four good Irishmen——"

"Lord Winbourne doesn't believe there are four good Irishmen," Captain Tim said softly. What with serving twelve years in the British Army and representing England in two Internationals, Captain Tim knew his Britons.

"Oh, yes, I do," protested Lord Winbourne. "I've known some very estimable Irishmen." Then, seeing the rest laughing and concluding he had somehow achieved a joke, he solemnly began arranging a fourth whisky-and-soda.

"Why don't you birds settle this argument the only way it can be settled?" interjected Sonny. "You ought to be able to work up an Irish team on this side now. There's Tim here, and the Karnis brothers that Eddie Phillips brought over to play on his team in the Open——"

"And young Tom Denman!" added O'Melvaney triumphantly. "There's a quartet of Irishmen for you, Winbourne! What have you got to match 'em?"

"Take him up, Winbourne!" urged Sonny. "There are the two chaps you brought over with you, and we could get Wing Commander Smythe up from the legation at Washington. I'll send a plane for him in the morning. Of course, he's not the player Tim here is. But he's a sound Number 3, if there ever was one. There's your team, Winbourne. It may not be the strongest England could put together, but there's no other four Englishmen could beat it."

"There's four Irishmen who can, and I've ten thousand dollars that says so!" cried O'Melvaney.

"Make it guineas," snorted Lord Winbourne, draining the highball he had just finished mixing.

When he finally reached the Plaza, His Lordship was feeling exceptionally fit—so fit, indeed, that, though it was late, he felt it necessary to wake up his daughter and expatiate on the reasons of his fitness.

In response to his knock, the Honorable Alicia appeared. She wore a suit of blue Chinese pajamas, embroidered mandarin slippers, and looked altogether like a little Manchu princess with tawny hair. Lord Winbourne, who had long since forgotten that Alicia's mother had looked just like that at the time of their marriage, patted her hand and made her sit on the arm of his chair while he told of the events of the evening.

When he reached the point of the ten-thousand-guinea wager, Alicia became genuinely alarmed.

"But, daddy," she cried—"but, daddy, you're going to lose!"

"Oh, no, I'm not," he contradicted. "I'll admit, on the face of it, the teams look about equal, but there's one weak point in their line-up."

"What's that?" asked Alicia.

"Tom Denman."

"Tom Denman?"

"What d'ye think, Alicia; he's the son of old Tom Denman of Half Furlong Farm. For some reason, these Americans have taken him up, but he can't play polo."

"I thought he played very well this afternoon," said Alicia with tight lips. "He scored five goals."

"Of course, he fooled you and he fooled O'Melvaney, but he didn't fool me, and I don't think he fooled Tim or the other chaps who really knew polo. You say he scored five goals, but let me tell you, daughter, with the chances and set-ups he had, he should have scored at least eight. If he'd scored eight, his side would have won. I know more about Tom Denman than anyone over here. His family haven't been our tenants for three hundred years for nothing. Polo's a gentleman's game, and Tom's a cold blood. And like all cold bloods, he lacks courage, bottom. I'll tip off my team and we'll ride right through him tomorrow."

"Father," Alicia's voice was high and thin, "I wouldn't say anything more about young Tom if I were you. You see, he's the man I'm going to marry."

Lord Winbourne stared at his daughter for some moments, making sure that she understood and he understood just what she was saying. Then he burst out:

"Good Lord! Isn't it bad enough to play polo with a stableman, without having him marry into the family?"

That wasn't all Lord Winbourne said, but it was all Alicia heard, for the next moment she was locked in her room, her curly head buried deep in a pillow soon wet with tears.

Now, the Winbournes had not hung on to their Irish estates for three centuries through arrogance alone. There had been many a tense situation that required temporizing, diplomacy, guile even, until exactly the proper moment occurred to smash through a decision, impose their will once again on the volatile Irish peasantry.

It was running quite true to form that, when Lord Winbourne sat in the living room of Tom's farmhouse early the next morning, his expression was benign, almost paternal.

"Listen, my boy," he was saying. "My great-grandfather saved your great-grandfather from being hung during the Robert Emmet disturbances, and although you may never have heard of it, my father kept your father out of jail for clouting a rival with a pitchfork during the time that he was courting your mother. You've always been a short-thinking, heedless crew, you Denmans, saving your sense for your horses; but let me tell you, Tom, none of the lot has made as mad, as hurtful a move as this absurd thing you're thinking of."

"I was afraid you'd feel this way about it, sir, but really it couldn't be helped. I've loved Alicia ever since the first time I saw her in Ireland, and when we met again here in the States——"

Lord Winbourne gritted his teeth.

"They do lots of queer things in the States. Lady Winbourne's leaving Alicia alone for two months, for instance. But you must remember Alicia's really an English girl, Tom. Why, she's due to be presented at court next season. Your Royal Highness, I present Mrs. Tom Denman of Half Furlong Farm. That wouldn't sound right, would it?"

"But we're not going to England," said Tom doggedly; "and anyway, Alicia doesn't care about things like that."

"Pooh, what girl doesn't? Oh, Alicia may think she's so in love with you that nothing else matters. But those things don't last, Tom. You'll realize that, by the time you're a little older. But after a while, perhaps when the children start to come, there's got to be something more solid."

"I've done pretty well here," began Tom, but Winbourne cut him short:

"Yes, you have. Damned well—for a horse trader! . . . No, don't get angry, my boy. In spite of all these people taking you up socially, that's what you are, just as your people in Ireland were. Only, really your position here isn't nearly as sound. Over there, whenever a Denman got into real trouble, it was the duty of some Winbourne to get him out. But over here there's really nothing behind you. Nothing. I was interested playing polo against you yesterday, Tom. I sized the whole situation up then, even before I had any idea of this business with Alicia."

"What's the matter with my polo?" demanded Tom.

"Tom, a man with your form and horsemanship, and only rated five goals! Don't you see these Americans are on to you, just like I said? Answer me this, Tom: Why didn't you hook Sonny Vanderhoef's stick when he was making that long run in the third chukker?"

"My pony wouldn't quite get me up."

"That's not so. I watched you. You weren't pulling your mount, but you weren't spurring her either. Come now, Tom; isn't it true you'd sold that pony to Sonny yourself, and didn't want to make him angry by outracing it?"

"I guess you're right there, sir," admitted Tom. "You know what horse trading is."

"I ought," smiled Winbourne, "after dealing all my life with your father. But all this doesn't explain why you checked your pony as I was coming up to meet the ball in the fifth chukker."

"If I hadn't there'd been a crash."

"You're right there; but don't you see, Tom, you checked and I didn't? I rode on because I knew that you'd rein in your pony."

"Well, what if I did check?" demanded Tom hotly. "It's all right for you to run the risk of a smash-up—hospital bills and all that—but for me, with stablemen overfeeding my string, no one to sell my ponies——"

"Of course, Tom," said Lord Winbourne soothingly. "I know all that. It's impossible, in your position, to take chances. But don't you see, a gentleman would if he didn't have a farthing to his name? Polo's a mimic war on horseback. A chap hasn't the right to think about saving himself or his horses or a damned thing except doing his bit for the team. That's why they call it a gentleman's game. You weren't playing it this afternoon. You've never played it. Don't you see, your polo, your whole position over here, is synthetic, like their beastly American whisky? And you want to drag Alicia down to it. I'm ashamed of you, Tom, and I'd wager a thousand guineas your own father would be ashamed of you too. Think it over, my boy."

He gave Tom a friendly, understanding pat on the shoulder and left.

It was not until he was some distance from the house that his eyes became bleakly blue and he permitted himself a slight smile of triumph. He knew his talk with Tom had struck home deeply. Once again a Winbourne had shown he knew how to handle an Irishman, even in this frantic land of the United States.

About this time Alicia herself was walking into Tom's living room.

"I came as soon as I learned what dad was up to. What happened? You didn't throw him out on his ear, did you?"

"No," said Tom seriously, "Lord Winbourne was really very decent. Made me understand a lot of things."

"As for instance?" Alicia's eyes narrowed. She had had a sleepless night and had walked into Tom's living room expecting to be kissed.

"Well, he sort of made me see the cheapness of everything I'd accomplished here. I've just been kidding myself along."

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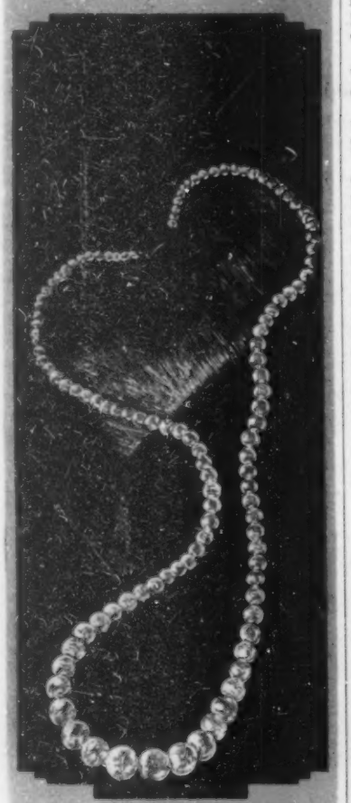

Deltah NECKLACES

"Have you been kidding yourself about me, too, Tom?"

"Oh, my dear! You're so young, so precious, so accustomed to everything that's fine in life, I couldn't bear to make you unhappy!"

"You haven't made me unhappy yet, Tom."

"No, and please God, I never will!"

Alicia's foot tapped the floor. "And I suppose you intend to keep me happy by refusing to marry me?"

"Don't put it that way, dear. It's just that I haven't the right. Why, as your father said, I'm only a sort of glorified groom. As he says, even my polo playing's a joke."

"And also"—Alicia's voice was almost gay now—"also, as my father says, Tom, you're yellow! You lack the essential courage of a gentleman. You've had the chance for happiness and of all the love it was in my power to give, and you've lost it for want of courage. You've had a chance that comes to few men. You've had not only your own soul but another's to fashion. I don't know what mess of sawdust and porridge you've made of your own, but mine you've turned to stone and burnt-out embers. Oh, Tom, my dear, if only you'd given my father a good sock in the eye!"

She turned and was out of the room so quickly Tom could scarcely realize she had gone.

He never knew why or how he got to Sonny Vanderhoef's field that afternoon. Purely from force of habit it was. He was expected to play, and it was his habit to play when he was expected to. He also played according to habit. Mechanically faultless, but without heart and without soul.

In the first chukker he let the English No. 1 steal the ball for a goal. In the second he checked for Wing Commander Smythe, when, according to all the laws of polo, he himself had a perfectly clear right of way.

Between chukkers, Captain Tim, with the score five to two against them, found occasion to remonstrate:

"For Pete's sake, Denman, get going. We've got to show this blighter, Winbourne, Ireland's really a free country."

At the start of the next chukker, it was Tom's duty to hit the ball out from his own back line. In response to a signal from Captain Tim, instead of knocking toward the side boards as expected, he made a slice shot right in front of his own goal. Taking advantage of the confusion this occasioned among the English team, he charged forward, getting up to the ball in time to make a powerful stroke to the far side boards. Wing Commander Smythe, the next to the last man in defense, dashed forward, but Captain Tim, in a knee-crushing impact, deftly took him out of the play.

Now, the rules of polo are hopefully framed to prevent accidents among the players:

The player in possession of the ball must be given way to ——

That player is in possession whose course is at the least angle to the line of the ball.

This is all clear enough, but unfortunately, in almost every game there arises some situation where there is an almost exact equality to the angles and distances involved. Tom, by a soaring drive to the goal posts, precipitated just such a situation between himself and Lord Winbourne. If anything, an Einstein might have decided the precious right of way was Tom's. But Winbourne, last man on the English defense, did not see it that way.

"Out of the way, Denman!" he roared, charging forward directly across Tom's path.

"To hell with you, Winbourne!" answered Tom, surprising everybody on the field, including himself. He struck his spurs deep into his pony's flanks and, leaning far forward, executed a perfect neck shot for the goal just as the crash came.

Lord Winbourne soared gracefully from his saddle and landed on all fours, rooting his patrician nose in the turf like a hog. The two ponies disentangled themselves somehow and trotted limping from the field, where anxious grooms, bottles of liniment already in hand, caught them.

Even young Tom, who had been at the bottom of the spill, after a motionless moment or two, forced himself to his feet, and with one arm around Sonny Vanderhoef and the other resting on a groom, made his way to the side boards. There, a surgeon whose standard fee for even an appendicitis operation was five thousand dollars slapped five pieces of adhesive across Tom's chest and probed at a purpling gash in his forehead with a penknife borrowed from a stableman.

In polo, it is a tradition that an injured player play on as long as arm can be raised or knees grip. And this custom doesn't apply to the Laceys and Nelsons of International fame alone. Why, even Sonny Vanderhoef himself, who had the income of a quarter billion dollars to give him pleasure and protect from pain, had once played through six chukkers of a perfectly inconsequential practice match with three broken ribs grinding.

So there was no surprise, only cheery smiles of encouragement, as young Tom clambered a little uncertainly into his saddle and cantered out onto the field.

Once his body was in motion, all feeling of uncertainty left him. His muscles, trained from infancy, gripped the pony's sides as though oblivious to the pain and confusion of directing mind. After a few seconds of play, the heat of the game cleared his mind also. He began to play polo for the first time in his life.

He had not been back in the game ten seconds before young Lester Harcourt, the British No. 2, broke away for a run. Tom, spurring his pony and leaning forward like a jockey, caught him and drove his mount into Harcourt's with such force that the Englishman was driven over the ball, giving Tom the opportunity to make a backhand pass to Captain Tim, who, left with a clear field for the goal, wasted no time taking advantage of the opportunity.

In addition to Tom's other aches, there was now a strange numb feeling in his right knee, but as the players were lining up again and Harcourt called, "Well played, Denman!" he smiled back and his heart sang.

"This is sport!" he told himself as he stole the ball almost from under Wing Commander Smythe's nose, checking his pony so shortly that the animal was thrown back on her haunches and plowed long furrows in the turf with her hoofs.

A little later, while Tom was making a daring run along the side boards, the realization suddenly came to him—he was doing now what the Winbournes had always done. The Winbournes—centuries of Winbournes—riding fine horses, heedless, breakneck! In peace, steeplechase winners, masters of hounds; in war, charging at the head of their squadrons! Well, he wasn't jealous of all that any more. He wasn't afraid of all that. He, a Denman, had finally told a Winbourne to go to hell!

Tom's head was getting pretty bad now. His body, especially in the region of his abdomen, was a gnawing center of pain. Between chukkers it became necessary for his stablemen to lift him into the saddle. But still he played more brilliantly than ever, darting about the field like a flame, performing miracles himself, and, what is more important in polo, forcing his mounts to perform miracles also.

Of course, when four good players are matched against three other good players plus one possessed, there can be only one answer. By the time the game ended, the score was eighteen to ten, and O'Melvaney close to apoplectic joy. As the players cantered to the horse lines, he made one wild rush for Tom, and arrived just in time to catch him crumpling unexpectedly from his saddle.

The next thing Tom knew, he seemed to be afloat in a great sea of nothingness. No, not nothingness. There was Alicia, sitting close beside him, and her hand was in his. He grasped it with what strength he was able. He wasn't going to let her go away from him again. He was going to hold her like this, close to him, always. A little later he seemed to be awaking from a deep, refreshing sleep. He looked around. Alicia was still there, and she was smiling.

"Sweetheart," he said, looking around at white walls and an extraordinary system of pulleys tugging at his right leg—"sweetheart, I suppose I'm in a hospital, but as soon as I can get out of the rummy place, you and I are going to be married."

"Of course, dear," she answered a little impatiently. "Everybody understands that. But save your strength for dad and Captain Tim. They're downstairs now, figuring a new line-up—Harcourt, Tim, dad and you—and just think!" Her eyes became starry bright, as one who has caught far glimpses of heaven. "Just think, dear; they say if you play the way you did yesterday, we're going to win the next Internationals!"

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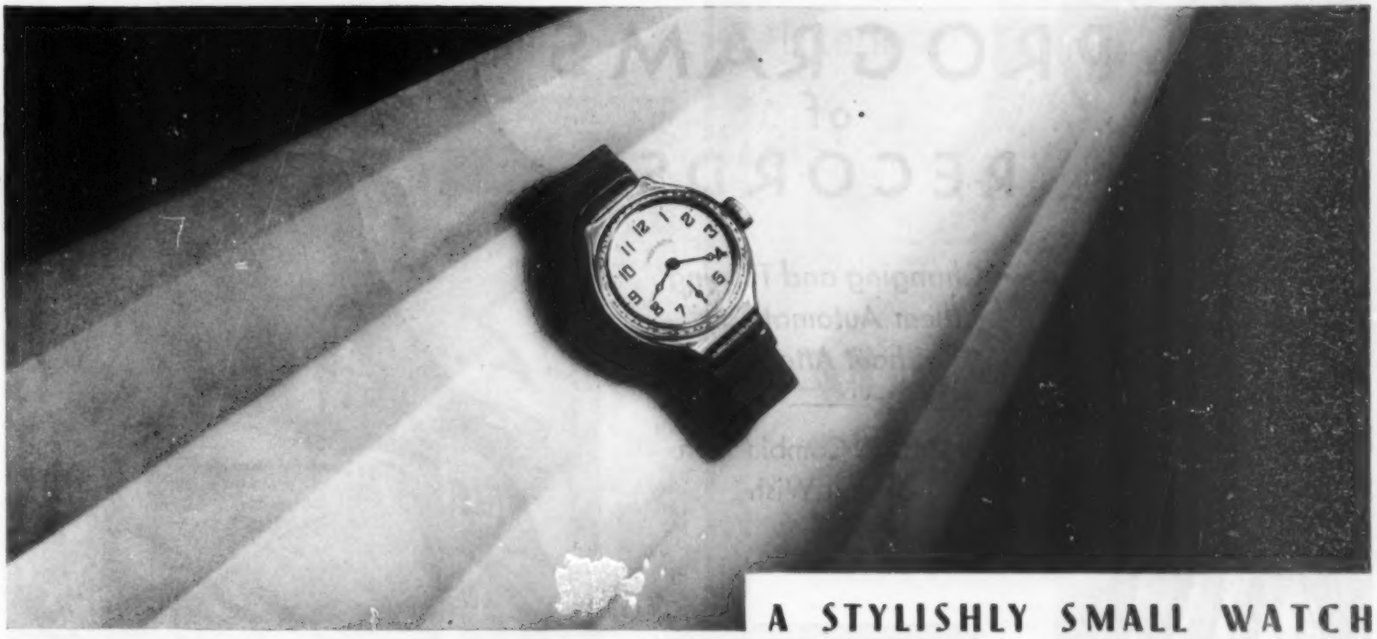

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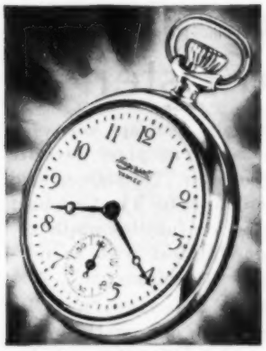

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We're mightily proud of the Mite—it's Ingersoll's answer to your demand for the seemingly impossible. You demanded a wrist watch that was beautiful—but sturdy. You demanded a wrist watch that was reliable—but small. All these you demanded *at the low price of five dollars*—and now you have it in the Ingersoll Mite!

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CONTINUOUS PROGRAMS of RECORDS

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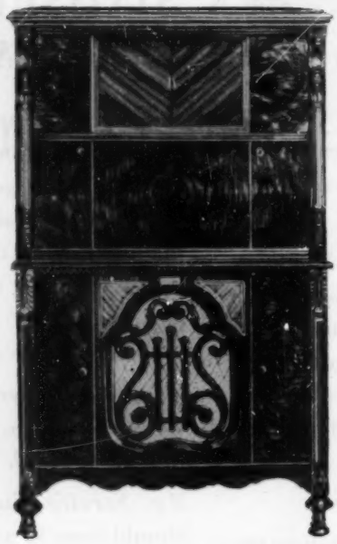
RADIO in Combination If You Wish



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AMPERION

THE CAPEHART CORPORATION, FT. WAYNE, IND.

THE EDUCATION OF THE MILLION-DOLLAR CHILD

(Continued from Page 13)

some of the most extravagant places in America. With the building of the big houses, the social season lengthened and several schools absorbed the pupils. Classes were very small and tutoring methods prevailed. During my four seasons there I gained many strange insights into character. Let me tell a few stories as examples.

To begin with, one school was frankly a money school and the prices were high. Names were pretty sure to figure in the Social Register. In any case, the poor could not afford the fees. One day, as I entered the reception room from my small classroom, I saw a lady leaving with a good-looking youngster of eight or ten. She was obviously disappointed in not getting him admitted, whatever may have been the reason. But she had brought him there hopefully. Oh, what a strange world! His father was a clergyman who was hurling denunciations on the rich and idle of the social world whose children made up our school. Yet his mother had brought him there. One could only wonder.

Or let me tell about another—a sweet, generous boy of nine or ten then, and very likely four or five years have not changed him. I was asking the little class if they could tell me the three necessities of life. I had a vague hope that even their minds, thwarted by luxury, might reason down to rock bottom and finally see real necessities—food, clothing, shelter. The boy was sure he knew one. I called on him.

"Perfume," he said.

I quickly stopped the laugh which rose. I had been looking into his eyes as he spoke, and I knew that he was not joking. I was startled. You must remember that these children, used to travel, governesses, tutors, and so on, in many ways are more matured than their age indicates. They are with grown people most of the time. I spoke to the boy very quietly:

"Now you really don't think that perfume is one of the things you couldn't possibly live without."

He flushed a little and stood up in his earnestness.

"I wasn't thinking about myself. I was trying to think about grown people."

"But don't you think grown people need food more than perfume?"

"Yes, Mr. Gifford, I do now. But I do think mother could do without food better than perfume."

In the hectic scurry of his life, the boy was not to blame. I told his mother the incident and she was amused. Well, in a way it was funny. But then, some people laughed when I told them of a pupil asking me if I could please tell him how many times his mother had been married. Was it three or four? I shall never forget his face, looking earnestly up to mine. If I merely "shut him up," he would go on thinking and wondering. I told him three. Now it is four.

The Poor Little Rich Boy

How mature those boys' minds are, and how immature at the same time! One boy in fourth grade was continually late. Finally I gave him a note giving the number of times, and so on, and told him he must get it signed by the next afternoon. The following afternoon I asked him for it, and he brought it to me. It was signed by the governess. I was not satisfied.

"Didn't I tell you your mother had to sign it? I know she is here."

The boy burst into a flood of tears.

"I know you did, sir. But I haven't seen my mother for a week."

And he was right. Living in the same house with her, he hadn't seen her for a week. Oh, and how often she speaks of her devotion to her children!

Along the same line was the case of another neglected child. During class one day he was chewing gum, and I asked him whether it was breakfast he was finishing, or lunch he was beginning. The schoolteacher's hoary favorite brought the usual chuckle from the others. But the boy was serious.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Gifford, but my alarm clock went off late, and I couldn't find anything in the ice box to eat."

One must remember that he was not quite eleven and that getting up by alarm clock and searching for breakfast in the refrigerator was a regular custom. My mind thronged with pictures of mothers making sure their children had warm meals, cereals, cocoa, before leaving for school, and then rose the picture of this child starting for school hungry, or, at best, nourished with the remains of a lobster salad from last night's party. In the slums there would have been a way of handling the case. At this resort, at an expensive school, there was none. His mother's picture was in almost every rotogravure section of every Sunday paper that winter. But she had neither time nor money to hire even a negro maid to see that the boy was clothed and fed. The child led a life dreamed of as paradise by every boy. He came and went without question, and saw two moving-picture shows a day. And he never washed his ears. He was sent home once for impossible dirtiness, but nothing much was accomplished.

A Shirt a Week

Another incident of a similar kind: One boy aged eleven drove himself to school in his foreign car. His parents had imported it for him. I stood his uncleanliness as long as possible. Then, when his shirt was indescribably filthy, I sent him home. He returned with a note from his mother which said, in part:

. . . and I will not allow my boy to have extravagant ideas. He must finish the week with the shirt he dirtied.

That was Wednesday afternoon.

The world and its standards are changing so rapidly. One boy's father told me he didn't care to have his son copy anything over to improve his handwriting.

"When he grows up he won't have to write. He can pay someone to do that for him." I then told the father of the aristocratic Persian child who arrived to enter Robert College, at Constantinople. The word "college" is used in the European sense of a superior school. He arrived in state, and with a tutor whom he expected to take the examination for him. Though still a boy, he considered himself above questions and examinations. Needless to say, he was not admitted. But the story was lost on the American father. The story happened in Constantinople, and to him had no bearing on the fact that his son would have a secretary to do his writing for him.

But one should never for a moment think rich children deficient in a sense of humor. One day I found ten or twelve of them in a group on the school lawn. I was just in time to see them knocking down a boy in the center of the circle. I broke them up and received an enlightening explanation:

"Oh, Sam always talks so perfect. We wanted to see if he'd talk correct grammar if we hurt him bad enough."

And as I assured them then, so I can assure them now—he would. His correctness is still not a garment to be put on and off, but an ingrained habit of mind. His mother can pride herself on a beautifully trained boy. It may have been a struggle teaching him to comb his hair, but he was born a gentleman.

In general, the tutor finds himself always in a difficult position, especially if he lives with a family. He is living with the family, yet not as a guest, because he is

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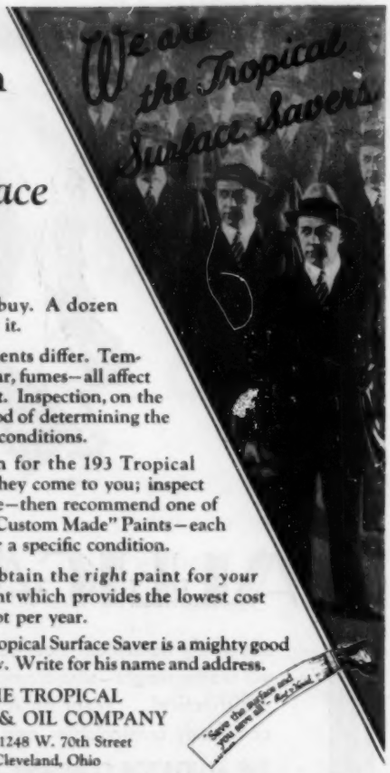

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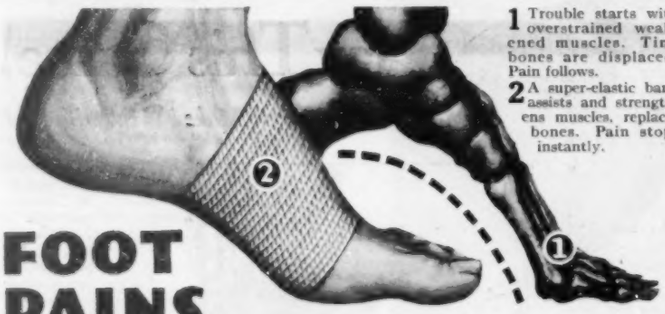

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JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

working for them, and subject to discharge. At the same time, he cannot be classed with any other employe. My own experience has ranged from a crowded house on Long Island, where I was "passed up" at the table when wine was served, to an engagement in Tuxedo Park, where I could not have been treated more considerately. It is needless to say which family rated the higher socially. But I did have at least one good laugh at the Long Island place. The butler left because he found the work too much without help. The woman was furious and told him she would never give him a recommendation. His reply I shall never forget:

"Thank you, madam. Your recommendation would be too great a hindrance in finding a good place."

For Value Received

And I myself was the butt of the other laugh during my short stay. I was sitting on a wicker couch on the lawn, playing checkers with the boy, a child of eight. Behind me was a stone pool with water plants and flowers and goldfish. Suddenly I got up, slipped and fell flat into the pool, clutching at the water lilies and what not. It was about waist-deep, and I scrambled to my feet, dripping. Then I noticed the boy was looking fixedly into the stirred-up and now muddied water. He never even noticed me, but suddenly set up a howl:

"Oh, oh, the goldfish have been killed!"

If that was embarrassing, it was also funny—at least, afterward. But other cases often were not. Another embarrassment was over money. It happened in Florida, where the regular tutoring rate at the time was three dollars an hour. I was instructing a rich man's daughter in English literature. At the end of a short time I presented a bill for services, and the lessons terminated. He had never paid more than a dollar and fifty cents an hour, and never would. Naturally no other tutor was found at such a figure in a resort where living is most expensive, even for tutors. The objection was not to me, as was made clear. Not so very long ago I read a rumor that the same daughter might try Hollywood, and it was expected that even that place would be stunned with the beauty and variety of her wardrobe.

And it all leads up just to one thing: A fortune in gowns—yes. A few dollars spent on training in literature—no. I know of a woman who dropped a tutor at one hundred and fifty dollars a month while paying seven dollars an hour for her son's tennis and as much for his golf lessons. Bridge is more expensive. But then, how much more important are tennis, golf, bridge and riding than education in the ordinary sense! Herbert Spencer tells us of savages who subsist on little or nothing, in most abject degradation; yet who care not, nor will they work to better their condition. But they will slave to buy paint to paint their bodies. To them that is value received.

Anything But Culture

At least three times in as many years I have lost positions which would have been sure had I played golf. One father was especially frank:

"Sorry, Gifford, but I never take a tutor for my son unless he can play golf with me."

The golfing tutor was found and the son failed the examinations he was studying for. But without doubt, the self-sacrificing father was happy.

It all may seem an unhappy collection, but it is not. My experience is but typical of that of others. And the wealth of the few cases I have mentioned totals hundreds of millions. Many of them will grow up crude, uncultured and weak. They will control not only money but all that money controls. The training of a millionaire child is as important as that of a crown prince. The fathers cry out, "Tell me why my children seem good for nothing. I have given them everything. I had nothing and I succeeded." I have tried to explain as I see it, but I cannot. They have given their sons nothing, as a matter of fact. They have never given them time or attention or consideration. Their children have been trained expensively in sports, but not in understanding or sympathy. A boy I know was forbidden to play tennis with another for fear he might learn an incorrect stroke. If he wanted to play tennis, he might go to the professional. Such is the lovely, thwarted life. It's a poor child, indeed, who isn't in some doctor's hands two or three times a week. Yet they seldom look robust in health. They have strange illnesses unknown to those under the million-dollar mark. One is so apt to think of them as having everything while they have so little. They are interfered with at all times or else cruelly neglected. Their early childhood is in the hands of crude foreign women who, as a rule, have little qualification beyond their foreignness. As they grow older they look forward longingly to release. I once asked a thirteen-year-old boy what he would do on his twenty-first birthday. His face lit up as he said:

"Ride all day in the Subway. I've never been there. It is nice, isn't it?"

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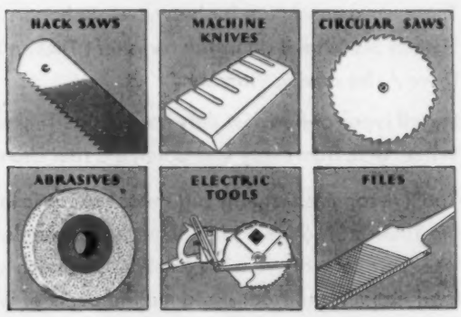

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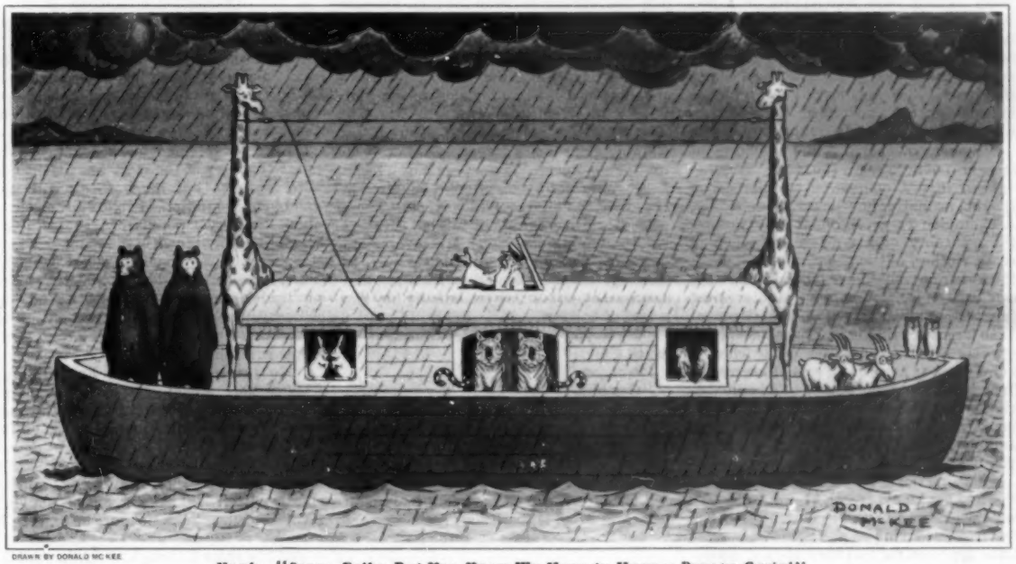
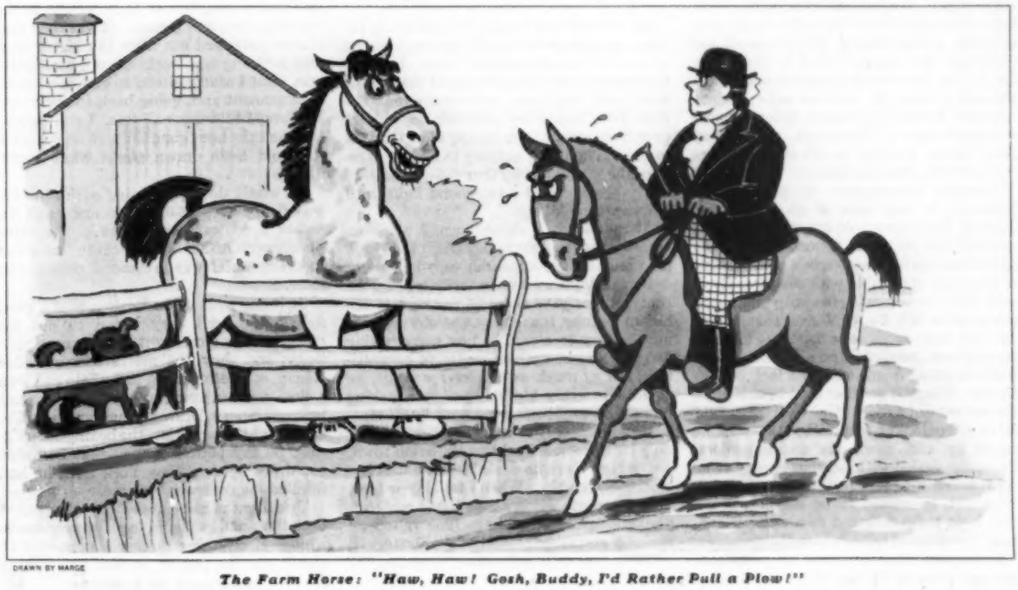


DRAWN BY DONALD MC KEE

Noah: "Sorry, Folks, But You Know We Have to Have a Proper Aerial"



DRAWN BY MARGE

The Farm Horse: "Haw, Haw! Gosh, Buddy, I'd Rather Pull a Plow!"

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THE FIGHT PROMOTER

(Continued from Page 19)

chin. Frank fell forward against Gans—and when they fall forward they are out. The negro stepped back gracefully and let him fall. Erne was not stirring at the count of ten; in five more seconds he was up and ready to do business as usual. Few but athletes understand that, to a man in the pink of condition, one second is the equivalent in recuperation to fifteen minutes for you or me.

Erne was a picture fighter, one of the great, but he had met a greater. In the two years since their previous meeting, Gans had studied Frank's style and found its weakness. The negro feinted, and when Erne started a hook at him, Joe drove in his right to the jaw. In my judgment, they were the greatest pair of lightweights we ever have seen.

My second bet was on Jeffries to beat Johnson at Reno. I should have known better, but I let sentiment override my better judgment. At Toledo, I bet $8500 on Dempsey to beat Willard, and never had a moment's misgivings. Had I lost I should have had to walk home.

The Quick and the Dumb

I am conservative when I say that out of every twenty boys who appear in a preliminary, not more than one ever gets as far as a main bout eventually. Many drop out at the first stop. Some ride along easily as far as the semifinals, and stick there until they quit. They are just so good and no manager or trainer can push them farther. Usually the trouble is that they are dumb.

Stupidity in the ring and stupidity at large are not necessarily the same. No dumb fighter, in my opinion, ever approached the top, no matter how powerful physically. A champion or a contender may register the mentality of a ten-year-old when in street clothes, but in the ring he is a quick thinker or he would have fallen by the wayside long since. A winning fighter must take instant advantage of a break. He must have a sense of timing and pace, pacing his own stamina as well as the other fellow's, know when to hang back, when to carry the fight in. When your opponent's hands begin to hang a shade too low, when his blocking is a trifle tardy, when his feet grow gummy—that is the time to wade in with all you have.

A natural boxer may flop dismally in the ring. Any manager can name boys who were sensations in the gymnasium with a few friends looking on and who lost in public to opponents of half their ability. Sometimes it is a lack of courage, usually it is stage fright. Why shouldn't a fighter be at least as susceptible to this panic as an actor or other public figure? The show-off will delight in the spotlight and be the better for it; the hard-shelled pugilist will ignore the mob, forget it; but the self-conscious boy feels himself folding up under the concentrated stare of thousands. Or he may be a fretter, burning up his energy before he leaves his dressing room.

Extreme nervousness is, naturally, a handicap to any man in an emergency. Tommy Ryan once told me that he always watched the pit of his opponent's stomach as he came up for the referee's instructions. A man may dissemble with his face, Ryan said, but if he is stewing inwardly, his stomach muscles will flutter, for all that he can do. Yet there must be at least two kinds of nervousness among fighters. The kind Ryan was interested in springs from lack of confidence. There is another kind that is more the fine edge of a tool. Mike Gibbons would drive an onlooker frantic by the way he paced up and down his dressing room. Dempsey sizzled with nervous energy as he approached a fight. Rather than burning them out, it seemed to be the grindstone that kept them whetted to a razor sharpness. The scent of battle was in their nostrils.

I can best illustrate how an occasional youngster works his way from the bottom to the top by telling the story of Jimmy Slattery, the flashiest star on the immediate horizon. Slattery is a Buffalo boy. He was boxing amateur and hanging around Paul—Red—Carr's Newsboys' Gymnasium. Carr, an ex-newsboy, is our principal local manager.

Johnny Paske was working out at the gym one day several years ago and lacked a sparring partner. It is for such a chance that boys lurk about gyms, and Carr told Slattery to work out a couple of rounds with Paske. The unknown youngster made a show of Paske, and Carr carried the news to me.

We both are too old in the business to get out an extra at the first shot. It may have been an automobile backfiring. What really interested us was that the boy had a good Irish name and came from the First Ward. Though the Irish no longer produce the bulk of our fighters, the stamp of Erin still is something like a sterling mark. Witness the Poles, Italians and Jews who are Irish for ring purposes. And the First Ward is the old fighting-Irish ward. It has a tradition. The combination was excellent if the boy should prove up.

Several days later Carr galloped up with a fresh bulletin. "Say," he declared, "this boy is a four-alarm fire in the high-pressure district. He's the fastest thing on two feet and he can hit. Let's start him and see what he looks like outside the gym."

The evidence still was hearsay to me. I put him in a preliminary and forgot him, while Carr steamed up stronger every day. The night Slattery made his debut I was showing someone to a seat. Carr grabbed my coat as I passed and whispered: "There he is. Watch him a minute." I squatted in the aisle. In half a round I was sold. There could be no mistake about this lad. He was a natural fighter like Terry McGovern, and in contrast to a synthetic fighter such as Tunney. Slattery floated as if on air, and swarmed over the other preliminary boy like a nest of hornets.

"Have you got him under contract?" I asked Carr.

"Not yet."

"Get him."

Every Monday night thereafter we put Slattery in a preliminary, and by the fourth Monday found that most of the crowd were coming to see the curtain raiser. The forty-dollar novice was outdrawing the main bout. We moved him up to six-round bouts and paid him $150, still without realizing that he was the whole show with the customers.

Fighting Every Monday

He had not been boxing professionally for three months before public demand forced us to move him up to main bouts. In order to do so, we had to upset a fixed custom. A main bout had been ten rounds, but the New York boxing law prohibits boys under twenty-one years from boxing more than six rounds. There was nothing to do but to reduce the main bout by four rounds, and we rarely again staged a ten-round fight until Slattery came of age.

About his sixth appearance, I made an agreement with Carr to pay them $500 each for the next four appearances, win, lose or draw, but midway I voluntarily tore up the contract and gave them 25 per cent of the box-office take, top money, thereby cementing Slattery to me. The boy was drawing $10,000 houses against mediocre competition. In as much as he never was hit, he could fight every Monday and was making more than any beginner I ever knew of.

He still was only a local sensation. A boxer may be the whole world to his home town, yet to New York he doesn't exist until New York has seen him. When I told Hype Igoe, veteran sports writer, that I had matched Slattery against Stribling, Igoe raised an eyebrow and asked: "And who is Slattery?"

"The boy who will dump Stribling," I assured him.

Igoe was polite. "For your sake, I hope that he does," he murmured.

No sport follower needs to be told who Stribling was. He was the first first-rate boxer to come out of the South, for one thing. To this marked advantage he added others. His father and mother had been acrobats. Pa and Ma, as he called them, managed him personally and never let him out of their sight, and son William L. had a nice sense of showmanship himself.

Stribling was burning up Dixie at the same time Slattery was lighting up the Northern horizon, but New York had heard little of him either until Mike McTigue dropped into Columbus, Georgia, one evening and took on the local talent. Mike was barnstorming and undoubtedly had no warning of the wildcat about to be loosed on him. The result was a close and lively scrap. The referee called the fight a draw, whereupon the crowd moved in a body toward the ringside and persuaded him to give the decision to Stribling. A few hours later, in the privacy of a friend's home, the referee again declared the fight a draw. This alone was enough to promote Stribling to the big time.

Angling for Stribling

I was at old Madison Square Garden one night soon after this and asked Rickard if he was bringing Stribling on. He told me that the Georgian and his father were then sitting inside in a box watching the Battling Siki-Kid Norfolk scrap, and I found them there.

Pa did the talking while son watched the fight. The rest of the story has little to do with Slattery, but much to do with the gamble in promotion. I told Pa something about Slattery's popularity, that Buffalo was the best fight town in the country, which it is per capita, and that he would seat 10,000. True, I neglected to add that 80 per cent of our trade normally pays a dollar a head, but if I exaggerated, it certainly was on the up side. And I offered him 25 per cent, even terms with Slattery.

"No percentage," ruled Pa Stribling. "We'll take $3000 guaranty and three round-trip railroad tickets with a drawing-room. I don't think your town is good for better than a $12,000 house."

I said I would think it over and left to telephone my partner, Billy Kelly, Buffalo sports writer. "That's a lot of dough," Kelly thought. "I'm not sure he's worth it here."

But the more I thought over the match, the more ideal it seemed. They were the two best youngsters of their weight in the country, both rising stars. It was time that Slattery stepped out after the bigger ones and Stribling was working up a nice ballyhoo. But I didn't intend to give in without an argument and, going back to the Stribling box, I told them all this. I still believe that had the bout gone through on schedule it would have drawn about what I predicted.

Pa would do no gambling with me. He was firm on the $3000 guaranty and we signed a contract on the back of a press photograph of his boy which he had given me. The match was to come off three weeks later.

Stribling went on to Boston, won a good fight there, and they began to put me off. He won more fights, much new publicity, and they put me farther off. Joe Eagan, of Boston, came to Buffalo and won a close decision over Slattery. Stribling had beaten Eagan in Boston. That reassured Pa, and about the same time the boxing commission, on my petition, ruled that Stribling could not fight in New York until he had fulfilled his contract with me.

Two months had elapsed now. Note that both boys had gathered fresh laurels meanwhile. If anything further was needed to steam up the public, it was the boxing

(Continued on Page 193)

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A. H. Benoit Co.	Lewiston, Maine
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Wm. Filene's Sons Co.	Boston, Mass.
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Lewis Bros., Inc.	Lansing, Mich.
Woolf Brothers	Kansas City, Mo.
Boyd-Richardson Company	St. Louis, Mo.
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Konner's	Passaic, N. J.
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J. L. Hudson Company	Buffalo, N. Y.
Abraham & Straus	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Printz Company	Jamestown, N. Y.
Brill Brothers	30th St. & 5th Ave., N. Y. C.
Brill Brothers	87 Cortlandt St., N. Y. C.
Brill Brothers	38th St. & Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.
National Clothing Co.	Rochester, N. Y.
Kramer's	Akron, Ohio
The W. B. Davis Co.	Cleveland, Ohio
The Union Company	Columbus, Ohio
The Edward Wren Store	Springfield, Ohio
The B. R. Baker Co.	Toledo, Ohio
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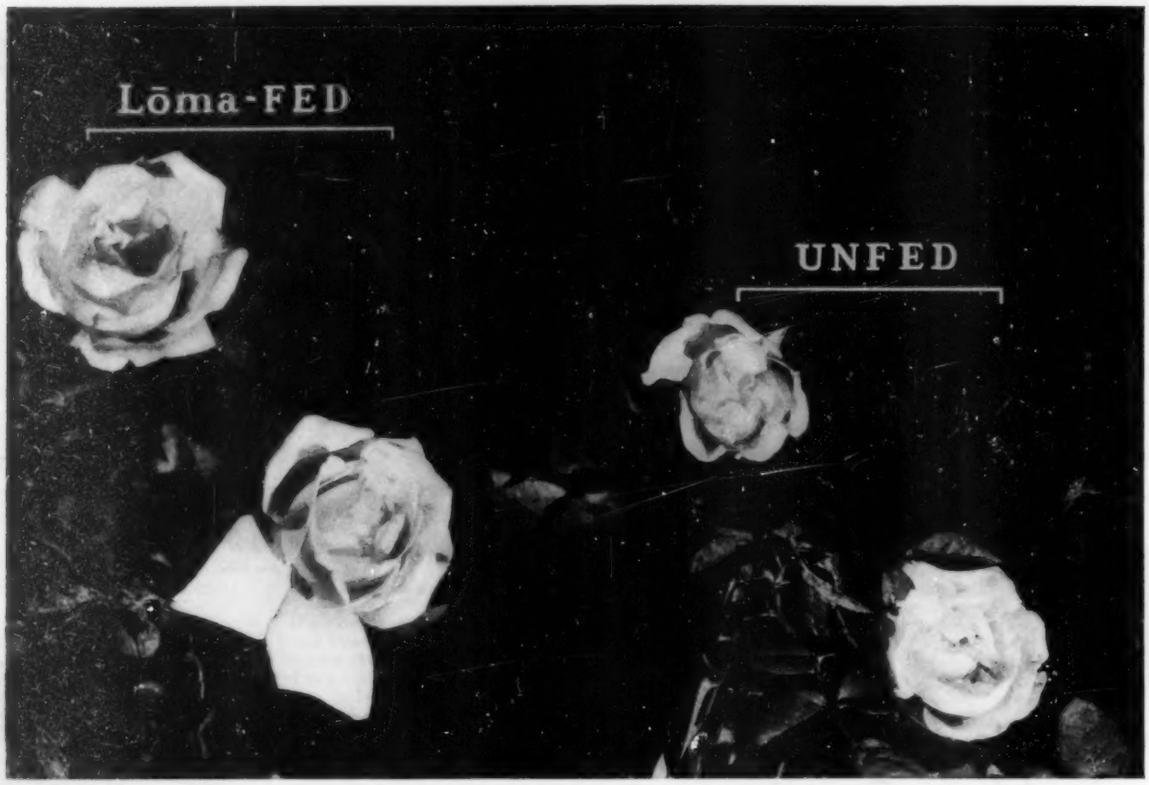

"Within four weeks," *say* BOBBINK & ATKINS,

"the fed flowers were double the size of the unfed"

THE results referred to above followed a Lōma demonstration conducted under the supervision of E. A. Mallette, Sales Executive of Bobbink & Atkins, at Rutherford, N. J.—world-famous growers of roses and other perennials.

For this demonstration, Mr. Mallette selected a circular flower-bed, 12 feet in diameter, located in front of the nursery offices, and planted with about eighty rose bushes of the Richard E. West variety, one of the newer light yellow roses.

"We divided the bed in half," reports Mr. Mallette, "and then applied one tablespoonful of Lōma to each of the plants on one side. That's all the feeding they had, and, after four weeks, photographs were taken showing the startling results.

"The Lōma-fed flowers were double the size of the unfed, and, furthermore, the plants themselves were much larger and had almost twice as many buds. The success of this Lōma demonstration is certainly conclusive proof of the correctness of our recommendation—that plants should be fed regularly."

It should be added that home-owners in all parts of the country who are using Lōma are securing just as fine results as did Bobbink & Atkins.

The reason is that Lōma is a rich, carefully balanced combination of nitrates, phosphates and potash—a *complete* plant food. That's why it produces such astonishing results in the garden and on the lawn—larger and juicier vegetables, thicker and greener grass, as well as bigger and brighter flowers.

It comes in convenient small cartons or in larger sacks, and can be gotten from any dealer in lawn or garden supplies. Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, New York, N. Y.

"In exactly two weeks, the grass was very thick and of the most beautiful deep green," says Mrs. George E. Harding, of Newton, Massachusetts. Mrs. Harding is a member of the Melrose Garden Club and her garden is as beautiful as her home. This very successful demonstration of Lōma *as a food for grass was made on Mrs. Harding's lawn during a particularly dry spell.*

Lōma

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(Continued from Page 190)

commission's order. As the customers interpret it, the state of New York has ordered someone to quit dodging and to come out in the open and fight. It may be only that a boxer withdrew at the last moment because of illness. Several weeks later the commission issues a routine order requiring him to go through with his engagements. But the customers suspect a nigger in the woodpile and come running to see what it is all about.

A Five-Figure Windfall

With this prospect I naturally scaled up the prices, added an unusually good semi-windup and made the card a powerful one throughout. The match drew $27,000. Slattery got his 25 per cent, $6,700. Stribling got only his guaranteed $3000, and some of the New York sport writers christened me "Big Hearted Charley." The story was that I had deceived Pa Stribling into thinking Buffalo was an upstate county seat with two creameries and a cider mill. That was not Pa Stribling's story. He made no complaint, knowing he had outguessed himself. Actually, neither of us had any reason to expect such a house at the time the match was made. It was a windfall.

The same thing happened to Jack Kearns in the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, the greatest promotion windfall in pugilism's history. Rickard, wishing Kearns to share the gamble, offered him 40 per cent, tried to argue him into taking it. Kearns demanded a flat $300,000 guaranty, and got it. Under Rickard's uncanny direction the ballyhoo drew in a gate of $1,600,000. Kearns guessed wrong by $340,000 and took his medicine.

A lesser windfall came to me on the fifth meeting between Slattery and Maxie Rosenbloom. There was no reason to expect more than ordinary interest, but the match happened—why, I still don't know—to stir up the fans. When they begin to argue, a bout is made. I looked for a $10,000 house, would have sold out on the spot to anyone offering $12,000. It drew $18,000 and we turned away five thousand fans eager to pay almost any price.

Or there comes a night when several thousand more men than normally either are taken with an urge to see a boxing card or have nothing else in particular to do. These occasional flurries offset other fight nights when the weather snuffs out a prospective profit. The advance sale is an index of what to expect; usually it runs about 25 per cent of the total. But we sold a $4000 advance on a Knock-out Willie Brennan-Mike Gibbons meeting once and drew only $5000 in all. A February blizzard snorted in from Lake Erie that day, and the dollar boys were frozen in.

I figure that if out of twenty-four hours of effort I produce one minute of results every day, I am holding my own. You can't call up a jobber and order three two-round bouts, three sixes and a ten for next Monday. Such a program requires some doing, unless you are just tossing fourteen assorted boxers into a ring. Friendship is something like 50 per cent of fight promotion, and friendship has obligations that eat up time and labor. If you know 20,000 fellow townsmen by name, as I easily do, stopping to shake hands and ask how the wife and children are may account for much of your day. When all else is taken care of, you still have the routine of a going business to attend to.

Rickard told me once that he made a practice of cultivating men of wealth as much as possible, on the theory that if you rubbed up against money enough, a little might rub off on you. He proved it by enlisting some dozen millionaires as stockholders in Madison Square Garden. There is friendship in New York and money in Buffalo and the other smaller cities, but most of the money is in New York and most of the friendship is elsewhere.

A fight promoter no more can afford to lose a customer than can a barber or a bank. It used to be a six-to-five bet that no one could get the seat his ticket called for. If he landed in the right section, he was supposed to be happy. Ushers worked their friends down front and squatters quoted that one about possession being nine points in the law. The old Garden was notorious in the neglect of reserved-seat holders, as were all clubs in the old days. The bleacherites used to charge the high-priced seats in a mob at a given signal.

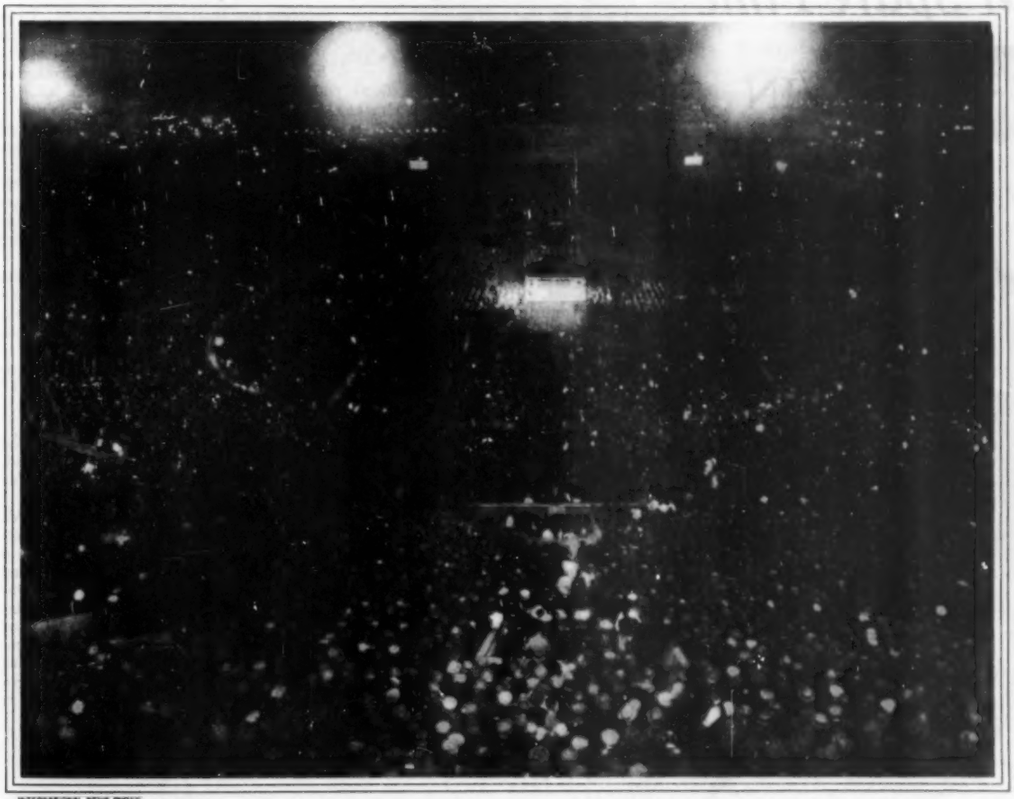
Rickard was the greatest showman and promoter the business ever knew and made history at every step, but he was a relative newcomer to it and to New York. I pointed out to him that if we paid six dollars a seat for a front table at the Midnight Frolic on the New Amsterdam roof, then in its glory, and found the table occupied, we might not yelp to Ziegfeld, but we would think twice before we came again. There was no more reason why a fight ticket should not deliver the seat called for than that a theater ticket should be a seat lottery. Rickard stopped the practice quickly enough when he set out to do so.

Born in the Right Place

Early in my experience I told my ushers that one squawk from a misseated customer would equal one new usher automatically; that if a man arrived half an hour after the show had started, he still was to find his seat waiting for him. That ended that. It is my observation that crowds, contrary to belief, take little management. A man with five dollars to fifty dollars to spend on an evening's entertainment is likely to have horse sense, or the probabilities are that he wouldn't have the money. He usually has a fair picture of where he is going to sit, and with a little direction he will find it without confusion. As a matter of fact, fight fans are their own ushers.

I made an excellent start as a promoter by being born and reared in Buffalo. Boxing was against the law for many years in New York State. There was a time, even, when the penal code made it a felony to print a fight ticket, but most of the time boxing went on as usual in Buffalo. The public desired it and the public officials desired it. They asked only that they be not embarrassed by the wrong kind of boxing.

I spent my first dollar on a fight. My father gave it to me and I carried it downtown, reached up and pushed it in the box-office window of the Lyceum Theater for a



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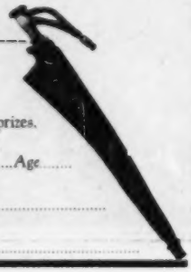

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gallery ticket to the Kid Griffo-Jack Everhardt bout in 1896. I was so small that the gallery ticket taker took it for granted that I had found or stolen the ticket, took it up and chased me down the stairs. I went back to the box office, tearfully demanded my rights and was escorted back to the gallery. The ticket seller had no difficulty in remembering so small a customer.

My second fight was the one in which Frank Erne won the lightweight championship from Frank Lavigne in 1899. It was at night, and Austin Summers, now a big contractor, and I pedaled six miles out Broadway to the Cheektowaga Arena, on the chance of scrambling over the fence. Instead, someone had knocked a board loose and set up a private fifty-cent gate. We parked our bicycles in high weeds and went through the fence without paying. After the fight, the bicycles were gone and we had to walk home in a cloud of dust raised by the returning carriages and hacks. Once my show has begun, I make it a practice to let boys in. One reason is that they are apt to break in somewhere and cause damage if they can't get in otherwise. Another is that I am making future fight fans.

I lived near the Oakdale Athletic Club, an organization of young Irish in South Buffalo which held At Homes on Sunday afternoons and supported a famous professional football team. From carrying football and boxing notes to the newspapers, I got a job as copy boy on the Courier. The sporting editor, Walter Kelly, owned an interest in the Black Rock Athletic Club, a saloon and auditorium where fights were given regularly. I began to write sport personals, put up the ring, distribute advertising cards, pay off fighters and interest myself in preliminary boys.

The saloons are supposed to have been the social and business centers of pugilism in that day. My observation was that the sport desks were headquarters. The first act of a visiting fighter was to pay a call upon the sporting editors as punctiliously as a new ambassador presenting his credentials to the Department of State. Matches were made at the sport desk and all parties photographed in a group, with the picture printed on the sport page the next day. I had become a reporter on the Enquirer when I made my first real money.

Seeing What They Wanted To

Sam Harris owned the rights to the Gans-Nelson fight pictures. I had met him at the Frank Erne-Terry McGovern fight in Madison Square Garden. Harris was Terry's manager. An ardent partisan of Erne's, I was with Frank at his training camp and at the ringside. McGovern was featherweight champion, Erne lightweight champion, and the latter had agreed to make 128 pounds ringside. Possibly because of his strenuous weight reduction, McGovern knocked him out.

It was the tradition of the time for fighters and their retinues to snarl and spit at one another—and mean it. Erne was badly cast down by his defeat, and when Harris came into his dressing room, slapped him on the back, cheered him up and invited all of us to Terry's house at a Long Island beach for dinner the next day, we did not quite know what to make of it. After thinking it over, we concluded that Harris must be a fine fellow, and we went.

The friendship became permanent, and through it Harris gave me the Gans-Nelson picture rights for Buffalo, Rochester and Syracuse. I turned Buffalo over to the local sporting editors and took the other two for myself, making $6000, of which Harris would take no part. My work as a reporter began at the sunup police courts and was finished by one P.M., when the Empire State Limited departed. I commuted back and forth, catching a little sleep on the trains, and my city editor never missed me.

This film gave me another sidelight on crowd psychology. Gans had lost to Nelson on a disputed foul in the forty-second round. The moving picture still was crude and was projected at a slower speed than now, making the motion correspondingly faster on the screen. The dullest fight became a whirlwind in the picture. A lecturer accompanied the film, and as the forty-second round approached he would recite:

"Now, gentlemen, we are coming to the crucial moment of the contest. Did Gans foul Nelson or not? Watch this very closely, for the disputed foul occurs in a furious mix-up, and decide for yourself."

There was a blurry scuffle in the upper left corner and the picture ended. "There it is! I saw it!" the Nelson partisans would exclaim. The Gans men were as violently sure that there had been no foul. As far as the picture was concerned, the Gans men were right. I watched it a hundred times and saw nothing. As a matter of fact, the cameras had run out of film repeatedly and some film had been spoiled. Of the forty-two rounds, pictures were obtained only of parts of, perhaps, twenty-five or thirty, and what purported to be the end probably was some brisk exchange midway. But the fans saw what they wanted to see.

Doing Business With Rickard

The next big money I made was through a stranger, Jack Gleason, then Rickard's partner. The newspapers had announced that the Jeffries-Johnson fight pictures would be barred in New York State for fear of racial disturbances, but the attorney-general ruled that there was nothing in the law to prevent their showing, and I wired to Gleason for the Buffalo rights and got them.

Every theater and auditorium in Buffalo was in use. The only possible spot was a former Salvation Army barracks downtown, small, dingy and forbidding. Mitch Mark, who was just beginning his career of building picture theaters, owned the barracks. Mark first warned me that the place was impossible; then, when I persisted, laughed at me and set the rent at thirty-five dollars a week.

The house was not more than thirty-five or forty feet deep and had no seats. I put in the roughest of board benches, managed to seat about 200, charged fifty cents a head, and ran the film every hour from nine A.M. until midnight, with a line all day at the box office. The expenses were nearly nothing and I grossed between $11,000 and $12,000. One man paid me $250 for a special after-midnight showing of the film and brought a party of women friends in evening dress. It was the first time I remember having seen women at a fight picture. They are, of course, regular patrons of boxing now.

I had no agreement with Gleason and no idea what I was paying him. I met him and Rickard in the Cadillac Hotel, New York, to settle up—the first time I had laid eyes on Tex. I asked how we stood.

"What did you do?" Rickard inquired.

I told him. "Well, what do you think?" he said.

"What do you think?" I countered.

"How about splitting it right down the middle? O. K.?" he suggested, and we did. That was the hair-trigger way in which Tex habitually did business.

Mark had been astounded by the crowds at the barracks and offered me a 10 per cent commission if I could get him the Ontario rights for $10,000. When I telephoned Gleason, the latter asked, "Where's Ontario?" He meant it. "Don't let the gentleman and the $10,000 get out of your sight," urged Gleason when I had explained. "I'll be in Buffalo tomorrow morning to close." But Ontario barred the pictures and Mark spent another fruitless $10,000 in

(Continued on Page 198)

"I'm just around the corner" *says* JOHNNY HOMELAND

THERE's no corner of the United States that isn't "just around the corner" to Johnny Homeland.

There are 3300 "Johnny Homelands"—the great army of service men for Homeland Clothes.

They represent the Homeland wholesale tailor-shops-to-you idea—and are ready to take your personal measure for all-wool clothes—with Fifth Avenue smartness—for as low as $25.

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Tailored-to-measure
$25
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Six day delivery service—

EASTER, APRIL 20—*Still time for that new suit*

Six days after your order reaches our tailor-shops, your completed garments will be on their way to you! So there's still time to have that new Easter suit—styled to the latest dictates of fashion and personally tailored for you alone!

Over 400,000 Customers have O. K.'d Homeland service

Johnny Homeland has already pleased over 400,000 men from every walk of life. Men on salary who have to make every dollar count. Executives and business men who realize the importance of that tailored look—and don't mind making a substantial saving while achieving it. Congressmen and United States Senators, too. They're all on Johnny Homeland's long list of pleased patrons!

MAIL THE COUPON—NOW. Fill in the coupon below and we'll be glad to send you photographic copies of Homeland Styles and FREE all-wool samples.

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☐ Please send me "Snap Shots" and all-wool samples. ☐ I want to be a "Johnny Homeland".

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*Address*_____ *City*_____ *State*_____

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This marvelous machine laces all belts up to six inches in width with equal ease and efficiency.

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And this pressure is so smooth and uniform that every hook is embedded absolutely flush with the belt surface without the slightest damage to the belt fibers.

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(in United States of America)
Furnished with Stand at an additional cost

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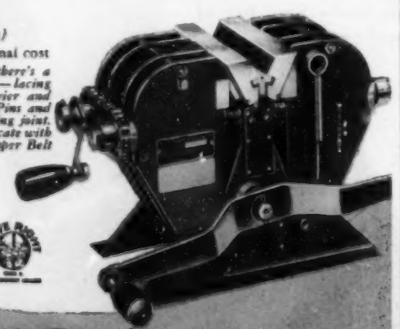

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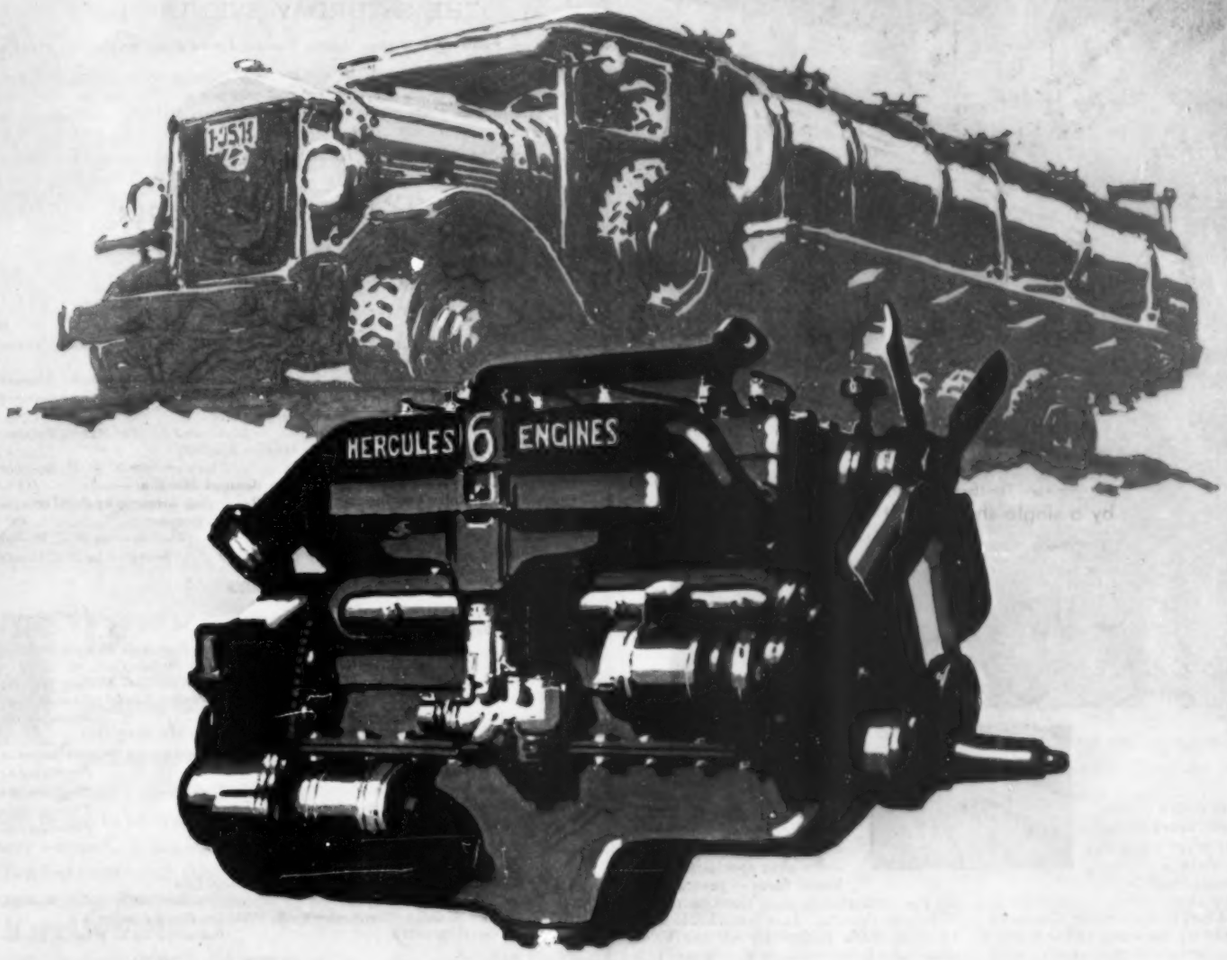

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Electricity writes "FLAWLESS"

YOU shave with a micro-edge of velvet-like smoothness when you use the new Valet. This precision-made blade, built of triple-hardened steel, is electrically inspected. A magnetic detector, illustrated above—used by no other razor manufacturer—guards uniform quality with unfailing exactness. Imperfections cannot pass. When electricity writes "flawless"—the shaving edge is incomparable.

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Every Valet shave is easy on the face. Try shaving the Valet AutoStrop way. See for yourself why men who know steel prefer it—why men who know faces prescribe it.

All dealers now have the new Valet blade in stock.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

(Continued from Page 194)

fighting the ruling. This was no concern of Rickard's and Gleason's, yet they gave Mark gratis the rights for Quebec and other Canadian provinces to aid him in recovering his loss. He got back little, I am sorry to say, and dabbled no further in fight pictures.

I resumed as a fight promoter in the old barracks, first remodeling it with part of my profits. The club throve as a membership affair until, with the legalizing of boxing again under the Frawley law, we grew into larger quarters.

Eventually the Frawley law was repealed and we reverted to the club membership plan, requiring our patrons to sign an application and pay a twenty-five-cent initiation fee in return for which they got a membership card. Thousands paid the fee and the quarters mounted up to a pretty income in themselves. If one lost his card, a new card cost him the same.

The club's equipment was confined to a ring, a downtown office and a few odds and ends, but the formalities with which we had surrounded membership greatly impressed the members and they took their cards seriously, offering them as business, social and moral credentials.

I long have intended going after one of those five-dollar prizes for the best My Most Embarrassing Moment with the story of the voice from the gallery. The club was flourishing and the auditorium was packed this night when, in a moment of quiet, a high-pitched voice demanded: "Say, Mr. Murray, when is this club of ours going to pay a dividend?" I ask you, was that clubby?

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Murray and Mr. Stout. The second will appear next week.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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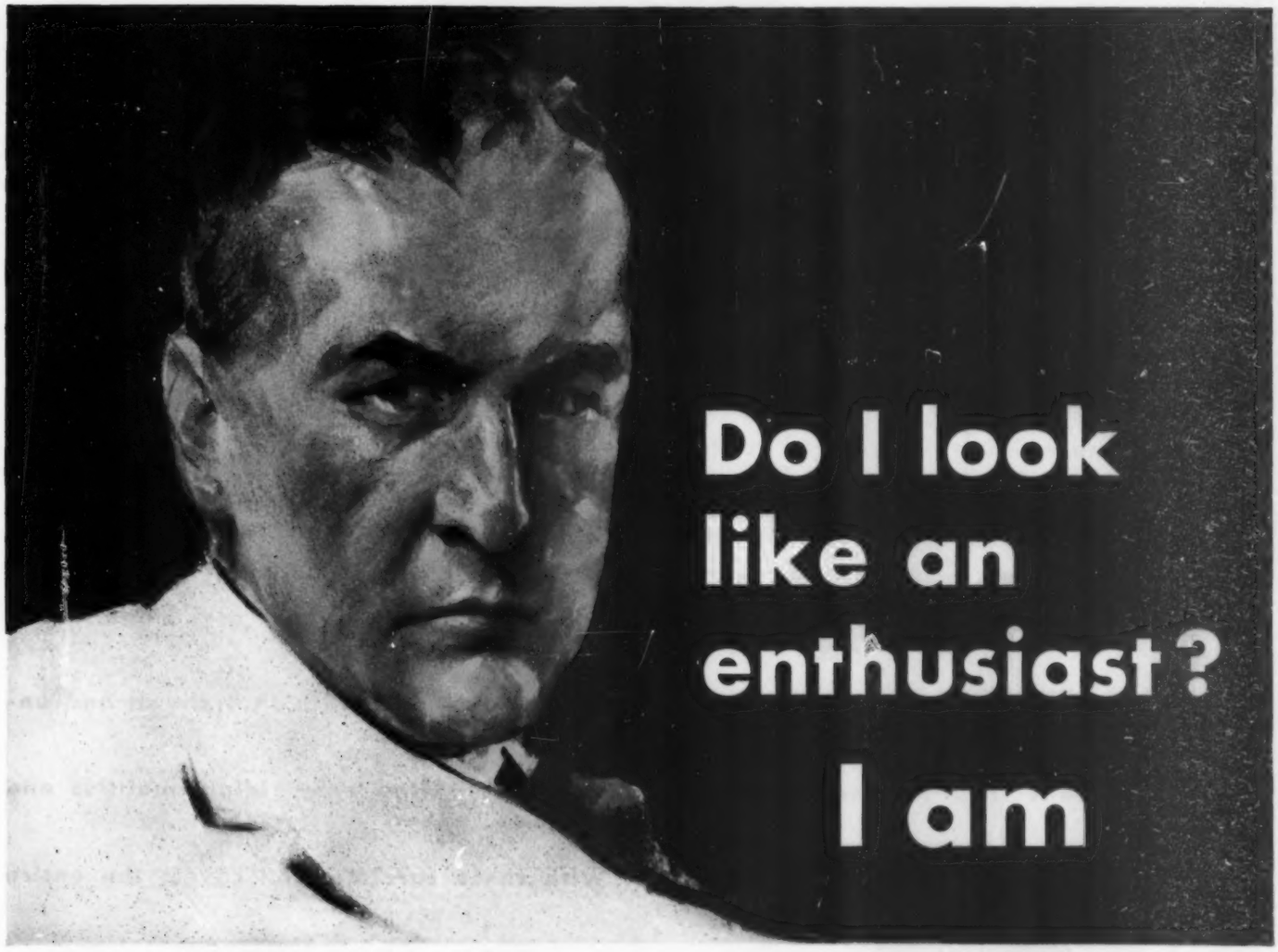

DOWN at the office the men under me say I'm a killjoy. I seldom get enthusiastic about anything. But I want to tell you about my experience getting rid of dandruff.

I have always had a good head of hair, and when I first began to be troubled by dandruff, I felt pretty worried. It's a humiliating thing at best. You feel guilty with those telltale flakes on your coat collar. Sort of ashamed to meet people. It's bad business.

Of course, the first thing I did was to go to my barber. "Nothing to it," he said. "I'll have you over that in a couple of weeks." You have probably heard that line yourself. Well, I let him wreak his vengeance on my scalp and hair with a lot of funny treatments that were a nuisance. Net result: just as much dandruff, if not more. Net loss: $12.

Then somebody said, "See a specialist."

Well, what that fellow did to my scalp was worse than the great war itself. He thumped it. He beat it. He photographed it. He rubbed it. He anointed it. He baked it. He dried it. He fanned it. Net cost: $25. And give him some credit—he did get rid of the dandruff—but only for a little while.

Then one morning my wife said to me, "Everett," she said, "why don't you try Listerine? A lot of the girls at the club have tried it and they say it gets rid of ordinary loose dandruff in no time."

Well, sir, I tried it. Just doused it on full strength, as they say in their ads, and massaged the scalp with the finger tips. And, by George, after the first treatment dandruff began to disappear. Right away my scalp began to feel like a million dollars. After another treatment, I couldn't find any dandruff at all, and my scalp was just as cool and healthy as a baby's. None of that old itching and burning. Net cost: 50¢. What's more, dandruff hasn't returned.

Can you blame me for being enthusiastic about Listerine?

Enthusiastic comments like the above are the rule rather than the exception.

You can understand Listerine's success against dandruff when you realize that dandruff is a germ disease, and full strength Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds. Even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid), the stubborn germs used by the U. S. Government to test germicidal power, yield to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000.

Listerine first dislodges and dissolves the tiny scales which are the outward evidence of dandruff, then it soothes, cools, and heals the troubled scalp. The flesh tingles and glows with new health and invigoration.

If you have any evidence of this humiliating and dangerous condition, begin with Listerine at once. Remember that it is entirely safe, and douse it on the scalp full strength, then massage vigorously with the finger tips. Keep the treatment up as a part of the regular soap and water shampoo, or independent of it, until dandruff is under control.

LISTERINE for **DANDRUFF**

The safe antiseptic

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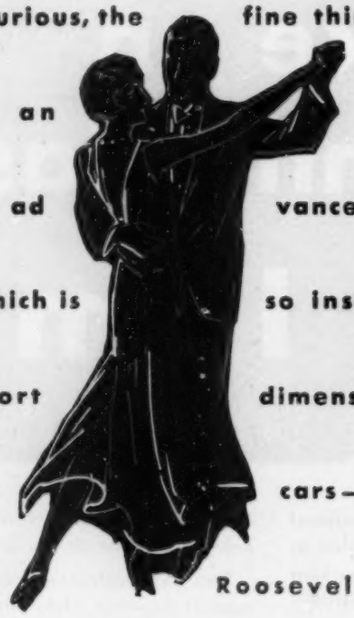
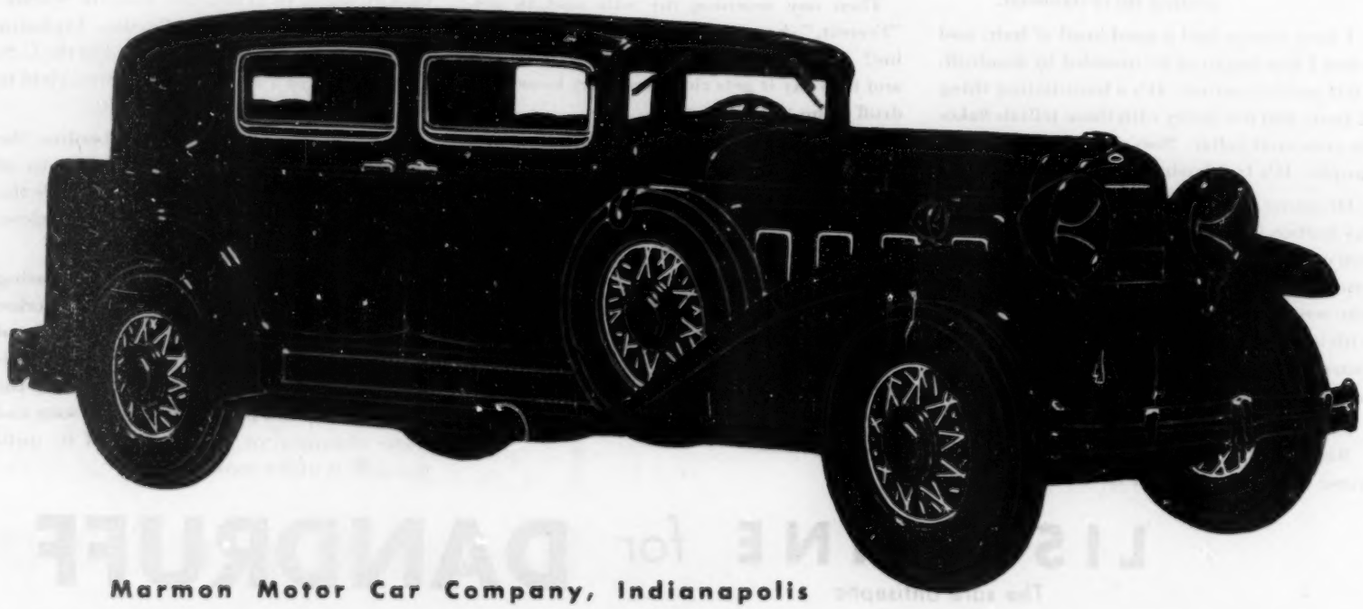
For more than twenty-seven years Marmon has meant the truly distinctive, the luxurious, the fine thing well done + + + Today Marmon means all that and more with an entirely new line of cars—each a straight-eight, each abundant in advanced engineering thought—each with that charm and unusualness which is so inseparably Marmon + + + New easy riding qualities and super comfort dimensions + + + With these cars Marmon covers the entire range of fine cars—the Big Eight—the "Eight-79"—the "Eight-69" and the Marmon-Roosevelt—a car for every possible motor car need.





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QUALITY FOR 77 YEARS

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reveals new possibilities of radio enjoyment

Victor-Radio is so amazingly perfected, so sensational in performance that it can be judged by a new and higher standard. Victor Tone made Victor-Radio a real musical instrument!

Are you skeptical about radio? Thrill to radio *tone* endorsed by the world's greatest musicians... let your own ears judge what thousands are saying: *"Victor-Radio is so far in advance that it will give you a new conception of all radio entertainment!"*

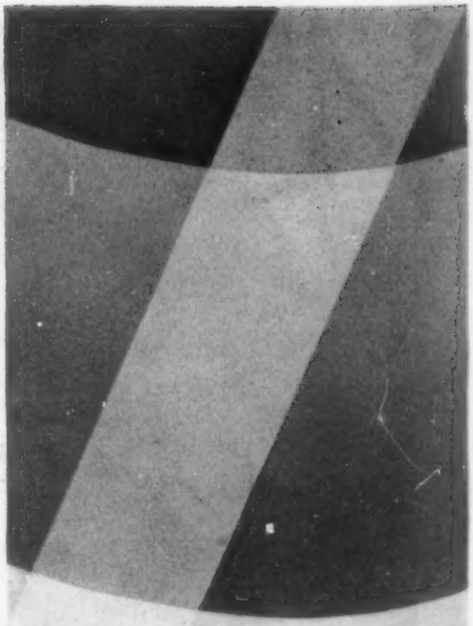
VICTOR VALUE IS A KNOWN QUANTITY

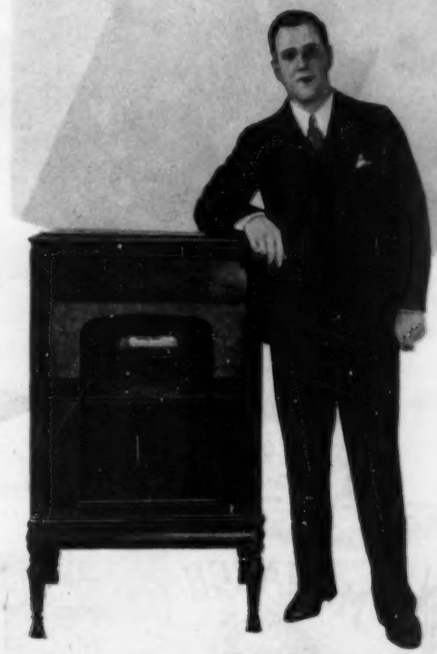
With Victor-Radio you are certain to get a radio that will not go out-of-date... that is incredibly simple to operate... that is dependable... that gives you far greater return, day after day, on the money you spend for it. Go to your Victor dealer. See every Victor model. Make every possible test, with every kind of program. Compare with any other radio ...Victor-Radio TONE brings you living personalities — it is the living voice of music!

Don't forget that you can have Victor-Radio separately or with the wonderful new Electrola, that reproduces Victor records electrically... bringing you the triumphant Victor Tone — and the music you want when you want it!

And remember that every Victor model is designed by Victor and built by the world-famous Victor craftsmen to fit perfectly in the home... that any one you choose sells at a low list price which unrivalled Victor resources make possible.

Victor Division, RCA Victor Company, Inc., Camden, N. J.





Richard Crooks
and Victor Radio-Electrola RE-45 with doors open. List Price $275. Less Radiotrons.

"Victor-Radio with Electrola is beyond comparison. The peculiar color of each voice and instrument is reproduced exactly. I have never heard such realism!"
Richard Crooks
Famous opera and concert tenor

Victor Radio Console R-32. *The radio receiver that has the unqualified endorsement of the world's great musicians in every field. Amazing ease of operation, sensitivity, selectivity and power. Revolutionary* Tone Quality. *List price $155. Less Radiotrons.*

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with Electrola

TUNE IN — *The RCA Victor Hour every Thursday night over a nationwide network of the N. B. C.*